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"And lo, the star stood over where the young child was."

THE BIBLE In MODERN STYLE

How Story of the Birth is Told

The Bible written as a novel, to be read as literature, is the aim of the London publishers who have printed the new "literature" Bible.

In this Bible, prose is printed as prose, verse as verse, drama as drama, letters as letters.

In order that you may form your own ideas about the Bible in modern style, we print from it the story of the first Christmas Day.

* * *

According to Matthew

NOW the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: when as his mother, Mary, was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

Then, Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying:

"Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."

Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying:



"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS," by Bernard Picart, is in the National Art Gallery. It depicts the massacre of the children by Herod in his desire to see that the infant, Christ, should not escape to rule in his stead.

"Behold, a virgin shall be with child, And shall bring forth a son. And they shall call his name Emmanuel."

Which being interpreted is 'God with us.'"

Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife; and knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son; and he called his name Jesus.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying:

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him."

When Herod the King had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and

scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, "In Bethlehem of Judaea; for thus it is written by the prophet:

"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel."

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said: "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when you have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also."

Star in the East

WHEN they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream, that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying: "Arise, and take the young child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

When he arose, he took the young child and His mother by night, and departed into Egypt; and was there until the death of Herod; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying: "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceedingly wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying:

Return From Egypt

"IN Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying: "Arise, and take the young child and His mother, and go into the land of Israel." But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judaea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither; notwithstanding,

being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee. And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, "He shall be called a Nazarene."

* * *

According to Luke

AND it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the City of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the City of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David): to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them:

"Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another:

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

The modern Bible is reviewed on our book page.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—London

Interested in the Drama

MISS AGNES DOBSON is doing much in Adelaide to kindle interest in the drama. She was producer for the W.E.A. Little Theatre, and now holds that position with the Independent Theatre, and is a valued member of the Repertory Theatre in South Australia. She reads a vast number of plays, writes them, and has arranged Greek and historic plays for production. She has also written and produced pageants.



Blue Ribbon Winner

MR. LEIGHTON IRWIN, who, with Mr. Roy K. Stevenson, shares Victoria's premier architectural award for the year, the bronze medal presented by the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects for the selected building of exceptional merit completed during the last three years.

Mr. Irwin and Mr. Stevenson, both well-known architects, collaborated to design the beautiful Royal College of Surgeons' Building, Melbourne, which gained them the coveted prize.



Orchestral Conductor

FOR the first time in its history of 124 years, the Royal Philharmonic Society, London, last month had one of its concerts conducted by a woman—Nadia Boulanger, a French musician.

It was a repeat performance of Faure's Requiem Mass which she conducted in London last year at an Anglo-French art and travel society concert. Her conducting on that occasion caused quite a stir in musical circles.

Miss Boulanger will take University classes in America this winter, and conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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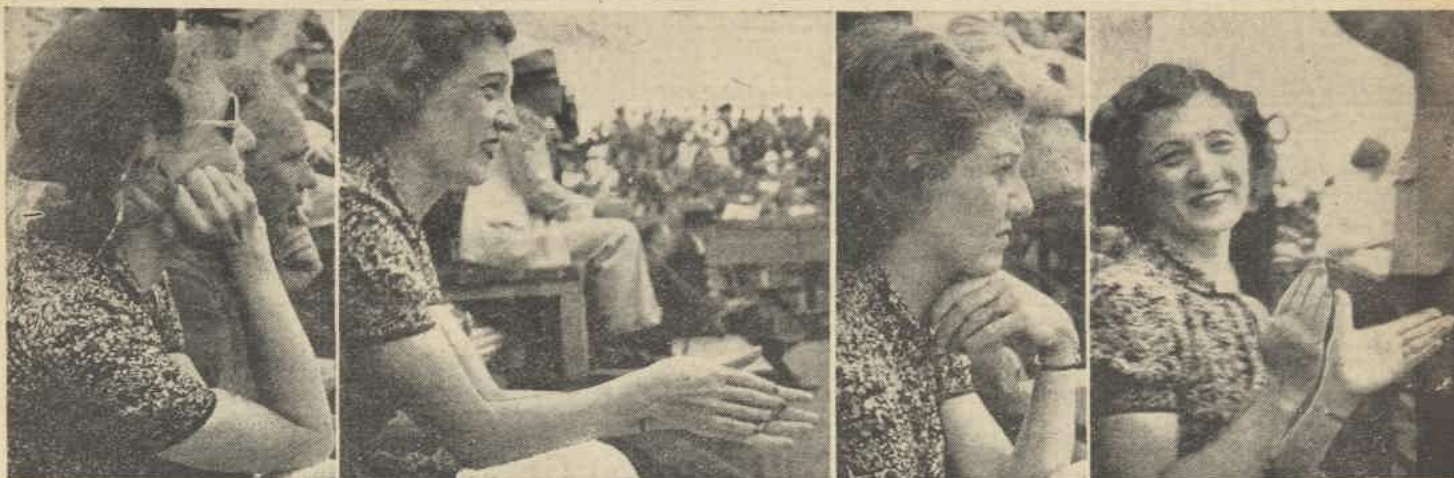
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Tennis Star's Wife Plays Every Shot With Him



"CAREFUL, NOW!"

"GOOD SHOOTING!"

"NOT SO HOT!"

"FINE WIN, EH!"

MRS. MARJORIE CRAWFORD is an enthusiastic barracker for her husband, international tennis star Jack Crawford, and makes no attempt to hide her feelings while he is on the court. In the pictures above she is shown at various stages of one of her husband's recent international matches.

TENNIS ACES BRING OWN TIN CAN BAND

Budge Strikes a New Note in Hip-length Sweaters

By JOAN HARTIGAN, Ex-Singles Champion of Australia

With the thrills of international tennis drawing thousands to Australian courts, I think it will be fitting to give you some intimate glimpses of the men behind the racquets. . . something of the fashions and little eccentricities — if I may call them such — of the champions when they are not in the public gaze.

THE Tin Can Band boys . . . Donald Budge and Gene Mako, don't mind this title bestowed upon them by fellow tennis stars.

They guess they have earned it they say. Those who were in the same hotel with them during the recent Victorian games are more than ready to agree.

Gene Mako brought a set of drums with him from America and three hundred gramophone records—records that range in selection from the Beethoven sonatas to the latest fury in "tiger" rag.

Most evenings after a hard day on the courts the pair retired to their hotel and made the night glad with an evening of music.

Mako added to the melodies with his own accompaniment on the drums.

And can he play? Those who heard him when he took his seat with the band at a party at one of Melbourne's fashionable dancing places were dazzled by his skill. Mako left his drums and records in Melbourne, but he has not said why.

They call him the Adonis of the

tennis courts and there is always a big gallery of girl admirers to watch Gene at play.

Both he and Budge are wonderful dancers but they say that they are not party boys and really prefer an evening with the drums and records.

Streak of Lightning

BUDGE, the red-headed world champion, is popular with the crowd. He has set a new fashion in sweaters but it is unlikely that he will have any followers. Not that Donald Budge would care anyway. He has no conceit.

His sweater is an unlovely affair of wool in what the fashion writers would call the finger-tip length mode. But Budge wears it to warm up and, once warmed up, it wouldn't matter if that sweater reached his ankles, because nobody would see it when that streak of lightning flashes about the court.

He shows no temperamental signs allowed a world champion, but chats away quietly to himself during play.

Most of his soliloquy is conducted in two words only. "Oh boy!" he says, but it means something different every time he says it.

Apart from the shark-skin frocks of Do and Do Do, the American girl players—Dorothy Bundy and Dorothy Workman—variety in court fashions belong to the men.

There is Budge's hip-length, long-sleeved sweater, and John Bromwich's "Burglar Bill" cap. There are Adrian Quist and Viv. McGrath in perky shorts and Jack Crawford in his immaculate long-sleeved shirt and flannels.

Incidentally, Jack Crawford remains the greatest favorite of the gallery. Abroad he is the most popular Australian. I have sat among English crowds and heard their comments on Jack Crawford, and have glowed with pride at what I heard.

Von Cramm, the German player, will be popular among the crowds at the White City. He is a most marvellous sport and his personality reaches right across the baseline into the stands.

He adds another different touch to the formal tennis wear for men by adding a red-and-white belt. He told me that the colors were those of his own tennis club in Germany.

A Happy Christmas

to all our Readers



From The Australian Women's Weekly . . . Christmas, 1937

WADES CROCODILE-Infested Rivers FOR THRILLS

Author Seeks Tropic Color at First Hand

Mrs. Effie Pike, an Australian and a magazine writer for English and American adventure magazines, has her adventures before she writes them.

She wades crocodile-infested rivers, climbs rugged mountains, and cuts her way through tropic jungles in order to get the right atmosphere for her stories.

"GIVE me the real thrill," she said when interviewed at Cairns after her return from an inland trip. "I must have the actual experience of what I write about, otherwise the story doesn't ring true."

"I just wander around looking for stories, and my travels take me into all sorts of queer places, but there is a fascination about my travels that I would not exchange for all the de luxe transport in the world."

Mrs. Pike is usually accompanied by her 12-year-old son, Glenville, and her sister.

At times the party did not know in what part of the country they were located. At one period they came into town and were told that an election had taken place; they had not even heard of it.

Out of Fashion

ON another occasion the party were two years in the bush, and when they returned to civilisation fashion had changed so completely that they had to scrap the majority of their clothes.

Floods and swollen rivers in the tropics were so common to the party that they just made camp on the highest ridge of land until the water had subsided.

Crocodiles, which scared them at first, became just another incident in their travels. They were wary of them, but seldom afraid.

In the wildest part of the interior they met blacks who had not seen white women before. The native women were curious and examined the white women's clothes with interest, handling the garments and talking to themselves about them.

They were delighted with any little trinkets given them, and pressed native food and ornaments on the white women. Mrs. Pike says the natives she saw who had not come in contact with white civilisation were very fine specimens and very unlike the "civilised" native she had met with elsewhere.

The men were warlike and savage-looking, but proved friendly and often acted as guides.

On the last trip the party undertook in the Cape York district they took provisions with them for six months and a team of seven pack horses. Camping to the women was an easy matter, and they would rather sleep under the stars than in the best bed in a first-class hotel.

A feature of the travels of these hardy women was that they actually had yeast bread instead of damper. Their favorite camping-place was some old humpy that a prospector or boundary-rider had vacated in the dim past.

Some of these huts had become harbors for snakes and homes for all sorts of birds and animals, which had to be cleared out before the party settled in.

Within a few days of their taking over the humpy it took on all the aspects of a woman's hand, and a comparatively comfortable little home



A ROCK HUT in North Australia. Mrs. Pike, Australian writer, sheltered in a hut like this during the wet season.

was established in the tropical wilderness.

At times the party never had any vegetables for months, meat was generally plentiful in that district, but getting more towards the dry areas wallaby and rabbit were a welcome change.

Sometimes the meal menus were so forlorn that the party looked at goannas with guilty feelings of seeing them in the stewing-pot, which, of course, was a kerosene-tin cut down.

Luckily for the goanna, wood-pigeons saved the day.

The little party is a complete unit of activity. Mrs. Pike writes her stories sometimes on the banks of a tropic river, sometimes in a palm-thatched hut with a hurricane blowing outside, and sometimes by the sea. Her son, Glenville, paints Australian scenery and also writes. Mrs. Pike's sister helps with the housekeeping.

Overseas magazines call Mrs. Pike's yarns tropic glamor stories. To her it's just the day's work of a literary tramp who roves a continent looking for thrills.

Changed Mind, Won Trip to Australia

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

MISS GLADYS LUNN won her place in Britain's Empire Games team for Australia because she changed her mind.

She had decided to retire from field sports when she heard a javelin-thrower was wanted. She entered and won.

Miss Lunn is record-holder in track and cross-country races, both national and international.

KING WINS All Hearts in First YEAR'S REIGN

An Ideal Monarch For The People

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative

With the first year of his reign just concluded, King George VI has won for himself a warm place in the hearts of his people.

In one year—he succeeded his brother Edward on December 10, 1936—he has measured up to the Briton's conception of what a king should be.

PEOPLE everywhere are comparing him with his father, George V, who was one of the most popular monarchs ever to grace the British Throne.

In the short space of a year, since the first words of King Edward VIII's abdication plans rocked the nation, the shy and timid Duke of York of that day has ascended from comparative obscurity to a position rivaling the early popularity of his elder brother, Edward.

From whatever aspect you look at him, George VI seems to have made good.

His character, his way of living, his Queen and his family, all seem to measure up to the Briton's conception of a king.

Yet he is by no means colorless—unless it can be said that a solid family man, who even without the aid of Royalty could probably have made his way in the world, is colorless.

Like his father, he was not bred to

kingship, and yet like George V he has all the qualifications. He possesses the family brains—which are very real indeed; his personality, though attuned to shyness, is sufficiently powerful and variegated to be attractive and interesting; his entire being is bound up in Britain and her people.

Quiet, studious, conscientious, by no means slow-thinking, George VI has made a success of his job.

The Queen's Help

SINCE Edward VII, he is the only member of the Royal Family who really wanted to be King and who apparently thought that some day his chance might come.

Whether he will ever be called a "great king" is another matter. He will certainly always be the kind of king the British want to sit on the Throne of England.

King George VI can be said to have won a kingdom because of the women he loved.

Or rather, it is to that woman that George VI owes his transition from a

shy, timid, stammering youth to the popular ruler of the British Empire.

Practically since infancy he suffered from an inferiority complex, complicated by rather poor health, and an impediment of speech.

Things began to change when, at the age of 25, he fell in love with the young woman who is now Queen of England—the 26-year-old Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore.

For two years the shy boy wooed the little Scots girl.

He proposed persistently, but she would not have him. Although genuinely fond of him, the task of being Royal seemed too great.

The advantages of such a marriage, however, seemed to appeal greatly to Queen Mary, who realised that Eliza-



KING GEORGE VI works at his desk each day. With the first year of his reign just concluded, the King has won an enduring place in the hearts of British people.

beth would probably give George the confidence which he lacked.

Elizabeth, too, realised what she was doing when she finally accepted "Bertie" (George VI), for she took him not only because she loved him, but also because she felt she could help him more than anyone else.

Patience she strove to help him cure his stammering, and to overcome the shyness which resulted from that deficiency.

Elizabeth now has the satisfaction of knowing that her king-husband is a thoroughly trained all-round man—able to hold his own in any assemblage and with the dignity that befits a ruler.

With Elizabeth to encourage him, George continued his studies and deliberately laid the groundwork to fit himself for the highest office in the land.

Intensive Study

HE devoted ten years to the study of empire problems, and to-day he reads the latest books on economic, social problems and world relations.

In more recent years he has toured the country inspecting industrial conditions in all walks of life and is now, more than most experts, in a position to compare the theory with the practice.

From his mother, Queen Mary, he has inherited a quiet strength of character, which he has coupled with an infinite capacity for taking pains.

He has, consequently, an exceptional memory for facts and faces.

He has also developed a capacity for concentration and observing minute details and has directed these capacities largely to the interests of youth and industrial workers.

It has been said of him:

"His has not been a spectacular path

to glory. Outside his family life, his two abiding interests are youth and the welfare of the working people."

Yet his inherent honesty and conscientiousness have in one year won for him a popularity built on the solid safeness of his character which seems destined to endure.

King George has also made himself the best sportsman in the Royal Family.

Likes Tennis Best

TENNIS is by far his best sport and dates back to his days at Cambridge University. He is a left-handed player—though he golfs right-handed—and once played in the Wimbledon Championships.

He is also the Royal expert at billiards, which probably accounts for his equally steady eye in "slinging the woods" or bowling.

Cricket has always appealed to him and for several years he was keenly interested in the much faster game of ice hockey.

In 1931, when the Royal Family were indulging in all kinds of economies due to hard times, he, along with the rest, sacrificed his string of hunting horses to the auctioneer.

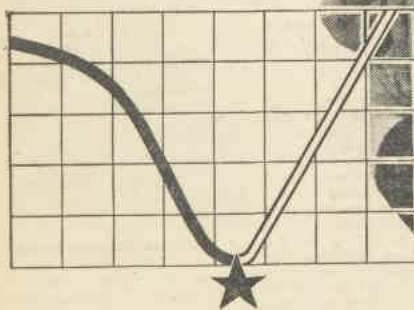
He was a good horseman, though by no means as spectacular as the Prince of Wales.

For a time he was very interested in polo, even to the point of having his own team.

Latest sport to attract his interest is yachting. His recent order of a new type sailing yacht has caused Court circles to believe his fondness for the sport may equal that of his father, George V.

Although he is Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron, his principal sailing in the past has been on board warships.

Avoid the
DEAD-
POINT



WHAT with the heat and the dust, the noise and the crowds, shopping in summer is certainly a strain. Your energy falls quickly and, unless renewed, you soon reach the point where you feel you can't go on—the Dead-Point. . . . What you need is Tea . . . Tea lifts vitality; its gentle stimulation restores energy; its special cooling properties keep you cool . . . Beat the heat this summer . . . rely on Tea to keep you high above the Dead-Point.

TEA revives you
-keeps you cool



TRAGIC PLIGHT of Chinese REFUGEES

Australian Woman's Work

An Australian woman, Miss Eleanor Hinder, is one of the driving forces behind the reconstruction of war-shattered Shanghai.

HER work is not in the rebuilding of the city, but in restoring the confidence of the people and getting them back to work. There are 50,000 women in the refugee camps, and their plight is pitiable.

A resident of the International Settlement, and a member of the Shanghai Council, Miss Hinder has made the welfare of the women her special care. Work among the refugees is heartbreaking, but confidence is gradually returning.

Writing to a friend in Melbourne Miss Hinder said that at first the Chinese were completely demoralised under the terrific bombardments the city had been subjected to, but a note of confidence is returning.

The biggest problem of the moment is how to feed and clothe the huge refugee population during the hard Shanghai winter.

The only hope is to induce the factories to open again so that some

measure of employment can be obtained by the people.

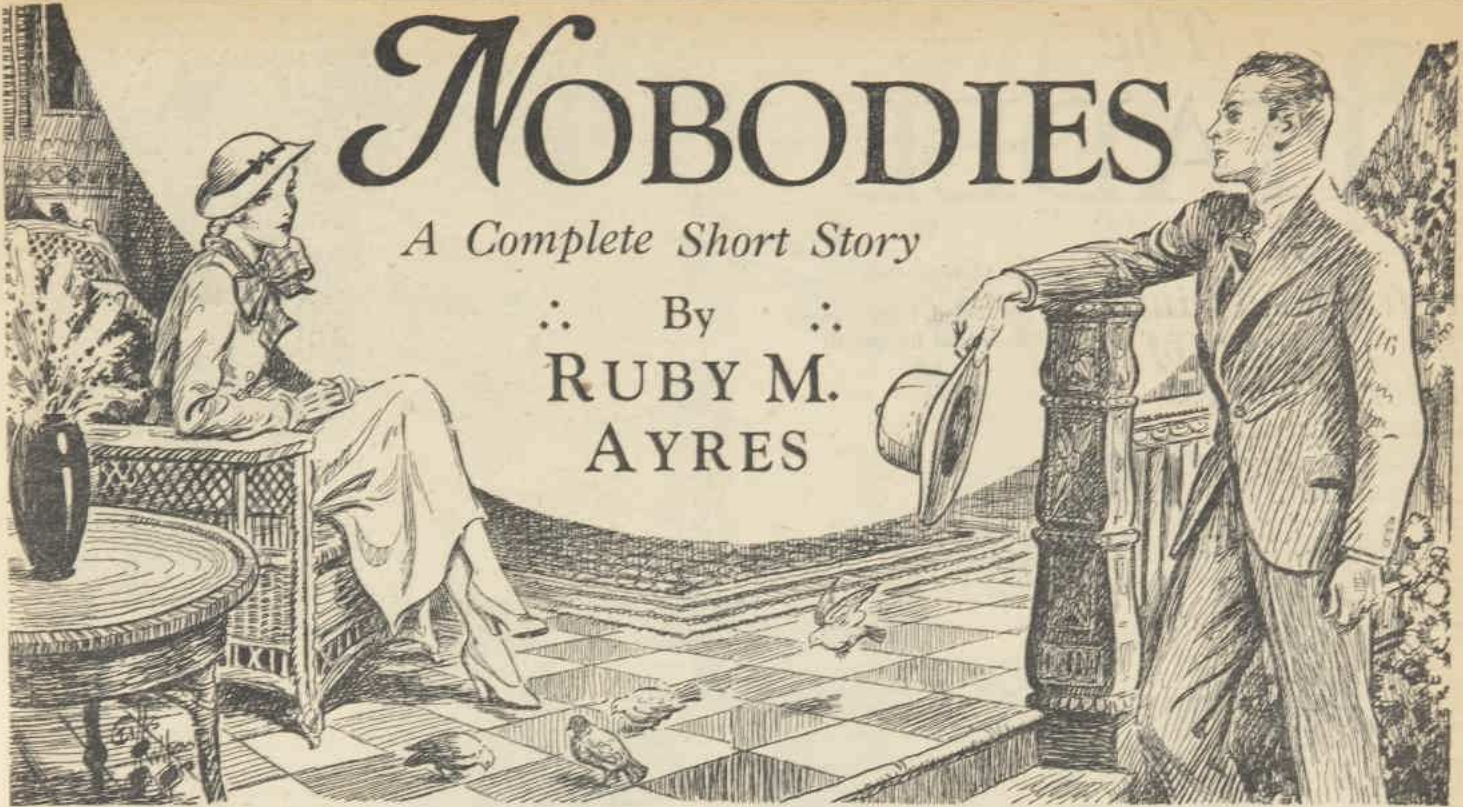
Miss Hinder says the Chinese women are very courageous and extremely grateful for anything that is done for them.

"The first thing we did when we found such misery in the women's camps," said Miss Hinder, "was to set the women to work making cloth shoes for those in the camp. The Chinese are very deft at this sort of work and make a comfortable cloth shoe. Almost any Chinese woman can make them."

"In the midst of their misery the Chinese remain philosophers."

"My assistant said to me one day that she was a more complete woman than I, because, if the assistance of modern civilisation were denied me, I would be lost quicker to the world. Among other things she said she could make her shoes and I could not make mine."

This is the unconquerable spirit of China to-day.



NOBODIES

A Complete Short Story

By
**RUBY M.
AYRES**

Susan Lynn was the Happiest Woman in the World Until a Fortune Threatened to Destroy Her Memories of the Past

SUSAN LYNN was going to see Life with a capital "L," as it always seemed to her to be spelt in books and illustrated newspapers, for Susan had at last got money. She felt she ought to spell money with a capital "M" as well, as she sat up in bed in the first gray touch of dawn, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes bright with excitement as she stared across the little room at the very new trunk labelled Monte Carlo.

On each end of the trunk her name was painted, also in capitals, in large blue letters—blue, so the trunk man had informed her, being so much easier to pick out in the hurry and scurry of the Customs.

Susan was thirty-eight, and until a few months ago she had believed that only in books and fairy stories did people have banking accounts and vast wealth which enabled them to sail the seven seas, and visit the wonderful cities of the Continent.

Now she was to be one of those people. She would know the Continent more—the East, where there was glamor . . . and perhaps some romantic young man gazing at her as she sat on the cool balcony of some luxurious hotel.

Yes, this was to be hers. But still! Even now she was not quite sure if her good fortune was real, or if she was just dreaming that she was one of those people who wear beautiful clothes, and draw cheques which are honored, and stay in expensive hotels and travel everywhere first class.

All her life Susan had been a nobody. She had moved uncomplainingly in the uninteresting narrow groove which Fate decreed for her until just lately, when someone who said he was a solicitor called upon her with the astounding news that her brother Horace had died somewhere right off the map, and left her a vast sum of money.

Susan hardly remembered her brother. He was many years older than she when—while she was still a mere schoolgirl—he had mysteriously vanished abroad and never been heard of again.

Her parents never spoke of him, and it was generally understood that some misdeed of his own had forced him to desert the land of his

birth. And now he was dead, like everyone else whom Susan had loved—her father and mother, and aunt who had been kind to her, and the man who had brought the one flash of romance in her quiet life.

Yes, there had been a man in Susan's life, but he had been killed in the war just as he was due to leave.

In the last letter Susan received from him he told her to get her frocks and frills ready, as he was coming home and they would be married the day he arrived and spend his meagre fourteen days together.

Susan had got the frocks and frills, but he had not come, and for many dreary months following she had told herself that her life was at an end. Then she was twenty-four, and now she was thirty-eight, and for the last ten years she had lived alone in a tiny cottage which was all she could afford out of her minute income, making her frocks last for unbelievable years, trimming her own hair and getting her only taste of romance from shabby, out-of-date novels from the Free Library.

AND yet in her own way she had been happy. For one thing she always had plenty of occupation. She kept her tiny cottage as clean as a new pin, she tended her little garden as if it had been a child, and she went to church regularly to pray for the soul of a dead soldier who had been a nobody like herself, but who had loved her and whom she had loved.

The one silver frame in the little cottage contained his portrait, a cheap libelous affair taken at Margate and representing him a plain young man in ill-fitting flannels and an imitation Panama hat, with a certain wistfulness in his eyes that almost seemed to foreshadow the manner of his passing; one of the many thousands of the world's nobodies to die a hero's death.

Fourteen years ago! Susan Lynn's eyes wandered from their contemplation of the very new trunk which was so great a part of her new life to the silver framed portrait on the mantelpiece which was a still greater part of her old. She was not taking that portrait with her.

Why not? She asked herself painfully, and found no answer.

She loved his memory as much as, perhaps more than, she had ever loved the man and yet she had a

sort of feeling that it would be out of place to take him with her into life—with a capital "L"—as she was to see it now.

She would come back, of course she would come back, and then, in spite of all her money, she would take up life where she had broken it off for a little space, and she would continue to clean her brass door knob, and dust her tiny home, and tend her garden, and go to church to pray for the soul of the man she loved.

But just for this once she wanted to cut herself right away from the heavy trail of monotony and loneliness behind her and see something of the world.

The Maloneys had suggested it; Norah and her brother Chris, who had always been kinder to her than anyone else she knew. Kinder, but yet not so very kind until the day when she had burst in upon them

Susan had lain awake all that night and wept, wondering what a man who had been dead in France for fourteen years would say if he knew, and passionately recalling her short-lived happiness with him. He had made life so different. When she first met him it had been as if someone had come along with a magic brush and painted warmth and color into a grey landscape.

Even her name—Susan—which she had hated and thought hideous, had seemed beautiful when spoken by him. She had never felt plain or dowdy when they were together, though she knew she was both, and she had thought herself the happiest woman in the world when sometimes they went down to Kew or to Hampton Court on the top of an omnibus and held hands, and talked of a future that was never to be.

NOW she was going away with a trunk of new and expensive clothes, plenty of money and a first-class ticket all the way in something the Maloneys called "The Blue Train."

Incidentally, Susan was paying for them as well as for herself, but she was glad to do so, for obviously she would never have gone but for their kind suggestion.

She had been so thrilled and excited about it all. The very idea of seeing Monte Carlo had gone to her head like wine. The place where people made a fortune in ten minutes and lost it again in five—so Chris Maloney said. The place where people shot themselves rather than face ruin; this flowered Paradise of eternal sunshine was to be hers for a whole month.

And then they were going on to Rome—Florence—Naples—Venice—all the cities of which she had read, but never dreamed she would see.

A few moments ago she had awakened from sleep in wild excitement and anticipation, but now as she sat up in bed in the growing dawn, that showed her with increasing clearness the ghost-like shapes of her well-known furniture, she was conscious of a great sadness.

To leave them all! The clock on the stairs which she could hear ticking noisily in the silence—in another twenty-four hours it would be run down and stilled—the tulips in the front garden, which were promising so well; Tabitha, the black cat, who was old now, but who had been a frisky kitten fourteen years ago when a beloved soldier died in France—what would become of her?

And the little house would go damp, and the ferns in the sitting-room would die. True, the woman next door had also promised to take care of the ferns, but Susan knew

what that would mean. Too much water one day, and not enough the next.

She felt almost like a criminal as she thought of the mass of responsibility upon which she was turning her back.

And then there was Bertie! How she had hated that name until she met the poor lad whose wistful eyes seemed to search her face from across the room with new, eloquent meaning.

It was Nora Maloney who had decided Susan not to take him with her. One day in Susan's bedroom she had stared at his photograph and asked blankly, "Good Lord! Who's that?" and then without waiting for an answer she had said: "He looks like a draper's assistant, doesn't he?"

Which was exactly what poor Bertie had been; one of the many thousands of drapers' assistants and clerks of all sorts and descriptions who had put down their aprons and their pens without a word of protest and gone out to man, the guns.

And then for the first time in her life Susan had denied the man she loved. "Oh, he's just someone . . . someone I used to know," she faltered. But Nora Maloney had evidently sensed something behind the casually spoken words, for she said, apologetically: "Hope I haven't hurt your feelings—but he does, doesn't he?"

AND that was why Susan had decided to leave Bertie in his silver frame on the mantelpiece in her bedroom when she went to Monte Carlo and Naples and all the other wonderful places mentioned on the ticket which Chris Maloney was keeping for her with his own and his sister's in case she lost it.

Chris had paid Susan a lot of attention—lately!

He had nice eyes—a little like Bertie's, and he always opened the door for her, and fetched her the most comfortable chair, and he made anxious inquiries as to whether she liked travelling back to the engine or facing it, and if she was a bad sailor, because if so he would engage a cabin for her on the cross-channel steamer, and altogether he had made life very pleasant—lately! He had given Susan Lynn a faint, a very faint echo of happiness as she had known it fourteen years ago.

And last night, when they had parted after making final arrangements for the great journey, Norah had come back and caught Susan's hand and whispered: "My dear! and I've never known Chris look at a woman before!"

Please turn to Page 32



The East, glamor, and perhaps some romantic young man gazing at her as she sat on the cool balcony of a luxurious hotel.

LOVELY THING

*A white sail is a lovely thing.
Lilacs and boats are launched
in spring.*

*Lilacs lift spires of blue and
white*

About a sleeping town all night.

*Clouds of sails at morning blow
Out to the harbor mouth and go
Under the world and out of
sight.*

*While over the wharves a sea-
gull's flight*

*Flashes in sun. The lilacs shine
With dew, and their shadowy
fragrant and fine*

*Moore on the grass as they
clamber down*

*The slanting streets of a waking
town.*

*A flock of sails is a lovely thing.
And lilacs and boats are
launched in spring.*

—F.F.

with her astonishing news of good fortune.

It was Chris who had helped her write letters to the man who called himself a solicitor, and to understand those he sent to her; it was Norah who insisted that she have her hair cut to the fashionable length, and who went with her to choose her new frocks.

It was Norah who declared that she looked ten years younger after the visit to the hairdresser and the many visits to the dressmaker; Norah who laughingly called her a goose for shedding tears when she saw her hair—her one beauty—lying helplessly on the barber's table.

The CITADEL

Andrew is swiftly swept into the stream of material success

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

DR. ANDREW MANSON, a young ambitious Scotsman, begins his medical career in Blaenelly, a mining town in South Wales, later getting his experience in Aberlaw, where, during five years working hard among the miners, he gains high medical degrees.

CHRISTINE, his wife, a former schoolteacher, intelligent and cultured, although socially unambitious, is a big factor towards his success.

They eventually leave Aberlaw, and Andrew because of his high qualifications gets an offer from the Coal Mines Board. He does special research work in mining districts for the Board, but finally disagrees with the views of the committee, and resigns.

After a wide search for a London practice, he purchases the late

DR. FOY'S, situated in a poor quarter, where for a time the Mansons experience financial difficulties. A former colleague.

FREDDIE HAMPTON, successful but unscrupulous, has Andrew meet his medical friends, and the young doctor's outlook alters.

A casual patient in a large emporium is responsible for Andrew getting more patients, including

WINFRED EVERETT, wealthy spinster, who pays handsomely and influences Andrew to become more conscious of his personal appearance. Shortly afterwards he attends

TOPPY LE ROY, a spoiled heiress, who introduces Andrew to her friend.

FRANCES LAWRENCE, who obviously is impressed by him.

The rolling snowball of his high-class practice has been started and Andrew immediately buys a car. This gives him prestige among his colleagues, and his practice begins an electrifying expansion. **NOW READ ON—**



Illustrated by
FISCHER

Christine felt better in the open air with the child holding her hand, and walking down the market talking to her friends among the hawkers.

THEY came chiefly for trivial complaints, yet once the girls had visited him it was strange how frequently they reappeared—his manner was so kind, so cheering, so brisk.

His surgery receipts soared. Soon he managed to have the front of the house repainted, and with the help of one of those firms of surgical outfit-fitters—all of them burning to assist young practitioners to enlarge their incomes—he was able to refurbish his surgery and consulting-room with a new couch, a padded swing chair, a dinky rubber-tired trolley, and sundry elegantly scientific cabinets in white enamel and glass.

The manifest prosperity of the freshly cream-painted house, of his car, of this glittering modern equipment, soon traversed the neighborhood, bringing back many of the "good" patients who had consulted Doctor Foy in the past, but had gradually dropped off when the old doctor and his consulting-room became progressively dingy.

The days of waiting, of hanging about, were finished for Andrew. At the evening surgeries it was as much as he could do to keep going, the front bell purring, the surgery door "pinging," patients waiting for him back and front, causing him to dash between the surgery and the consulting-room. The next step came inevitably. He was forced to evolve a scheme to save his time.

"Listen, Chris," he said one morning. "I've just struck on something that's going to help me a lot in these rush hours. You know—when I've seen a patient in the surgery I come back into the house to make up the medicine. Takes me five minutes usually. And it's a shocking waste of time—when I might be using it to polish off one of the 'good' patients waiting to see me in the consulting-room. Well, do you get my scheme? From now on, you're my dispenser!"

She looked at him with a startled contraction of her brows.

"But I don't know anything about making up medicine."

He smiled reassuringly. "That's all right, dear. I've prepared a couple of nice stock mixtures. All you have to do is fill the bottles, label and wrap them."

"But—" Christine's perplexity showed in her eyes. "Oh, I want to help you, Andrew—only—do you really believe—"

"Don't you see I've got to!" His gaze avoided hers. He drank the rest of his coffee irritably. "I know I used to talk a lot of hot air about medicine at Aberlaw. All theories! I'm a practical physician now."

Besides, all these Laurier girls are anemic. A good iron mixture won't do them any harm. Before she could answer the sound of the surgery bell had pulled him away.

In the old days she would have

argued, taken a firm stand. But now, sadly, she reflected on the reversal of their earlier relationship. She no longer influenced, guided him. It was he who drove ahead.

She began to stand in the cubby-hole of the dispensary during those hectic surgery periods, waiting for his tense exclamation, in his rapid transit between "good" and surgery patients: "Iron!" or "Alba" or "Carminative" or sometimes, when she would protest that the iron mixture

He tucked the money, heavy piles of silver and a few notes, into the little Afrikander tobacco sack which Doctor Foy had used as his money bag and locked it in the middle drawer of the desk. As with the ledger, he kept on using this old bag in order to continue his luck.

Now, indeed, he forgot all about his early doubts and praised his acumen in taking over the practice.

"We've got it absolutely gilt-edged every way, Chris," he exulted. "A

new bedroom suites, drawing-room suite, get everything."

She glanced at him in silence as he lit a cigarette, smiling.

"That's one of the joys of making money, being able to give you everything you want. Don't think I'm mean, Lord, no. You've been

a little brick, Chris, the whole way through our bad times. Now we're just beginning to enjoy our good times."

"By ordering expensive shiny furniture and—hair-stuffed three-piece suites from Ostley's."

He missed the bitterness in her tone. He laughed.

"That's right, dear. It's high time we got rid of our old Regency junk."

TEARS sprang to her eyes. She flashed:

"You didn't think it was junk at Aberlaw. And it isn't, either. Oh! those were real days, those were happy days!" With a choking sob she spun round and left the room.

He stared after her in blank surprise. Her moods had been queer recently—uncertain and depressed, with sudden bursts of incomprehensible bitterness. He sensed that they were drifting away from each other, losing that mysterious unity, that hidden bond of comradeship which had always existed between them. Well! It was not his fault. He was doing his best, his utmost. He thought angrily, my getting on means nothing to her, nothing. But he could not dwell upon the unreasonable, the injustice of her behaviour. He had a full list of calls before him and, since it was Tuesday, his usual visit to the bank.

Twice a week regularly he dropped in at the bank to make payments into his account, for he knew it was unwise to let cash accumulate in his desk. He could not but contrast these pleasant visits with his experience in Blaenelly when as a down-at-heel assistant he had been humiliated, by Aneurin Rees. Here Mr. Wade, the manager, always gave him a warmly deferential smile, and often an invitation to smoke a cigarette in his private room.

"If I may say so, doctor, without being personal, you're doing remarkably nicely. Round here we can do with a go-ahead doctor, who's just got the right amount of conservatism. Like yourself, doctor. If I may say so. Now these Southern Railway Guaranteed we were discussing the other day—"

Please turn to Page 38

By **A. J. CRONIN**

had run out, a strung-up, significant bark: "Anything! Darn it! Anything at all!"

Often the surgery was not over until half-past nine. Then they made up the book, Doctor Foy's heavy ledger, which had only been half-used when they took over the practice.

"Heaven! What a day, Chris!" he gloated. "Do you remember that first, measly three and six I took, like a shaky schoolboy? Well, to-day—to-day we took over eight pounds cash."

paying surgery and a sound middle-class connection. And on top of that I'm building up a first-rate consulting practice on my own. You just watch where we're going."

On the 1st of October he was able to tell her to go up west to-day, Chris. Go to Hudson's—or to Ostley's if you like it better. Go to the best place. And get all the new furniture you want. Get a couple of

The REMEDY

By Rafael Sabatini

Complete
Short
Story



How the
"Hanging Judge"
was outwitted at his
own game



GEORGE JEFFREYS, Baron Jeffreys of Wem and Lord Chief Justice of England, rolled away in his carriage, through the September twilight, from Tarrant Castle, and the day of the day.

Beside him sat the deputy-lieutenant of the county, Sir John Kerne, whose hospitality his lordship was temporarily enjoying at Kernstone Park.

The day had been a busy one. Fully one-fourth of the six hundred prisoners awaiting trial on charges of more or less direct implication in the Monmouth Rebellion had that day been dispatched, and upon some fifty-three of these sentence of death had been passed. Expedition was marked the course of that Assize, to be known to posterity as the Bloody, in which the concern of this remorseless judge, faithful tool of a remorseless king, was less with justice than with vengeance upon these unfortunate rebels who, because of the nature of their offence, were by the law denied legal assistance. With malignant zest he laid the souls of prisoners, and of such as dared to appear as witnesses in their defence, upon the rack of a ferocious, hectoring cross-examination, and he appeared to derive from their tortured writhings a voluptuous satisfaction.

There was a lovely girl in one case. She was pleading for her husband, but the judge seemed to

gloat over her misery. It made honest Sir John feel ill.

Sir John Kerne, practically compelled by his official position to afford his lordship hospitality, was constrained to use him with the courtesy due from host to guest. But he found it difficult; for the heart of that honest gentleman was filled with abhorrence of this judge, whose evil cruelty he had seen that day unleashed. He had heard sentence of death passed where the grounds of offence seemed far from proven, the evidence in favor of the accused fiercely rent to shreds by this judge before it could be examined, and the jury browbeaten into finding verdicts against reason and conscience. And among the prisoners still awaiting trial, there was one very dear to Sir John, a young squire of Chilton, Godfrey Mohun by name, whose only offence lay in having sheltered a wounded friend who had been in the fight at Sedgemoor.

Godfrey Mohun was betrothed to Sir John's only daughter, whose anguished fears Sir John had soothed with assurances that a heavy fine would be the utmost penalty exacted from her lover. And Sir John had believed this. But what he had seen to-day had not merely shattered the belief, it had rejected him with the conviction that Godfrey was foredoomed.

He had witnessed the case of a Bridgewater surgeon, taken in the act of patching up the wounds of one who had been out with Monmouth. This surgeon, a bold-eyed, masterful fellow named Peter Blood, had rested a spirited defence upon

the humane ground that what he had done he had done in the discharge of his surgeon's office; that all his concern had been with the sufferer's wounds, and none with his politics; and he had offered to bring a score of witnesses to testify that he had detested the rebellion.

This defence Jeffreys had swept contemptuously aside. He had based his judgment on the legal axiom that he who knowingly comforts, harbors or succors a rebel is himself guilty of rebellion, and upon that, with much blasphemous calling upon God to witness against the proud, insolent carriage of the accused, he had sentenced the surgeon to death.

Thereupon that bold fellow in the dock, his arrogance untamed by the doom pronounced upon him, had dealt the judge measure for measure.

"Your lordship, being the justiciar," he had said, his clear, metallic voice ringing through the hushed court, "speaks with knowledge of what is to come to me. I, being a physician, speak with knowledge of what is to come to your lordship.

And I tell you that I would not exchange the halter that you fling about my neck for the stone that you carry in your body. The death to which you send me is a light pleasure by contrast with the death to which your lordship has been doomed by that Great Judge with whose name your lordship makes so free."

Those acquainted with the savage moods to which my Lord Jeffreys so freely yielded had waited in awe for an outburst that never came. The authority of those words had numbed a brain upon which they were seared as by an acid. The judge sank back in his great chair, bathed from head to foot in sweat, and in the grip of such sudden renal torture that it was as if the physician's pronouncement had power to arouse the virulence of the disease from which his lordship suffered.

Haunted now by those words, haunted by the intrepid countenance and bold glance of that vile fellow, Jeffreys sat hunched in the coach, vainly seeking comfort in the vindictive thought that the villain who had cast this spell upon

him—for so he was by now supposing—would presently hang, and his head and quarters, boiled and tarred, be set up as a warning to others of his rascally kind.

That night at Sir John's hospitable board, my lord drank to an excess that was secretly reprobated by his sober host. This was my lord's habit. When in the grip of an attack, he sought and found in strong drink a temporary relief, to be paid for in increased suffering on the morrow. To this some have been wont charitably to assign his ferocity upon the bench. To-night he quaffed his host's Nectar as if it had been mere sack, in an endeavor not merely to lull his pains, but to exorcise the haunting spirit of Doctor Peter Blood's sentence.

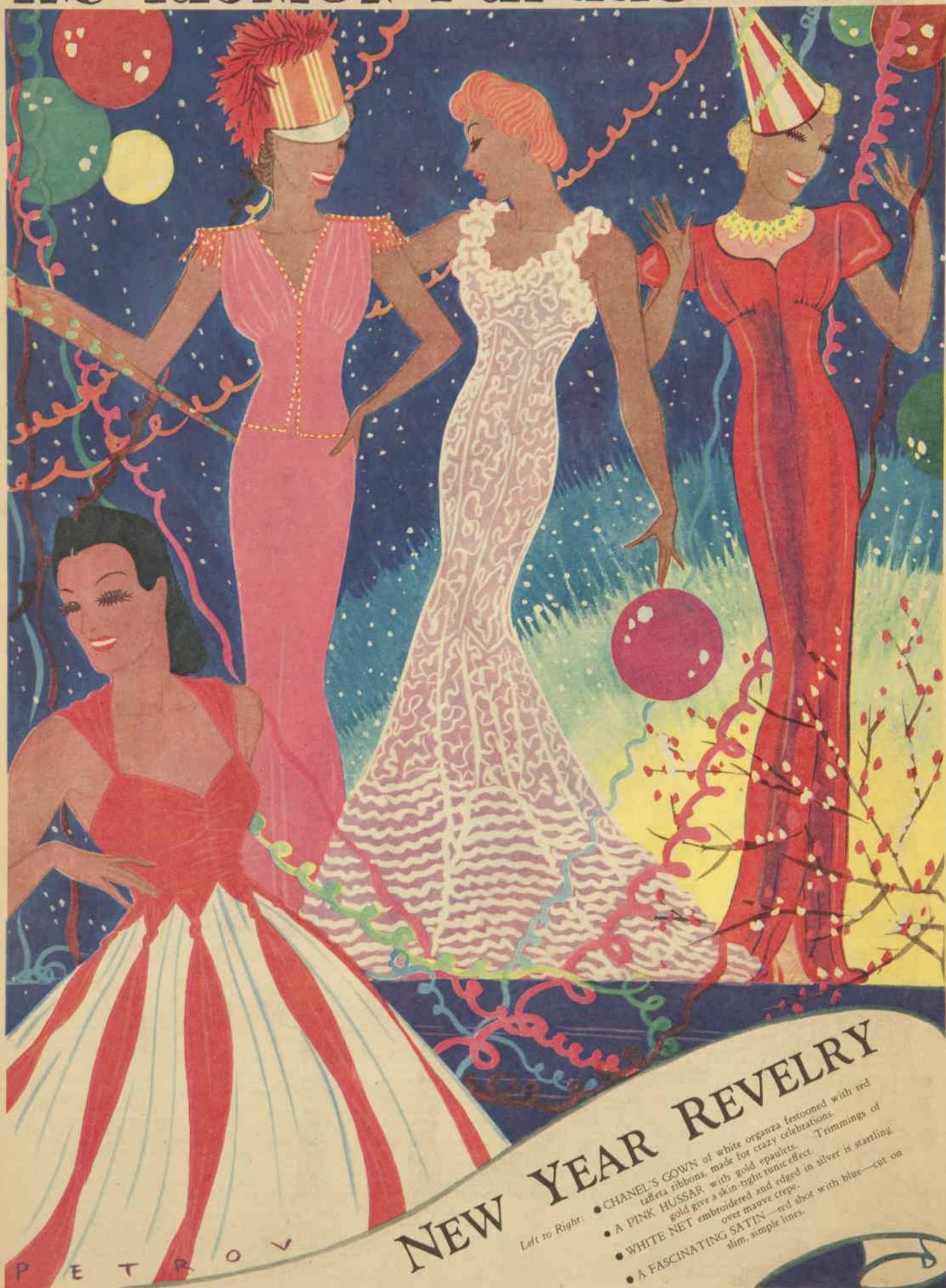
They sat more or less in silence, these men of about the same age, both under forty, each sunk in his own preoccupations. They were both tall men, but whereas Sir John was of a robust vigor and the ruddy, weathered countenance resulting from a life in the open, Jeffreys was delicately and elegantly shaped. His pallid face within the frame of the heavy black periwig was more than ordinarily handsome; it was finely featured, with great liquid eyes and a full-lipped mouth, shapely enough yet holding something that lessened the attractiveness of the whole.

Please turn to Page 14

Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES

The judge seemed to gloat over the girl's misery.

The Fashion Parade by Petrov



NEW YEAR REVELRY

- Left to Right:
- CHANEL'S GOWN of white organza festooned with red tulle ribbons, made for crazy celebrations.
 - A PINK HUSSAR with gold epaulets. Trimmings of gold give a skin-tight runcie effect.
 - WHITE NET embroidered and edged in silver is startling over mauve crepe.
 - A FASCINATING SATIN—red shot with blue—cut on slim, simple lines.

P E T R O V

MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

SOPHISTICATION . . . In Summer Coats

WEAR them with belts or without . . . Either way they will dramatise your simple frocks.

• RIGHT: Coat in light-weight caramel-colored worsted. It shows a smart fitted gored back which falls into flared skirt fullness. Attractive over slim-fitting summer frocks in light or dark tones.

• BELOW: Fine stitching round the high collarless neckline, down the front and on the pockets distinguishes this ultra-smart coat. Most effective in lightweight dusty-blue wool and worn over navy, nigger, plum or claret colored frocks.



• ABOVE: Small very high revers and four pockets give chic to a coat in twine-colored whipcord. The princess style and long-buttoned front closing give a snug-fitting waistline with a widely-flaring skirt.

• LEFT: Wide revers and facings done in white starched pique dramatise a coat in navy lightweight wool. Designed to be worn over plain navy or navy-and-white printed fabrics.

Complete Short Story



The FLEET'S IN!

*A happy tale of a young midshipman
and his sweetheart who stage a
rebellion against their elders*



HERE exists in naval circles a story dating back to the Great War. It tells how an admiral encountered on the waterfront two snotties carrying golf clubs. Assuming the air of geniality peculiar to admirals on terra firma, but strikingly absent from their demeanor on the quarterdeck, he approached and smilingly asked: "Well, boys, been having a game of golf?"

To this the elder promptly and truthfully replied: "No, sir, we've been down a coal mine."

It was an occasion when something less than the truth would have been better seen.

The story is classic, not to say a chestnut; and it would be futile to relate it to any member of the senior service in the belief that it would possess for him the freshness of a "Little Audrey" fable.

Conceive, therefore, the predicament of Midshipman Brian Livesay, known to his intimates as "Whitebait," on finding himself confronted by the same situation. There he stood awaiting the pinnace which should convey him to his ship. He carried a fishing-rod in a case, and from his shoulder hung a creel and a landing-net. The sudden apparition of the captain, striding up the jetty, threw the luckless Whitebait

into a panic. Would the fatal question be asked? It was.

"Well, my boy, been doing a bit of fishing?"

Pause for reflection is not encouraged among midshipmen. They are expected to answer—as they are expected to do everything else—smartly. Yet Whitebait paused. The shore-smile of the captain vanished like a puff of steam. His brows came down.

"I asked if you had been fishing!" And the word "asked" seemed to have been propelled by a full charge of T.N.T.

Whitebait snapped his heels. "No, sir, I . . . I . . ."

Instinctively the captain knew what was coming and steeled himself to receive it. The rest of the sentence went with a run.

"I've been down a tin mine."

Came a moment of dreadful silence, then:

"The correct reply, Mr. Livesay, is 'down a coal mine,' and that, my boy, in effect, is what you may look forward to."

"But, sir . . ."

"That'll do!"

And the episode did not end there. Impudence on the part of a snotty being something that is not readily tolerated.

Among a gathering of his fellow-midshipmen who, on a battleship, are sometimes referred to as "the lowest form of life," "Whitebait" Livesay abandoned himself to despair and imprecation. His remarks were highly subversive of discipline.

*Whitebait stared at it in
horror. "Gosh, what a frightful color!
You don't expect me to wear it?"*

He perceived and commented upon the gross injustice of authority. The navy was no good—an outworn fetter! It was high time that some enlightened nation got busy and sent it to the bottom of the sea. When that befel he, Whitebait, would not be upon the waters to sink with it.

"But you must have known," said his friend Ricketts, "you'd never get away with a thing like that."

"It was true, you ass."

"In the language of the Master-at-Arms," said Ricketts, "that makes it all the worse."

Whitebait clenched his hands—and toes.

"I'll never speak the truth again as long as I live!"

The Forger went out to sea that night with a spark of mutiny on board.

For that morning, finally and beyond contradiction, her father had spoken. There were to be no more pictures. He had put up with it long enough. Too long! No more would he tolerate rushes into the hall at the postman's knock, to see if yet another portrait had arrived to swell the Rogues' Gallery in her room. The whole silly business had to stop. In his youth had he dashed off at all hours of the day and night to see a lot of tomfool jiggling about on a screen and talking sentimental rubbish? He had not. Lucky to be taken to the pantomime once a year. A young girl of sixteen had more important matters to think about.

Ought to be doing things herself—not watching a crowd of good-for-nothing actors doing 'em. Whole business was absurd and unhealthy!

Of course she was never without a cold—rubbing shoulders with half the riff-raff of the town. And this incessant talk about it, too! Had he seen Gary Cooper in what-ever-it-was? Wasn't Charles Laughton incredible in . . . ? The whole busi-

ness was incredible! Incredible nonsense! Well, it was over, finished and done with.

Bang went the door!

It is a dismal prospect for any girl of sixteen to face the knowledge that all the joy has gone out of life. Who shall blame her if she clasps her hands and demands:

"Why—why?"

For what dark design has the world been so contrived that mere parenage carries with it power to impose such misery upon the human soul?

"Good heavens," her father had said, "haven't you enough to make

battery of smiles, revealing every possible shade of humor, wisdom, and gaiety—failed to bring comfort to her broken heart.

Penny rubbed her swollen eyes. William Powell caught and held them subtly. There was mischief at the corners of his mouth—mischief and rebellion. "Break away," he seemed to say, "I have. Look at my performance in 'The Thin Man.' Nothing conventional in that. I violated every existing tradition."

Penny came slowly to her feet. He was right. Break away she would. She would break the first and strongest tradition—that a daughter should stay beneath her father's roof. She moved to the window to look into the land where freedom lay. Beyond the land stretched the sea, its blue vastness blotted with grey shapes and sepia wisps of smoke. The fleet was coming in.

you content? A stable full of hunters—car-tennis courts—a bathing-pool—boys to come and dance with you! Good heaven alive, what more do you want?"

The vulgarity of it!

The gross materialism of such a question! The soullessness!

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The gross materialism of such a question! The soullessness!

By ROLAND PERTWEE

Penny had touched the foundations of despair. Even the knowledge that Bob Montgomery (signed) was smiling down at her with impish merriment—that Edward G. Robinson, with half-closed eyes, was looking at her as if he might put a bullet through her at any moment—that Leslie Howard was only two feet away, wearing a hat like Tom Mix and an expression like Romeo in the balcony scene—that Adolphe Menjou (also signed "A to") looked for all the world like the Mona Lisa with a moustache—that seventeen women stars, headed by Norma Shearer and Marlene Dietrich, were directing towards her a

ness was incredible! Incredible nonsense! Well, it was over, finished and done with.

Bang went the door!

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"Why—why?"

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W WHITEBAIT was lucky to get shore leave. The betting was against it, for his recent conduct had not added lustre to his record. It can only be supposed that somebody had blundered, or the delinquencies of boys on battleships are not taken so seriously by the authorities as the boys themselves are led to suppose.

Resentment still smouldered within him, which is why he refused the companionship of Ricketts.

"I mean to get drunk," he said.

Persons of hitherto sober habits are prone to believe that the threat of getting drunk will have a mighty effect upon their audience. It doesn't. By and large, nobody cares.

So Whitebait marched off alone, with a dark and threatening look in his eye, which boded ill for the Lords of the Admiralty. At the doors of a saloon bar he paused and reflected. Should he enter and demand beer, or cross the road and buy an ice-cream? The alternatives shed some light on a state of life bordering between youth and manhood. It was a knotty problem. The recent injustices that he had suffered weighed the balance in favor of beer. On the other hand he doubted the wisdom of spoiling his palate for ice-cream by putting beer in front of it. There was always the danger that beer might make him feel sick; in which condition his powers for appreciating ice-cream would be in suspense.

One of the chief virtues of naval training is the habit it forms for making quick decisions. Whitebait turned his back on the bar and entered a confectioner's on the opposite side of the street.

On a stool before the soda fountain a young girl was seated, devouring a Jubilee Sundae with the air of a person in urgent need of a narcotic.

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Please turn to Page 18

The STAIRCASE

Surely no house ever played a more important part in human affairs than the house that belonged to Caroline Leighton

Complete Short Story by

Winifred Birkett

Illustrated by
FISCHER



Caroline always took the exact centre of the stairs. With a youthful stateliness she would descend, and only the rhythmic tapping of her hidden feet upon the uncarpeted treads proved that she actually walked instead of floating on her crinoline as it seemed she might have done. Her hands, if they held nothing more than a kerchief or a fan, would be clasped in front of her; one could not imagine them being used to finger the wall upon one side or cling to a banister railing on the other. Neither might one guess that the lovely poise of Caroline coming down the centre of the flight had grown and blossomed from a very necessary precaution of her childhood; then, as ever, she would have scorned to creep along the wall, but some deliberate care was needed still because the astonishing staircase of Caroline's home had no guard upon the other side; there was no protective railing of any kind between its mounting height and the fine tessellated floor of the hall below.

The staircase was one of the things that had had to remain unfinished when Papa ran out of money in building the house. Papa had always been a babe at finance and far too trusting of fate, and he had not expected to run out of money so soon; but he never let the unfinished state of his mansion distress him unduly—that is, after poor Mama had died and there was no one left to talk about it incessantly.

Caroline had grown up in the queer place and its oddity was part of life, like the huge garden with its pretentious orange grove and vineyard and pleasure all overgrown, and the "maze" which nature had been left to complete more bewilderingly than any human designer could have done. Pibstone, the gardener, had been a distracted man ever since the day he had arrived, at Papa's persuasion, from Suffolk. Now he had long ceased to take orders from anyone, but just ran around in circles as gardeners do when seeds, weeds, and seasons have all got too many for them.

At the house Mrs. Pibstone, being of a more placid disposition than her husband, and not so harried by the forces of nature, maintained her ability to cook for Papa and Caroline; while their daughter, Rosanna, a nicely-trained and exceedingly pretty girl, was Caroline's maid. Rosanna, like Caroline herself, was used to the stairs, and always mindful of her mother's warnings to keep close to the wall, she would run up and down them fleetly enough.

The only one who was really careless about the stairs and pooh-poohed their danger altogether was Papa. And Papa was the one who had most need for caution. Good French brandy was sometimes hard to procure in the colony, but Papa found it harder still to conserve, so now and then after supper Caroline or Rosanna had to help him up to his room. At last, one beautiful spring evening, while Caroline and Rosanna were both out of doors admiring the new moon, poor Papa recklessly essayed the climb alone, and he turned the wrong way when he reached the landing above.

The young man who came to make poor Papa's coffin saw Caroline coming down as Rosanna admitted him, by mistake, at the front door. (The unfinished state of the place was often responsible for people seeking admittance at the wrong door; unfamiliar guests had been

known to arrive at the side or back of the house first, and other persons quite frequently came to the front).

The young man who was now there on such a melancholy errand knew already how poor Papa had come by his end, but it was the sight of pale Caroline floating down the unguarded way from the upper floor that awakened him to the perpetual danger of such a descent. That staircase, in its present condition, he said to himself, was nothing but a man-trap. It shocked him unspeakably to think that some day he might be sent for to do the same service for lovely Caroline as he was now to do for her father. Also, he was an artist in his trade—which was not merely that of a casket-maker—and he saw possibilities other than those of disaster in the half-accomplished work before him. Last, but not least, he saw Rosanna. So after the funeral he came back and said



Then she came on down to meet a young man whom she might be forgiven upon the impulse of that moment for thinking handsome.

to Caroline. "Madam, I am a first-class cabinet-maker and joiner; may I complete your staircase?"

We have already said that poor Papa had had no head for figures, so it is not surprising that upon his death Caroline found herself with rather more money than she had expected. It was possible for her to commission the finishing of the staircase at last and there seemed no fault to find with the young man who presented himself for the job. She liked the look of him and so did Rosanna. His name was James Jessel Babbington, which Rosanna thought most engaging. While the work was in progress he was permitted to join the Pibstone family in their quarters at the back of the mansion.

It was only when they had been pointed out to her by James Babbington that Caroline properly real-

ised the gloom, actual and potential, of the staircase. "Those panels," she was asked, "where were they carved?" "In York," she answered, suddenly proud of poor Papa's unbalanced extravagance. She had always before taken the superb carvings upon the panelled wood running down the side of the staircase as she had taken the lack of protection above them, very much for granted.

"I'll do my best to make the banisters worthy of them," James Babbington promised. "I know already where I can get the wood: seasoned English oak to match the rest. It's

providence, I'd say, being able to match it."

He went away and brought back the wood, carefully wrapped in canvas, in a waggon. His getting it may have been providential, but it was quite unscrupulous: such timber was precious and hard to come by in the colony, and this had been imported especially for work which was to have been done for a Sydney gentleman named de Launay. Such workmen as James Babbington himself, also, did not grow like blackberries, locally, and the young man

was shamelessly transferring Mr. de Launay's claim upon his time, as well as his wood, to Caroline.

When the staircase was completed it seemed to Caroline no less than a duty to it and its consummator to attend also to the completion of the great window upon the landing, which was designed to light it. How could one be content to have a wonderful staircase like that and above it a gaping breach in the wall covered by clumsy wooden shutters?

Please turn to Page 34

An Editorial

DECEMBER 25, 1937.

WHAT IS BEHIND THE TINSEL?



CHRISTMAS is a grand time for getting together, for greeting old friends and meeting new ones, and celebrating the fact that we have managed to survive another year.

It's fun to get presents and to give them—particularly when you're a child or a parent.

And parties are fun, too—those gay, childish parties which couldn't belong to any other season.

But behind all the merriment, the glitter of the tinsel shops, and the glimmer of the little candles, there's a deeper meaning in Christmas.

Many of us are inclined to divide the festivities of Christmas from the religious celebration of the Nativity. But shouldn't they rather be merged in one?

Peace on Earth—Goodwill to Men. That is the message of Christ, and that is the spirit that underlies the real Christmas party.

It is not just a revel at which one aims to enjoy oneself; it is a gathering in which we all express our goodwill, our sense of fellowship with mankind, and our belief in the principles of peace and kindness that Christ taught.

There are those who feel that every celebration connected in any way with religion should be solemn. But surely this is to under-estimate the universality of the Christian spirit.

Christianity is a creed for all occasions, not merely for church-going. It teaches us how to be happy wisely, as well as how to be courageous in darker times.

One of the great vital principles of Christianity is the brotherhood of all humanity. If we accept that principle, and endeavor to live up to it, the attainment of the other inspiring qualities that Christ bequeathed to mankind is surely easier of attainment.

Surely Christ Himself would have approved the celebration of His day in a manner of the real Christmas party—the gathering of goodwill.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

"After You!"

THE Royal Automobile Club of Australia has circularised motorists, urging them not to race to beat the approaching car across those narrow passages where half the road is up. Courtesy and safety demand this, says the club.

Of course, too much courtesy of this kind might result in a queue of cars each end of the narrow strip, all waiting for someone else to go first. The realist is always a factor that can't be avoided.

There is always somebody who will take advice like this too literally.

Remember Paul Muni's characterisation of Louis Pasteur?

While two polite French scientists bow and plead with one another to enter a doorway first, Pasteur strides up and in, spoils a pretty piece of courtesy, and gets on with the job.

Still, even at the risk of a few of these nerve-racking queues for motorists, we're all with the R.A.C.A. in its efforts to obtain a greater degree of caution and safety on our roads.

About That Birthstain

MR. LIONEL LINDSAY, well-known Australian artist, declares that convict ancestry is nothing to be ashamed of. The convicts, he contends, were very good pioneers.

Well, there were convicts and convicts. Some, transported because they fought for their ideals, are to be admired. Others, brutally punished for petty crimes, forced on them by hunger, are to be pitied.

Our attitude towards the convict blood in our race should not be one of secret shame, nor one of defiant pride, but the common-sense attitude which points out that in the mass of Australian population those of convict origin are as a grain of sand against those who have emigrated or been born here of free parents.

Any other attitude towards the convicts is self-conscious and narrow, and not in our own best interests. You can't build a great nation with an inferiority complex as its foundation.

Oh, To Be Sick!

LATEST advice to medical students by an American professor:

"Hold hands with your patients: a gentle pat on the cheek and a light squeeze of the hand are very helpful in soothing the patient's nerves."

Unless, of course, the doctor happens to be handsome and the patient susceptible.

Nurse: Doctor! That patient whose hand you held to-day is running a dangerous temperature!

Doctor: Hm. That's bad. Send for a specialist—a very old, ugly specialist. And tell him to hold her hand with a pair of ice-tongs.

LYRIC OF LIFE

CHRISTMAS

THIS is the season once again
When kindness is first with men;
When goodwill swells our hearts once more

And friends grow closer than before;
When home and family mean to each
That Heaven lies within our reach.

Our outlook changes on this day,
Ambition, greed are cast away,
Resentment buried, hurtful pride,
And prejudice is cast aside.

For now it's Christmas time again,
There's peace and kindness in men.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Wages for Wives

A NEW SOUTH WALES court has ordered a man to pay his wife wages, although they are living together.

Feminists have often urged that "wages for wives" should be a regular arrangement, but very few people have taken the proposition seriously. Why?

Would it be in the least detrimental to the dignity of either husband or wife if the wife's practical services were recognised in a practical way?

Both would still do their part in keeping the family solvent; only it would be accepted that the wife's part was an actual contribution, not a slavish duty.



MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, the wife of President Roosevelt, was born with an "inferiority complex" and was terribly shy. She changed her personality and won tremendous popularity for herself, as well as helping her husband in his brilliant career. See story, column 4.

The Nature of the Male

HOW do you think Australian men in general compare with this estimate of the average American man's character, compiled by a Yale University expert?

He expects to become a wealthy man.

He believes what he reads in the papers.

He expects to marry, but have other affairs, too.

He regards his children with a mixture of low esteem, love, and severity.

He thinks religion hurts nobody, especially his children.

Meet Captain Boycott

THERE'S been a lot of talk of boycotts lately. Did you know this two-edged political weapon got its name from one of its victims? Captain Boycott was an Irish farmer who was ostracised both socially and commercially by political opponents in 1880.

These proper nouns turned common are often amusing: Purphy was a gentleman who invented a watercart. In the war when rumors "leaked out," the Diggers called them Purphies.

Everyone knows about the famous first sandwich—a hunk of meat slapped between two hunks of bread by an Earl of Sandwich, who was in a hurry to get to the hunt.

And if you go to gangster pictures you've heard the toughs talk about "Tahmmy-guns." Mr. Thompson invented the miniature machine gun so popular among these gentry for "rubbing out" rivals.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Shy Girl Who Became a First Lady

By MARIE MANNING

Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of President Roosevelt and first lady of the United States, has a life story similar in many respects to that of her brilliant husband.

He defeated soul-destroying illness to lead a great nation, and she conquered shyness and an inferiority complex to become one of the most-loved women in America.

HER autobiography, "This is My Story," now available in Australia, is a remarkable book. It tells with appealing simplicity and modesty the life story of an exceptional woman.

As many people already know, Eleanor Roosevelt was a shy, timid, orphan child, deeply stricken at the age of ten by the loss of an idolised father, Theodore Roosevelt's younger brother.

She was brought up in the house of a none too sympathetic grandmother, Mrs. Hall. Little Eleanor was a good, docile, conscientious child, but was told often enough she was not pretty, and would never be a social success.

She was nursed, governessed, chaperoned within an inch of her life, which was at that period probably inevitable; and she was also forced to wear clothes that she detested, for which there is less excuse.

In short, they did all those things to her that are supposed to stamp a girl with a lifelong "inferiority complex."

There's rather a heartbreaking little story about her convent life in Paris, where she went when she was six.

At the convent the little girl was terribly lonely, and, it seemed to her, ignored.

Another, more fortunate, child, by swallowing a penny, enviably became the centre of attention.

Little Eleanor, a few days later, told one of the sisters that she, too, had swallowed a penny. But, alas, the sequel was that she was taken home in disgrace.

Devoted to Duty

AT nineteen, she became engaged to her fifth cousin, Franklin Roosevelt, and a year later married him.

"Duty was perhaps the motivating force in my life," she says of the period when her husband was as yet a practically unknown young politician, "often excluding what might have been joy or pleasure. I looked at everything from the point of view of what I ought to do."

"It was a wife's duty to be interested in whatever interested her husband, whether it was politics, books, or a particular dish for dinner."

It wasn't, in fact, until after the war started that she began, as a human being, to "come to"; to make her own judgments, form her own decisions. That kinship of hers with humanity, that conventionality had so far kept in check, began to seek expression. She began to reach out for more knowledge of the under-privileged.

Recalling, perhaps, the experiences of her own childhood, she knew that she wanted to make people happier and tried to devise ways of bringing this about.

To-day, countless sympathetic wires connect her with the industrial, educational and philanthropic life of the country. Functioning as wife, mother, grandmother, White House hostess, teacher, writer, lecturer, she may be the busiest woman in America.

In any case there is good reason to believe that she is the most useful woman. Victorious over her own natural tendency to be, as she says, "a clam," she has turned the lessons of her own life to such good account that she has blossomed out not only into graciousness and wisdom, but complete expressiveness.

CHRISTMAS With ROBINSON CRUSOE LOWER

WANTED: A Carefree Existence
With a Frying Pan and an
Umbrella Made of Bananas

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated
by
WEP

I shall probably spend this Christmas abroad. It will save me a lot of money and indigestion.

Just at the moment I'm a trifle uncertain where I shall go, but you can accept my assurance that I intend to spend Christmas somewhere.

A COUPLE of Christmases ago I was in Greenland. Now, there's a place!

I was boarding with a young married couple in a semi-detached igloo. They had a lot of children, but they used to feed them to the dogs, otherwise, as they explained to me, they wouldn't have been able to accommodate guests.

The dogs were half St. Bernard, half wolf, and half Alsatian. Very savage. You have to hit them across the back with an axe to keep them in order.

The food was plain, but varied. Fried walrus one day; perhaps a bit of roast penguin the next day, or a fillet of whale. A fillet of whale may sound like a lie to you, but up in those parts you get an appetite that a mad hyena would be afraid to howl at.

I've eaten raw polar bears for hors d'oeuvres. Dilettantes eat them while they're still roaring.

Speaking of bears, when I was in

the Canadian Rockies hunting moose it suddenly dawned on one of the party that it was Christmas Day. We went out and shot five or six mooses (I said mooses) and barbecued them.

After we'd finished we sat outside our tent gnawing thoughtfully at the antlers, and gazing at the glorious scene below. Or above. It depended where you were gazing.

Then again, Africa is a good place to spend a Christmas in. Except for the elephants. I wore two pairs of boots out kicking them out of the way.

People who have only seen elephants in zoos may think that they are interesting animals. But they have no soul.

That's what I like—a bit of soul. Sometimes, when I'm dreary and tired of the world, I like to talk to interesting people about my soul. The trouble is that the moment I start they get the idea that they've got more complicated souls than I have. Which is ridiculous.

A slight interruption has occurred. A gentleman has arrived wanting money.



It would be tactless to laugh heartily at him. I shall take him for a drink at the nearest trough, and by the time I've finished explaining to him he'll wish he'd never called.

That's not tact, it's technique.

LATE SPECIAL—

I HAVE GOT RID OF HIM.

A good holiday can be had, if we may resume, at Athabasca. I am not sure whether Athabasca is a place or a medicine, but I have heard very good reports about it. Athabasca, it seems, is a place where one can lie on one's back (your own back) and lazily watch the clouds float by.

That's where I want to be. Way back in Athabasca.

Lying beneath the moon in some secluded dell—just dreaming. I would be Signor Leonardo Lowerino, idly strumming my guitar, with wild, red roses entwined in my hair. With long, sensitive fingers I would languorously reach out and pluck a guava or perhaps, when I started to get itchy, lave myself in some peluoid pool.

Not for me the deck chairs and sun-berandahs. Give me the wide, wide, open completely disclosed spaces. I want to smell the gorse and heather.

Cover me with gum tips. Let me dwell in the scent of the thing—I could never think of the name of the stuff—laburnum. Or it might be geraniums. Anyhow, it doesn't matter.

Life is so full of sadness and sorrow let us not think of the morrow. (Poetry copyright.)

There are times, especially around about Christmas, when I am so happy that I have to stand off and have a good look at myself to make sure that I'm me.

The Trouble Of It

At the moment I am perplexed. Pleasantly perplexed. Shall I go to Waikiki? Hah! The South of France? Or shall I just laze the hours away outside the barber's shop like I did last year?

Last time I went on a cruise I was as sick as a dog. This does not deter me. I shall speed my way to some lonely place with just a pair of shorts and a catapult and perhaps a frying-pan.

Just a carefree existence. I shall make an umbrella out of bananas or whatever Robinson Crusoe did and shall lay myself down on the beach in the sun and wonder what won the Novice Handicap a fortnight ago.

The trouble is, if you want to have any money for Christmas you've got to start saving up in January. And then there's always something happens in February.

A noted psychologist once said to me, "You have the wrong mental outlook. You are too highly strung. The world is too much with you. RELAX! Take a real holiday this Christmas."

"Sounds O.K. by me," I replied, gratefully. "How do you do this relaxing business?"

"Forget everything . . . Leave all your worries behind . . ."

"But she's bound to want to come with me."

Signor Leonardo Lowerino sighs for a Christmas in some secluded dell . . . strumming his guitar with wild red roses entwined in his hair.

"NO! NO! Get yourself into a gentle, complacent mood. Say to yourself, 'I'm content. If anybody says I'm not, I'll belt the ears off them.' The whole idea is to get away from yourself, see?"

"That's going to be a bit hard. Supposing I catch up to myself?"

"That is a matter for your own discretion. Release that tension. Just let yourself sag."

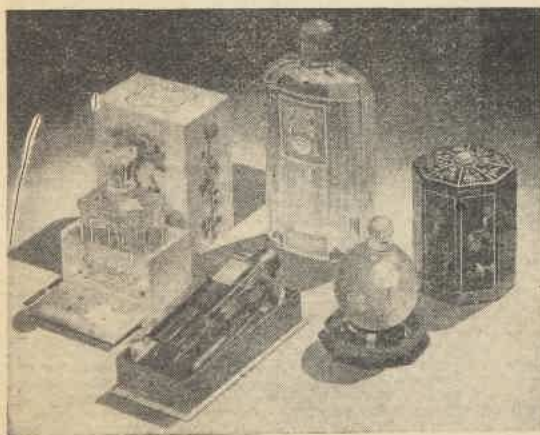
"And how long have I got to stay sagged? All through the Christmas holidays?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've been wasting my time, I thought of that myself."

I shall now sag.

Pedigreed Gifts
from the Glorious Lineage
of COTY . . .



COTY perfumes are created in a variety and quality to suit the most fastidious clientele . . . over a score of truly great perfumes, each one designed to suit a different personality . . . Coty offers self-expression for every type in every mood. Furthermore every Coty perfume is available in a wide range of prices . . . 3/9, 8/6, 12/9, etc.

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Coty Eau-de-Cologne brings to you, on hot summer days, the shady coolness and perfume-laden air of Sicilian Gardens . . . 2/6, 4/6, 7/9, etc.

Coty

THE WORLD'S FINEST PERFUMER

Why not
make sure of
Enjoying Your
HOLIDAYS

YOU can be certain of being in the best of health, at the top of your form, and ready to enjoy every moment of your glorious Summer Holidays if you just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood and daily eliminate all food residue.

So make sure of enjoying life to the full, and getting the utmost benefit from your Holidays with the aid of your nightly Bile Beans

YOUR SUMMER
HOLIDAYS

A complete change of air and diet is apt to upset one internally. A nightly dose of Bile Beans guards against all this. Bile Beans are purely vegetable and can be taken with perfect safety by young and old alike.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Continuing THE REMEDY

from Page 7

SIR JOHN, observing his guest's deep drinking, was harboring a hope that he might be of those whose natures are softened by intoxication. For, in his despair, it was in his mind to plead for Godfrey Mohun's life, however much his clear common sense might warn him that to plead with such a man in such a cause would be idle and might be dangerous.

Whilst he still hesitated, Fate took charge of the matter. The brandy so freely imbibed was weakening my lord's stern will, and urging him to open his mind and disclose its tormenting obsession. He came to it almost imperceptibly.

"You do not drink with me, Sir John," he complained.

But Sir John waved away the proffered decanter. "I have never yet taken a servant likely to become my master."

"Ah!" Jeffrey sneered. To his sophisticated mind there was a crudeness in this rustic sobriety.

My lord judged him, after all, akin to the enervating, canting jack-presbyters responsible for the recent troubles in the West. "You little know what medicine this is."

"I am glad your lordship finds recovery in it."

"Recovery?" He fetched a sigh, and followed it by a saturnal laugh, short as a gasp. "Heaven! There's no recovery for such an ill as mine. You heard that rebel doctor rogue in court to-day, giving me back sentence for sentence to ease his spite."

"When the court rose I sent my man Greaves to question him. The scoundrel laughed. 'Tell my lord,' says he, 'that the only known remedy for his ailment is the very one which he has prescribed for mine. A dose of hemp.' And the dog laughed! Let him laugh in hell, when the hangman's done with him."

"What else could you look for," ventured Sir John, "in a man who conceived himself so harshly used?" "Harshly? Maybe. Justice is harsh, sir. And he had justice."

"That he had no mercy is more certain. And all his offence lay in being merciful, in practising Christian charity, in taking no thought for himself where suffering had to be relieved. Bear with me if I say that, my lord."

"Say it, and be hanged," growled my lord rudely. "It's but the snivelling cant he urged in his defence. D'ye suppose I am come into these parts to dispense mercy? An example is to be made. Were I to fail in my duty, through mercy, I could expect no mercy myself from a justly outraged master. Yet this dog of a surgeon might have found it. He should have known that in mocking my misfortune he mocked his own. For just as it was sentence for sentence between us, so reprieve for reprieve might have followed."

Sir John threw up his head sharply, and there was a startled quickening of his glance.

"Despite the law and to a man convicted of high treason?"

"Despite the fiend himself," said Jeffrey hotly. "I'd have given him a reprieve in exchange for a sure remedy, as you would in my case."

Sir John continued to stare at him, that curious startled look in his clear blue eyes, until it had the effect of exasperating my lord into further explanation.

"Have I, then, no duty to myself?" The fine white hand made an impatient gesture.

He reached for his glass, and took another pull at the brandy, whilst Sir John, moved to a deeper abhorrence by this squeal for pity from one who was himself so pitiless, sat very still awhile, his eyes lowered. When at last length he spoke, he used a quiet, reflective tone.

"Strange how little our men of medicine can help a sufferer in his need, how seldom they can cure our graver ills even when they detect them. Yet I believe that people who in other matters are as barbarians compared with us in England, are not so helpless. The savage Redskins of America, I am told, possess medicines of which we are ignorant. Why, in these parts there is a gentleman, who spent some years in Italy, who is reputed to have come home again with secrets of healing and lore of medicine of which our doctors here know nothing."

He paused there, to add slowly: "I believe—I will not make oath upon it—but I believe that I have heard it said that the stone is among the supposed incurable diseases for which he has a sure remedy."

My lord's attention, hitherto indifferent, was suddenly alert.

"Heaven! What do you tell me? You know such a man?"

A little smile of deprecation hovered on the lips of the deputy-leutenant. "I have good cause to know him—officially. He lies at present under your lordship's hand. He is among those awaiting trial in Taunton Castle."

"Another rebel dog?"

Sir John shrugged and sighed. "Your lordship is in a county in which the canker of rebellion was widespread."

"Was he actively in arms?"

"Why, no. Far from it. This I can assert from my positive knowledge. Loyal to his King, he abhorred the rebellion, as all the country knows. But he sheltered a fugitive from Bedgemoor."

"Ah!" said my lord, and took thought for a moment. A febrile flush had crept to his cheekbones, and a glitter to the eyes that were sharply levelled on his host. "I may have cause to thank Heaven for that," he said at last. "The fool may be eager enough to earn acquittal. I will see him to-morrow before the court sits."

Sir John's eyes avoided the excited glance of his guest. "I see," he said, and added after a moment's thought: "In that case, would it not be best to have him brought here? I can send an order to the Governor of Taunton Castle."

"That's it!"—Jeffrey's voice trembled—"have him fetched to me. Fetch him early."

Sir John's obedience was punctual. My lord was awakened on the following morning by the deputy-leutenant with word that Mr. Godfrey Mohun was at hand to wait upon his lordship.

The reckless haste in which Jeffrey sprang from the great canopy

misguided friend who had been in the battle . . .

There Jeffrey interrupted him. "That, sir, was your treason. Were you not aware of the law? Who comforts or succors a rebel is thereby himself guilty of rebellion."

He paused a moment before continuing.

"If in spite of this I have sent for you, it is because I must regret that a man of your parts should pay with his head for such an indiscretion, and that all the knowledge which Sir John tells me you have amassed abroad should be lost to mankind."

Mr. Mohun bowed a little. "I am very sensible of your lordship's interest."

His lordship's liquid eyes solemnly considered the prisoner.

"Sir John tells me that in Italy you came by much unusual medical lore."

"In Italy and elsewhere. It was my fortune to find men generously ready to communicate their knowledge, and in the East I came by some precious secrets which it has been my hope to employ for the relief of sufferers."

"I commend the desire, sir. Your claims are high. I wonder if I might put them to the test. Do you suppose, for instance, that you could detect what ails me?"

There was a lift of Mohun's brows. "Your lordship is ailing?"

"You shall tell me in what. Thus I may judge your worth."

Mohun made bold to approach him. "By your lordship's leave."

He took my lord's wrist delicately in hand. After some moments he delivered himself. "The pulse is weak. Too weak, and too irregular."



FLORENCE RICE chose this white wool suit for afternoon wear. It has clusters of miniature pom-poms running up the sleeves and round the neck. The tuck-in scarf is of red silk.

pied bed brought a grinding pain to his joints that momentarily doblimed him. It brought, too, a flood of blasphemy to his lips.

When the spasm had eased, he passed, wrapped in a flaming bedgown, his crooked head swathing in a sliver kerchief, into the adjacent anteroom.

There Jeffrey found a soberly-dressed young man, tall and well-knit, of an olive-skinned face that was grave, intelligent, and kindly. Without embarrassment he bore the cold appraising glance of this Chief Justice, who, for all his shortcomings, was something of a judge of men.

After that sharp scrutiny my lord found himself a chair, and Sir John came to stand beside him. Jeffrey spoke gently.

"It grieves me, sir, to discover a gentleman of your parts in such a case. I ask myself what influences can have seduced you into treason."

"I have committed none, may it please your lordship," Mohun's voice was pleasant, its tone quiet and level. "Not only had I no part in the late rising, but I used all my little influence against it, as I can prove by witnesses. It is true that after Bedgemoor I gave shelter to a

With a forefinger he drew down my lord's eyelid, looking carefully. "Poverty of blood," he opined, and abruptly asked, "Where do you suffer pain?"

"Did I speak of pain?"

"I should judge it to be present. If it is not, then the mischief has not yet gone far. But without pain to point the way, I can travel no farther, my lord."

"Then I will help you," Jeffrey stood up, and carried a hand to the right side of the small of his back. "It is here."

Mr. Mohun set his fingers to the place, and pressed until his lordship squirmed and cursed him.

"The mischief is renal," the young man pronounced. "Is the pain constant?"

"Not constant. No. Sometimes I have relief for days. Sometimes for days the suffering is intolerable."

"As if a knife were being turned in your entrails. You break into cold sweats; your senses swim; you are taken with nausea. You find relief in strong drink, only to pay for that relief by acuter pain upon the morrow."

Jeffrey's eyes reflected his astonishment. "You describe me very exactly." He sat down again, pull-

ing the bedgown about his limbs. "And the cause? Do you discover that?"

Mr. Mohun's eyes were grave with sympathy. "Your lordship is troubled with a stone; a hideous guest to harbor. And one for which they tell me no remedy is known."

There Mohun smiled. "Not to those who tell you so."

"And to you?" The question was asked in sudden breathlessness.

"I know of a remedy as sure as it is swift. It is prepared from a herb grown in the East."

"What herb?"

For a moment Mr. Mohun seemed at fault. Then, "He goes by the name of Cannabiss," he said.

"Cannabiss? Cannabiss?" His lordship was searching a memory that the word had stirred. "I've heard of it. But what? Ah, yes. A drug that intoxicates the senses, does it not? Conjures voluptuous dreams?"

"That is Cannabiss of another sort. Cannabiss Indica. The Cannabiss that will cure your lordship's ill is Cannabiss Pensilis."

"Cannabiss Pensilis," his lordship repeated after him slowly. "And a sure remedy, you say?" Briskly he added the question, "How long to fetch it from the East?"

"The preparation from it that will serve your lordship's case can be found in England. I could procure it for you."

That promise set his lordship in a frenzy of eagerness. "How soon? I am in haste, man. These days I have been suffering the torments of the damned. How soon, then, can you supply it?"

Mr. Mohun was cool. "As soon as I am acquitted."

That gave Lord Jeffrey pause. He glared a sudden resentment.

"My life! You make sure of acquittal. Do you make too sure? What if you should not be acquitted?"

Mr. Mohun spread his hands. "Being without liberty to seek the remedy, I should be as sorry for your lordship as for myself."

From under his fine brows my lord observed him, still gloomily resentful. "I wonder, are you to be trusted?"

"As your lordship pleases. I can do no more than pledge myself in honor to supply so much of this Cannabiss Pensilis, properly prepared, as will give you swift and permanent relief."

"Swift and permanent relief! That is your promise, is it?" He rose. "Look you: if there is compassion in your nature, you, who from your knowledge must be aware of what I suffer, will not dare to fail me, even without the debt that you will owe me after trial."

In that implied promise the Lord Chief Justice reckoned without the Attorney-General, Mr. Pollexfen, whose instructions from the throne were as definite and merciless as his own. For when Godfrey Mohun came up that day for trial in the hall of Taunton Castle, and made his plea of "Not guilty," Mr. Pollexfen, a large, dark man, swung with a gesture of wrathful impatience to the bench and the four commissioners in their scarlet robes over whom Jeffrey tyrannically presided.

"May it please your lordships to take notice that we have here yet another forsworn rascal who, being taken red-handed in treason, would none the less waste the time of this overburdened court by a plea that cannot be sustained."

Jeffrey's tart answer was startling in its unreasonableness.

"Look you, Mr. Attorney, you are not to usurp our functions. It is for you to submit evidence of the facts alleged, and for us—not for you, as you seem to think—to deliver judgment."

Stunned for a moment by that rebuff, Mr. Pollexfen stared, open mouthed, from under scowling brows, his large, swarthy face em-purpling.

Still shaken, Mr. Pollexfen called his first witness, the officer who had arrested Mohun upon discovering the fugitive rebel in his house. Jeffrey reclined, with closed eyes, whilst the man gave his evidence. At the end of it, Mr. Pollexfen addressed the bench.

"I have six more witnesses in attendance if your lordships think it necessary to hear them."

My lord opened his eyes wide at that and let them blaze on the Attorney. "If they take us no farther than this one, you will but waste our time, Mr. Attorney."

"So I judged, my lord. This rebel's guilt could not be more fully established."

CREEP, HOUR!

Creep, hour!
Creep, hour!
Vitality intent,
All the world forgets you
When your time is spent.

Creep, hour!
Creep, hour!
Gently through the door,
Once you pass you see my face
Never any more.

Touch me
Softly,
Velvet-footed throng,
Little life of magnitude,
Sixty seconds long!

—YVONNE WEBB.

"I hope that is merely your submission," was the acid answer. "But I tell you, sir, that it does not satisfy me. It is our duty, who sit here, to hold the scales of justice level."

In all his experience Mr. Pollexfen had never heard so monstrous a lie.

"Now, prithee, tell me truly, is it within your knowledge that the accused was aware that this man Netley had been at Bedgemoor?"

The officer, entirely at his ease was answering jauntily. "It is evident, my lord, from the fact that he concealed him . . . when to interrupt him, Jeffrey's leaned forward over his writing pulpit, and for scorn and wrath and menace his voice was like a sword."

"I did not ask thee, sirrah, what is evident from the fact. I asked, what is the fact. As God's my life, I think there are too many judges in this court this morning. Mr. Attorney, there, delivers judgment before the evidence has been heard, and you, it seems, presume to emulate him." His voice swelled up. "I would not terrify you to make you say anything but the truth; but assure yourself I never met with a lying, sneaking fellow but I always treasured up vengeance for him. Therefore look to it that you do not prevaricate with me, for be sure you'll come by the worst of it in the end. Now I ask you again—and I counsel you to answer me straightly—will you take the God of Heaven to witness that Mohun knew that Netley had been in the battle?"

The officer, brave enough no doubt in the field, trembled now under the lash of that viperish tongue. He shuffled his feet, pawed the bar before him with nervous hands, and his voice shook as he faltered, "To be sure I cannot swear that . . ."

"You cannot swear!" Jeffrey roared at him. Heaven! in what a generation do we live! You come here to swear away the life of a fellow-creature, and when I press you, you confess to ignorance of the fact, the only material fact, upon which you are here to speak. I have done with you. Stand down, sir. Stand down."

IN the terrified hush of the crowded court, that formidable dispenser of justice swung again to the bewildered Attorney-General. "If your other witnesses are of this kind, Mr. Attorney, you do well to say that we need not hear them. I must, as I've a confidence, direct the gentlemen of the jury that there is no evidence to support the indictment of Mr. Mohun."

"No evidence, my lord?" Furiously Mr. Pollexfen gathered his scattered forces, and drove straight at the heart of the Judge. "With submission, my lord, the evidence of this man's hideous treason is stronger by a deal than was the evidence upon which you yesterday convicted a Bridgewater surgeon who had mended a rebel's wounds."

"Do a man's antecedents count for naught?" Jeffrey stormed back. "That rascally surgeon was widely known for an adventurer of a turbulent ungodly kind, just such a man as is always to be found ranged against authority. And it is as widely known that the present accused has ever been a God-fearing loyal subject of the King."

"With submission, my lord, there is no evidence of that before the court."

"No evidence? I wonder what you would consider evidence? Is there not general knowledge of the fact? I have informed myself that there are half a score of witnesses at hand who are ready so to testify."

"Perhaps when we come to examine them . . ."

But Jeffrey would let him get no farther.

Please turn to Page 16

Fashions... by a Famous Photographer



TWO COIFFURES by Guillaume of Elizabeth Arden, featuring the accent on the closely-dressed head. The lady whispering has her hair swirled off the face, with soft curls on top. The lady listening prefers a chignon caught in black net with little bows at either side.



AN ANTOINE COIFFURE. Short hair, swirled off the face and over the brow into the exact flat curls of a Greek statue.



BOTH HATS pictured here are by Suzanne Talbot. That above is of panne velvet with a big pom-pom and an enveloping veil trimmed with chenille dots. The model at the right is a black felt. It has a narrow brim and is trimmed with tall, pointed wings.



THE PHOTOGRAPHS reproduced on this page are from "Harper's Bazaar," and are charming examples of the beautiful fashion work done by Baron Hoyningen-Huene, famous photographer, who recently visited Australia and made a number of photographic studies of Australian girls.

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* RAMON

IN a rage and in defiance of his lordship, Mr. Pollexfen strove desperately so to prejudice and terrify the jury that no subsequent direction should turn its members from their stern duty. He stressed the inferences that were to be drawn from the fact that Netley had been in hiding in Mohun's house. He insisted that here was positive evidence of Mohun's treason, since only a traitor would harbor a traitor. With ponderous vehemence he hammered this into the minds of the jurymen.

"You are to remember that who comforts or succors in however slight a degree a man known to be in rebellion against his sovereign lord

the King is himself to be adjudged guilty of that same hideous crime.

"No later than yesterday, in this very court, his lordship reminded us that so, very properly and wisely, runs the law in England. It were idle to pretend that this man Mohun did not know that Netley had been in the fight at Sedgemoor on the side of the traitor Monmouth. Why else must the King's men ransack the house before Netley was discovered? If Mohun had not been fully conscious of his guilt, would

Continuing THE REMEDY

from Page 14

he not at once have disclosed the man's presence? To that there can be only one answer."

Mr. Pollexfen sat down abruptly, mopping the sweat from his brow.

A shuffling sound ran through the court, to be instantly stifled again as Lord Jeffreys stirred and opened his eyes. Sombrely they pondered the Attorney-General, and as sombrely the jury. He coughed, dabbing his lips with his kerchief, then began to speak in a thin voice that was charged with acid irony.

"You have listened to a very eloquent address from one of those great advocates who are the glory of the English courts. You are not come here, however, to be swayed and drugged by eloquence, but to consider facts; and of facts Mr. Attorney has been as sparing as he has been prodigal of words."

Thus Jeffreys, who throughout that dread Assize had been less a judge than a bullying prosecutor, mercilessly intent upon hanging all who came before him, began a speech for the defence as brazen and hectoring as were usually his insinuations upon conviction. The jury must accept his denial that Mohun's awareness of Netley's rebellion had been proved. There was, his lordship declared, no proof upon which he would consent to hang his enemy's dog, much less a gentleman so esteemed in the county and of such well-known loyalty to his King. He not merely invited the jury to pronounce the prisoner innocent, he seemed to threaten them with vague, ominous consequences if they did not. The jury shambled out, his lordship retired, and the ruffled Mr. Pollexfen was observed to be very hotly in talk and extravagant of gesture with his colleague, Mr. Mundy, from which his fury might be gauged.

After an absence of half an hour the jury returned, but not yet to deliver a verdict. The foreman, pleading a doubt, demanded more directions. The nature of the doubt was never known, for Jeffreys lashed him so ferociously that he had not the temerity to utter it.

"You have had from me the clearest directions on the verdict you should deliver according to the law of which it is for me to tell you. In Heaven's name, then, gentlemen, trouble me with no doubts or hesitations where none should be, but let me hear from you without more delay."

Cowed, the twelve men spiritlessly filed out again, but for little more than a moment's absence. When they returned they delivered a verdict, rare indeed in the course of that assize, "Not Guilty."

Mr. Godfrey Mohun departed a free man, and Mr. Pollexfen, casting prudence to the winds in his fury, widely declared that night that Jeffreys must have been drunk so to have conducted the trial. He also ventured the opinion that it would be likely to go hard with the Lord Chief Justice if the matter should come to the ears of the King.

Sir John, to whom the Attorney-General's words were reported, accounted it his duty to report them in his turn to Lord Jeffreys. But his lordship was not perturbed. The prospect of the remedy to come made him tolerant of the Attorney-General's strictures.

In the matter of this remedy his patience was not tried. On the following evening, when again he sat at table with Sir John, after a day which had ended the Taunton trials, in the course of which his lordship had passed upwards of a hundred and fifty sentences of death, a messenger arrived at Kernstone. He brought a letter and a box for Jeffreys.

With eager fingers my lord tore the lid from the box, then paused before taking from it the only thing that it contained: a slender rope some two yards long. Amazement excluded all other emotions. "What's this?" he croaked, then sought the letter, the solution of the riddle.

"My lord," he read, "true to my promise I have procured and send you the remedy which will afford you the swift and permanent relief of which I assured you. It is the Cannabls Penisils, of which I spoke, which in English may be rendered as 'hanging hemp.' I send you a sufficient quantity for application secundum artem, as the doctors say. Your lordship will now perceive that I am entirely in agreement with the Bridgewater surgeon whom you sentenced to death upon such scanty grounds."

His handsome face distorted into a mask of evil, Jeffreys tossed the letter across the table to Sir John.

"Read that," he snarled. "Then let me hear from you, Sir John. And as I've a soul to be saved, it shall go hard with you unless you can satisfy me that you had no hand or part in this."

Sir John took up the letter with one hand whilst with the other he waved the servant from the room. When he had read, he looked up, and there was a bland smile on his ruddy, honest countenance. "A poor latinist, I fear, our friend Mohun. It should, of course, have been Cannabls Carnificis: hangman's hemp. But perhaps he feared that that would prematurely have told your lordship too much."

Standing at the table's foot, fingering the lace at his throat as if it choked him, Jeffreys' eyes were terrible. "By Heaven, sir, do you join in this knave's foul mockery? A poor latinist, you say. The devil damn your smirking impudence. You and he shall both have Latin enough before I've done with you, may I turn else. I'll have that smug, cheating villain back in gaol, if I have to scour England for him; and as I've a soul to be saved, I'll see him hanged with this very halter."

"SHALL you so?
And upon what charge, my lord?"

"What charge?" His lordship's face was inflamed, a knot of veins swelled at his temple. "Was he not taken harboring a rebel?"

"But on that charge he was tried yesterday, and it is beyond even your lordship's power to recall the verdict which you bullied the jury into finding. By the law of England Godfrey Mohun may not be tried again for that offence."

"You'll teach me law, will you? You shall find that I have law enough to hang you with him as his accomplice in this heartless fraud."

But the deputy-lieutenant remained unperturbed. His broad countenance lost none of its high color, or any of its blandness. "To attempt it might be to find yourself charged with treason. Best walk warily, my lord."

"Charged with treason?"

"Have you not committed it?"

"Committed it?" Froth gathered on his lips. "It?"

"Have you not succored a man guilty of an act that at law makes him a rebel? And does not that at law make you a rebel, too? Is not the offence increased in your case by your abuse to that end of your high office and of the trust reposed in you by a King whose nature is not forgiving?"

Slowly the blood receded from my lord's face until it was of the hue of lead. The vicious lines of his mouth—the flaw that corrupted and belied the nobility of his countenance—became more apparent. He attempted to express scorn in laughter, to summon to his voice a minatory note. But he failed in both.

"Either you know too much law, sir, or too little."

"This is no question of law, my lord, but of fact. To a man whose guilt was clear you sold an acquittal for personal ends."

"And if it were so? Who would dare to indict me?"

For once in his honest downright life Sir John was shy. "Does your lordship not fear that as a loyal subject of the King, whose commission I hold, that might be my duty? And if I were to bell the cat, would there be a lack of those who would hunt it to the death? Mr. Pollexfen, for instance, a person of some weight and no little vanity, would hardly forgo the chance to avenge the hectoring that so diminished him yesterday in court. My lord, be advised by me in friendliness. Do not seek to undo what you did yesterday of Godfrey Mohun."

In a final fierce boiling up of rage Jeffreys brandished the length of hempen rope. "And what this rascal has done for me? Is that to be forgiven? Am I to be mocked as well as cheated?"

"If your lordship does not like the remedy that Godfrey Mohun has sent you, that is the more reason why you should not risk it being forced upon you by a ruthless master."

My lord must have reached the same conclusion; for no attempt was ever made to upset the verdict in the case of Godfrey Mohun.

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MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen, When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



ABSENT-MINDED RADIO ANNOUNCER: Is there a doctor in the audience?



YOUNG WIFE: I made this cake all by myself.

HUSBAND: Yes, darling, but who helped you lift it out of the oven?



SHE: I hear you made a colorful rescue yesterday.
LIFESAVER: Yes, I'm still black and blue.



GLADY S PARKER

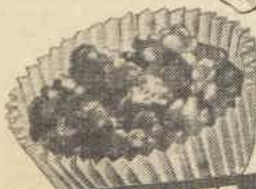
"She should hurry—last time her man got nervous waiting at the altar and bolted!"



BYSTANDER (at country fire): Will you be able to save it?
FIREMAN: Nothing surer!
BYSTANDER: Well, how about playing the hose on the slate behind the counter?

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8 ozs. COPHA

Mix dry ingredients, melt COPHA and pour over same. Thoroughly mix and spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity makes 2 1/2 doz.

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BRAINWAVES

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TEACHER: What are relatives?
Tommy: People who sleep over-night at your house when they're on a trip.

"TO-DAY'S my wife's birthday," remarked the customer to the shop-assistant. "I want her to be very happy when I go home this evening. Can you suggest anything?"
"Yes, sir; I'd suggest you remove that lipstick from your ear."

HE had criticised the dinner again—meat tough, potatoes not done, pie burned, and so on.
"Can't you find anything right with it for a change?" snapped his irate wife.
"Yes," he replied. "There's not much of it."

SCHOOLTEACHER: Paraphrase the following—"He was bent on seeing her."
Pupil: The sight of her doubled him up.

"I KNEW her when she was five and going on for six."
"Well, now she's twenty-four" and going on for twenty-three."

MRS. NAGO: What are you driving the car so fast for?
Mr. Nagg: You want to go to the country, don't you?
Mrs. Nagg: Yes, of course.
Mr. Nagg: Well, I'm trying to get there before you change your mind.

PROUD FATHER: Well, son, I'm glad you like your first boss. Always remember, you cannot do too much for him.
The Lad: No, and I don't mean to, either.

MANAGER: I've read your new play, and there are two scenes in it that Shakespeare himself couldn't have written.
Dramatist: Really! Which ones are they?
Manager: The one in the wireless shop and the other in the film studio.

"WHAT has become of the talented beauty?"
"She had her face lifted, and it threw all her pictures out of focus."

MRS. GOSSIP: Did your husband deliver his speech at the club dinner?
Neighbor: He must have—he was speechless when he got home.

TEACHER: And what was the chief benefit England derived from the reign of Henry VIII?
Boy: Her population of women was reduced.

WIFE (to husband): Don't be selfish, John. Let the child help you with his homework if he wants to.

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TRAVEL INTERSTATE BY SEA

WITH a graceless movement she hoisted her stool three staggers to starboard to make room for the new arrival. Whitebait approached and, after the fashion of a tired and disillusioned man, rested his elbows on the counter.

"Give me," he said, "a chocolate cream fizz."

The assistant nodded. "Any fruit with it?" Whitebait cleared his throat, and tried to assume the quality of voice used by the Commander when discussing the rival merits of Chateau Moutin Rothschild '21 and Chateau Lafitte '26.

"Perhaps a little strawberry crush—and some crumbled nuts."

Penny perceived that she was in the presence of an epicure.

"In with the fleet?" she asked.

Whitebait replied offhandedly. His attention was otherwise engaged.

"Yes... as a matter of fact."

"I bet they boss you about horribly, don't they?"

Whitebait colored.

"They don't boss me about, I don't stand for it."

Penny, her spoon raised, eyed him in admiration. Was it possible fate had thrown together two rebels? A dollop of good ice-cream fell into her lap.

"Good for you," said she, recovered the fallen morsel and ate it with gusto.

Praise was not so plentiful where Whitebait came from that he had lost the relish for it. He looked at Penny and found it easy. She was

THE FLEET'S IN!

Continued from
Page 10

a pretty girl with stormy eyes and cheeks.

"I don't think you told me your name," he said.

"Penny."

"Mine's Whitebait."

Neither was concerned to ask "Penny what?" or "Whitebait what?" and they liked each other the better for that omission. They had exchanged what was personal and individual to themselves. To have given family names would have been to sacrifice their independence.

He observed that her plate was empty.

"Have a raspberry froth," he suggested.

Penny shook her head.

"Talking about raspberries," said she, "I've just given my family something to think about. I've walked out on them. What right have people to boss people about, anyway?"

He couldn't have agreed more heartily.

"So you've left them?"

"Yes, I have. I'm going to make my own life, and nobody shall stop me."

"But, look here," said Whitebait, "do they know you've gone?"

She colored.

"They can't help finding out when I don't come home, can they?"

He did not reply at once. Her

words had started an idea. He pushed back the glass vessel which had contained his refreshment and smacked the counter with the palm of his hand. Some leakage from his chocolate fizz exploded upwards into Penny's eye. She said:

"Look out, you fool!"

Whitebait ignored that. He was too accustomed to terms of abuse to take offence.

"Meeting you is most extraordinary," he said. "Come outside. I want to tell you something. I'll pay for these."

He paid and followed her into the street, where he took her arm and dropped his voice conspiratorially.

"I'm chucking the Navy."

"What, retiring? But you won't get any pension, will you?"

"Retiring, no." His tone was contemptuous. "I'm cutting loose. I've had enough and I'm through."

"Good Lord, don't they shoot people for that?"

"Not in peace time. And, anyway, they've got to find you first."

"I should think," said Penny practically, "you ought to be fairly easy to find in that uniform."

Whitebait frowned.

"Are you on my side?" he asked.

"Yes, rather."

"Right. Then you can get me some togs. Grey flannel bags, a pullover and a mack. You could get the lot for about ten bob at one of those shops where they sell things cheap."

"There's one just down the High Street."

"Right, then here's the money! And I tell you what we'll do..."

The scheme, as he outlined it, left no loophole for failure. They would meet at the bathing-machines—enjoy a bathe together—and when that was done he would reappear as a complete civilian.

"... then I'll dump my uniform in a ditch, and kiss good-bye to the whole rotten lot of 'em."

"And after that?" she asked.

He looked her over carefully.

"Well, we're both in the same boat. I suppose we might as well stick together."

"Yes," said Penny, faintly.

"Meet you on the beach in ten minutes then?"

Penny went back to the confectioner's to collect her bicycle. She looked very young as she pedalled down the street. Whitebait was watching her, which is why he failed to salute one of the ship's officers. What the officer said confirmed his belief in the rottenness of authority.

It was the first time that Penny had gone shopping for a man of her own, and the experience was fruitful of new and tender sensations. The raincoat and the grey flannel bags offered little scope for imagination, but she gave as much care to the choosing of the pullover as she might have given to the choice of a party frock. Hitherto her pleasures had been mainly vicarious—an enjoyment of other people's emotions through the medium of the cinema projector. But now life had provided a real and personal experience—fraught with peril, romance, and adventure.

She thrilled at the thought that it falls to the lot of few young ladies of sixteen to take an active part in concealing the traces of a deserter from the Royal Navy—an institution which until then she had held in admiration, but now perceived to be utterly vile. Her ready acceptance of his suggestion that they should run away together was proof positive of love at first sight. There was, of course, nothing surprising about that. People in pictures always suffered that way. They looked—and they loved—and were wed. Pause for reflection or the weighing of rival merits seldom entered into the business.

Appropriately enough the pullover was of a primrose hue, which is the first flower of spring. She supplemented it with a bandanna handkerchief, equally effective for nose or neck, and, carrying the parcel, she mounted her bicycle and rode to the beach.

Whitebait lay stretched on the shingle, his eyes fixed, resentfully, upon that section of the Home Fleet which rode at anchor in the bay. He said:

"There wouldn't be any wars if it wasn't for ships and guns and things like that. War is absolutely rotten! If everybody looked at it the way I do, war would be impossible." He rolled over and looked at her, earnestly. "I tell you what, Penny, it's up to us, and people like us, to put a stopper on the whole affair."

"Do you think we could?" said Penny.

"Of course. It only needs courage and sticking-plaster. People are not much better than sheep. All they want's a leader. Give them the right leader and they'll do whatever he says."

Penny nodded. "Yes, but then they would have to obey the leader, and that means that he would have to boss them about."

"Not necessarily," said Whitebait. "People have been led without being bossed. You can coax them, can't you?"

"Um!" said Penny, who had tried to coax her father, with no success.

"They must be made to believe you and love you. Do that and you've done the trick. The trouble is to start off on the right foot. To make a clean break. Lenin did it, and Karl Marx, so why not us?"

The name Karl Marx gave Penny the switch she was looking for.

"I got your jumper at Marks and Spencer's."

She undid the parcel. Whitebait stared at it in horror.

"Gosh, what a frightful color! You don't expect me to wear it?"

He did not see the tears that started to her eyes, but noticed the break in her voice when she replied:

"I'll change it then."

"Oh, it doesn't matter; but when you've been used to wearing a uniform it's rather a shock to make oneself look a complete scab."

"BUT I thought you wanted to break right away."

"So I do, but it is a bit of an eye-sore."

Penny sniffed and pressed her upper lip against her teeth.

"I dare say you won't like the present I bought you, either."

She took the handkerchief from a paper bag.

Whitebait could imagine what the "old man" would say if he were seen sporting such a thing, but he refrained from repeating it. He said:

"That's tremendously decent of you, Penny, and because the words sounded inadequate, he threw an arm round her neck and gave her a kiss. He had never done anything of the sort before, and his performance was inelegant. A button of his tunic caught in one of her curls and wrenched it. The "Oo!" she uttered was inspired by pain rather than joy.

They were blushing when they retired into their bathing-machines.

They stopped in the dimpling sea much too long, and Whitebait's fingers died of cold. So Penny chafed them with her small warm hands; for girls always have a better circulation than boys.

"It's awful drivel to admit it," he said, "but I do like the feel of your hands."

"It isn't at all drivel. I like yours."

"Just as well, since we've thrown in our lot with one another. How much money have you got, Penny?"

"On me? About four and six."

"I've got two quid. So we shan't starve."

WHERE do you think we ought to go?"

"I haven't thought much, but it might be an idea to hire a motor-bike. There'll be a terrific row when I don't show up to-night, and the farther off we are the better."

Penny nodded.

"Same here, and Father's just the sort to put the police on my track."

Whitebait shook his head. "In a civilised world there oughtn't to be any police. Let's get dressed."

He was bitterly ashamed of himself when he emerged from the bathing-machine wearing the primrose pullover, the grey flannel bags and with the raincoat thrown across his shoulder. Even Penny's admiration carried little conviction. With the loss of his uniform he had sacrificed a measure of his romantic appearance.

Sturdily he took her arm and pushed her forward.

"Let's hurry, I don't want to be seen more than I can help."

"But you've left your uniform behind, Whitebait."

"I don't want it any more. Besides, we aren't supposed to walk about carrying parcels."

But Penny was practical. "We'd better take it with us. It'd be such a give-away to leave it here. I'll carry it."

"Please yourself," said he.

They hired a motor cycle for the sum of seven and six, on the understanding that it should be returned in two hours. As a guarantee of good faith Penny left her bicycle with the owner of the shop.

In truly naval fashion Whitebait lashed the parcel containing his uniform to the luggage carrier to act as a cushion for Penny. After a few failures the engine consented to start and the irrevocable step was taken.

They did not speak for the first mile of rising ground that led from the town. It would have been wasted energy, for the machine had a leaky exhaust pipe and roared defiantly. On the crest of the hill the wire to the sparking plug came adrift and brought them to a standstill.

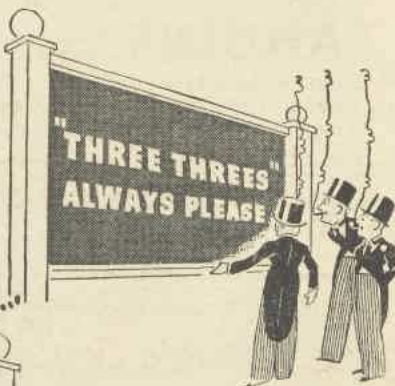
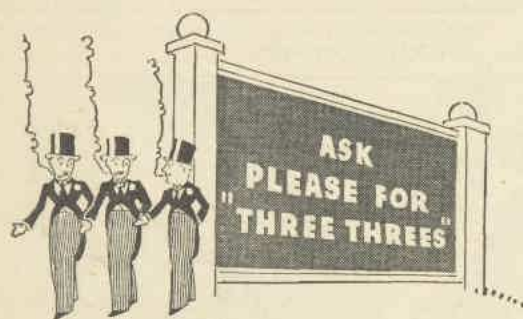
Whitebait fixed the lead with a bit of string which he found on the roadside, while Penny sat on a heap of stones and looked, with grave eyes, at the pearly mist of smoke which hung over the town. When he had finished he sat beside her, and asked:

"What are you looking at?"

"Nothing. I was thinking, that's all." She pointed. "That's where I used to live. Over there, with the trees round it."

But Whitebait did not seem to be listening. His eyes were fixed on a grey shape lying in the bay. It was the Forager. Her deck and guns were gilded by rays from the lowering sun. There was something frightening about the majesty and dignity of her lines—a tremendousness out of all proportion to the yellow pullover, the motor bike, and freedom of the individual. Whitebait turned his back on the sea and frowned at the land.

Please turn to Page 38



STATE EXPRESS
333 VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN



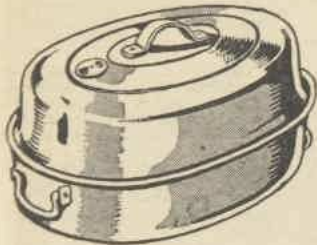
9—6d. : 18—1/- : 27—1/6. Also Flat Fifties, Flat Hundreds, and Round Air-tight Fifties.

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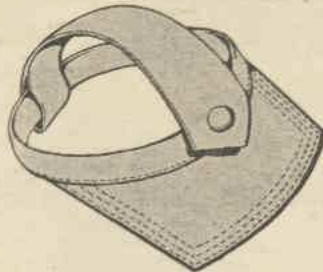
WINE HAMPERS are specially prepared by Farmer's for the festive season. Penfold's and Lindeman's. From 17/6. Restaurant Office, Sixth Floor.

A COOL 73° AT THE "QUALITY GIFT SHOP"



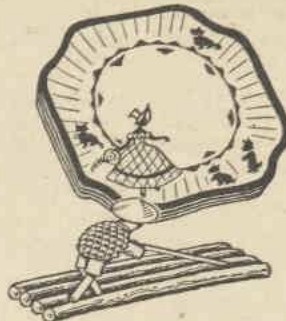
Poultry Roasters

Oval aluminium poultry roasters with steam vent and a movable casting tray. Grand for Christmas cooking. Special, 19/6. Lower Ground Floor. Freight extra.



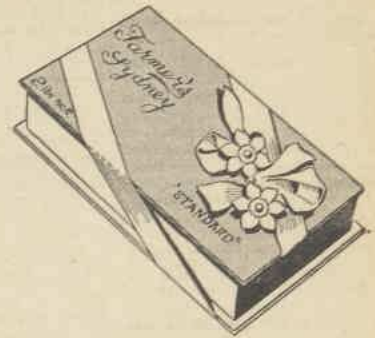
Tennis Shade, 3/11

Square peak shades in white, navy, green or brown colours. An adjustable head fitting with band to keep your hair tidy. 3/11. Lower Ground Floor. Country Carriage extra.



Party additions

Accessories for parties in matching designs and colours. Tin plates, 10 for 1/6. Place card novelties, 6d. each. Many others, too. Stationery, Ground Floor. Freight extra.



2lb Chocolates, 11/6

Miss Davenney's famous 'Standard' chocolates in bright, buff-coloured boxes with a posy of flowers and ribbons. 2lb., 11/6. Confectionery, Ground Floor. Freight extra.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN FARMER'S COOL, AIR-CONDITIONED STORE. ALWAYS 73°. HUMIDITY NEVER MORE THAN 60%!



BEACH STRAWS

Tie-on tailored beach hats in crisp two-tone straws. Every conceivable colour, so you'll have no trouble in matching your playsuit. Handily priced, 10/11. Millinery, Third Floor.



SUN TANNING!

Farmer's marvellous Ultra-violet-ray machine gives you a "brown-as-a-berry" indoor tanning. No blisters, no pain of any kind; 5 treatments for 12/6. On the fourth floor.

ABOUT CHRISTMAS DELIVERY

All purchases made before 5.45 p.m. Thursday 23rd will be delivered before or on Christmas Eve to all districts. Parcels purchased before 12 noon on Friday 24th, will be delivered on the same day to the following districts only... City, Darlinghurst, Potts Point, Elizabeth Bay, Rushcutters Bay, Darling Point, Double Bay, Point Piper, Paddington, Woollahra, and to Bellevue Hill. Other purchases made on Friday will not be delivered until Tuesday, 28th Dec.



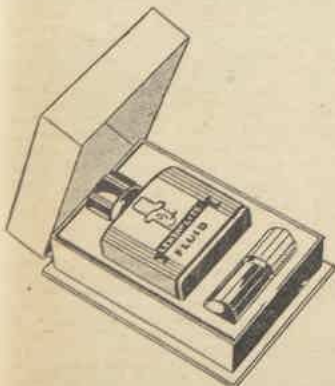
PASTEL SUEDES

Pastel Charmooz suedes for resort or holiday wear. Charming reproductions of Paris' own "Val-kyrrie". Coloured at 22/9. Or white buck at 17/9. On the third floor.

"Penguin Pie" at Farmer's. Grand Children's Christmas Entertainment staged at the North Pole. Santa is there and there's oceans of fun on slippery dips, fairy-go-rounds, etc. Admission by toy docket only. 9th Flr.

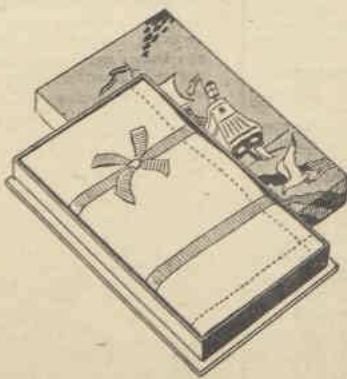
The Pets Bazaar is in the Blaxland Galleries, where you can not only see and admire puppies and dicky birds but can buy them for your very own. And what better Christmas stocking-filler could there possibly be?

BOOK FOR FARMER'S CHRISTMAS EVE DINNER DANCE. FROM 6.15 TO 8.30 P.M. ON THE FIFTH FLOOR, NEXT FRIDAY. TABLE D'HOTE, 5/4



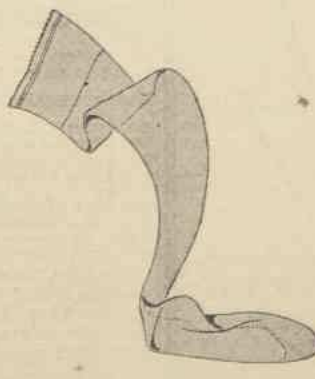
'Glolite' Lighter

The new "Glolite" flameless cigarette lighter. Small, easy to carry. Various colours. With a bottle of fluid, both 12/6. Tobacco Section, Ground Floor. Freight extra.



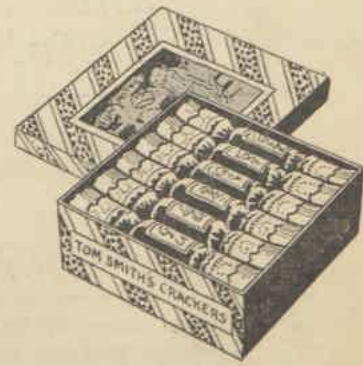
Men's Hankies

Fine quality Irish linen handkerchiefs in gift boxes of half-dozen each, 8/6. Others priced at 10/6, 12/6, 15/- and also at 21/-. Mercury, Ground Floor. Freight extra.



"Mirage" Hosiery

A new chiffon silk stocking, luxuriously filmy and soft as snow. In a range of exquisite new colours. Pair costs you 8/11. Hosiery on the Ground Floor.



Crackers from 1/6

Boxes of gaily-coloured crackers with contents including hats, caps, toys, pencils, riddles, etc. Prices range from 1/6 to 27/6. Cake Counter, Ground Floor. Freight extra.

SUDDEN DEATH TO MILLIONS

ONE minute they were alive, doing their deadly work. The next minute they were dead—millions of dental decay germs.

Another Australian had found the way to fight dental decay!

When you consider that during the recent Australian Dental Congress, the newspaper headlines said: "Dental Decay Scourge—Graver than Cancer or T.B.", you realise why more and more people are changing to the germicidal dentifrice—Euthymol.

Euthymol destroys dental decay germs within less than thirty seconds' contact. Euthymol is not an ordinary dentifrice. It's more than just a polishing agent or cleanser. It's a germicidal dentifrice. Every batch of Euthymol Tooth Paste is guaranteed to have a definite bacteriological power. And every batch of Euthymol is given a strict bacteriological test.

Ask for Euthymol. Use it twice a day, your breath will be sweet, your teeth will be clean and sparkling, and your mouth will have that beautiful fresh feeling. Euthymol Tooth Paste is 1/3 everywhere. When you buy your tube of Euthymol ask for a free copy of the new authentic booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth." This booklet was published to help stamp out the growing menace of dental decay in Australia.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
MEANS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

NEW LADY MAYORESS IS Proud of Modern GIRL Will Work for Benefit of Children

Though she looks more like a demure debutante than Sydney's First Lady, Mrs. Norman Nock, youngest Lady Mayoress ever to occupy the position, has been married for twelve years, and has a son, Graham, who is nine.

Except for her work as president of the Younger Set of the Lady Mayoress' Clothing Fund Committee and deputy-president of the Industrial Blind Institution junior committee Mrs. Nock has had no experience of public life.

"I've never made a speech," said Mrs. Nock, with a youthful smile that lights up her wide blue eyes. "I feel very nervous at the prospect, but I can only do my best."

"It will be a wonderful experience to be Lady Mayoress during the Sesqui-Centenary year, and I am looking forward to learning about my duties."

With a quiet, natural personality, Mrs. Nock's main interest has been her home.

"I think I am a good cook," she said modestly. "I'm very interested in all types of cooking, and particularly in the methods of Americans. My husband brings me back American recipe books and books on diet each time he goes to America. In fact,

I feel I can almost call myself a dietitian."

"Apart from planning balanced diets for my small family, I had to prepare a special diet for Graham for some years in his babyhood, when he was threatened with asthma."

"I have very little idea yet just what my duties will be as Lady Mayoress, but I shall take a special interest in matters affecting children."

"Health and training of children are naturally one of my main interests. Scientific methods have worked miracles for the health and upbringing of children—child psychology especially—but I do think it can be overdone."

"The kindergarten system in Australia, and institutions like Tresillian must be the closest to ideal in the world. It seems to me they have utilised the best that science can give and at the same time have preserved the natural relationship of



A CHARMING STUDY of Sydney's new Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Norman Nock.

Women's Weekly saw her, the Lady Mayoress was wearing a youthful, simply-cut navy frock with a hand-made flower of lace and organdie at the throat. Under a wide-brimmed navy hat her beautifully-groomed fair hair was dressed in loose curls grouped to fit in with the line of the hat.

2GB Presents

2GB NEWS REVIEW

Fearless and Forceful

Mondays to Saturdays 10 p.m.

N.B.—This and one other are the only two UNCENSORED News Reviews in the World.

Henry Boote Looks Forth

TO remain for a lifetime a poet of the people, surviving all the changes of political faction, is itself an achievement. To this Henry Boote, whose "I Look Forth" is his own psalm of life, adds the achievement of melodious verse and philosophy not too profound for human nature's daily food.

"Hello, there, Man!" he cries, and hymns for the comrades of the lathe and share
A Dawn as of Creation's day divine,
When beauty was the heritage of birth.

This is a poet that might well envisage the dawn of a new era. In his own measure he nods a greeting to the T. S. Eliots of to-day while still farewelling Henry Lawson.

Henry Boote sings a clear, clean song, and his art is one that does not dissipate its gifts in the intoxication of technique.

"I Look Forth." By Henry Boote.

the mother with the child, and the very important influence of the home background.

"What do I think of modern young people? I may not always agree with all they think and do, but it would be an impertinence to criticise them. They are as much entitled to their point of view as I am to mine."

"But, on the whole, I think we have reason to be proud of them. They have splendid enthusiasm, even if it does sometimes manifest itself in rather startling ways."

Of slim, athletic build, the new Lady Mayoress plays golf as her chief sport. "I play regularly, but I have not yet been able to reduce my handicap below 22," she said. "Graham is learning to play, too."

When The Australian

THOSE FURS WERE HIS WEDDING PRESENT . . . ISN'T SHE LOVELY?



AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT REVELRY FACE POWDER, IN THE SHILLING BOX, IS ALL SHE EVER USES!

She could easily afford the most expensive, now . . . But she goes on using Revelry . . . Well, she knows that's what first gave her that breath-taking look! Just shows how much money a girl can waste on face powder . . . Paying high prices like we did . . . And still looking just ordinary . . . Until that lucky day . . . The day we first discovered Revelry . . .

Revelry, the "balanced" face powder, goes through 3 more processes than other powders. So while most others are either too light to cling or so heavy they soon look "doughy"—not so Revelry! It clings—oh, yes, for hours and hours—but smoothly, imperceptibly. That is "balance"—that is Revelry!

SMOOTH AS A BABY POWDER
A microscope test would soon show you the difference between ordinary face powder and Revelry . . . the difference between sharp, jagged particles that tear the delicate tissues of your skin, and smooth, even, rounded grains. Revelry couldn't be softer to your skin if it were a baby powder.



REVELRY the Exclusive "BALANCED" FACE POWDER

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LET'S HEAR FROM YOU
Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

UPWARD CLIMB

WE are always hearing that there are very few opportunities in this vast Commonwealth of ours for the younger generation to attain their desires in their special sphere of life, but, nevertheless, those who remain stationary are very few indeed.

Life is really an existence on a mountainside, and we must either ascend or descend, and naturally it is easier to descend than to ascend. The latter takes exertion and determination while the former task is quite simple.

Let one and all fix their eyes to the top, nerve themselves for the climb, and determine with all power to reach their objective, and at the end of their day I have every reason to believe that they will have attained their one aim in life. It may not be immediate success, but eventually it will come and one finds that life has been worth while.

£1 for this letter to E. Robson, Dunolly, Singleton, N.S.W.

POVERTY OF RICHES

WHY are wealthy people so different from their poorer neighbors? Contrast the manner of the average person to a shop assistant, waitress, porter, or taxi driver with that of the wealthy man or woman.

Does money give people the right to be overbearing and rude? How much more genuine are the poorer people. Surely that is topsy-turvy? Shouldn't it be the other way about? Wouldn't riches make it easy for people to be kind and generous? What is money that it has this terrible effect on human beings?

Mrs. M. Marshman, c/o Miss M. Rodd, 59 Federal St., North Hobart.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

WHAT a wonderful spirit is in evidence during the Christmas season!

For the rest of the year we are occupied—too occupied—with ourselves, with our own doings and our own ends; but at this one time of the year we think beyond ourselves, give for the joy of giving, spend time and thought on the pleasure of others and wish all mankind well. When comment is passed on the happy atmosphere pervading, we say, smilingly, "Oh, it's the Christmas spirit," and do not realise that the essence of this annual "good-will to all men" might be carried more often into our dealings with others throughout the year.

What a pity to slip back into old manners and old ways once the festive season is ended!

Miss D. J. Miller, Merthyr, Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

WOMAN'S DRESS

WE often hear the saying that a woman's character reflects in her dress. I cannot agree with this, because a woman's clothes depend on her resources.

A woman will purchase a dress which costs what she can afford, even though her taste lies elsewhere. How can we say that her true personality is shown in her apparel?

Miss P. Bullock, Sydney St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

DON'T MARRY YOUNG

CAN anyone give me a really satisfactory reason for a girl marrying young?

I cannot see any! I think the girl who marries at 19 or 20 years is simply wasting the best years of her life. Just think of the two or three years' good time she is missing!

For marriage—and babies—undoubtedly put an end to a girl's good times—gone are her freedom and her fun!

Miss Emmy Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

Why Do Teachers Marry "Poor, Struggling Men"?

PERHAPS the reason why many teachers marry "poor, struggling, and often almost illiterate men," Miss T. H. Holden (4/12/37) is because they love them. Surely it is not the fear of having to face the world on her own which causes a girl to marry. If this were so, the world would be a very sorry place.

There are many women who take pride and pleasure in washing and cooking for their men, and who raise a family because of their love of children.

Miss M. Berkley, c/o Bank of N.S.W., Brisbane.

Like "He-Men"

HERE is an explanation that may suit Miss Holden.

Teachers often marry men in poor circumstances because just at the marrying age they go out into small country places.

Here they meet farmers, who haven't much money and have to work hard for what they do have. To her these men look the real "he-men." They are the men whom Australia needs—doing the work which is so necessary in the development of our country.

Is it any wonder, when she sits by the babbling stream with the birds twittering overhead, that she should say "Yes" to man's proposal?

Mrs. J. Hamill, Cobain's Estate, via Sale, Vic.

Love Comes First

"WHY do so many teachers marry poor, struggling men?" asked Miss Holden.

One reason is that even women who have had academic careers realise that unless they marry the men they love they have only dreary years of barren efficiency to look forward to. After all, emotion guides our marital destinies, not intelligence.

"To cook, wash, and bear children" is a very natural thing for many women to do, and often more satisfying than the alleged amenities of professional life.

Mrs. V. Lightburn, 50 Oxford Terrace, New Parkside, Adelaide.

Not Love!

I CANNOT answer Miss Holden's question as to why teachers marry illiterate men, because I think those who do are more the exception than the rule. An uneducated partner would jar, but I can give her reasons for her other queries.

A woman who has the intelligence to be a teacher has also a heart; and when she meets the man of her choice she has intelligence enough to know that, in spite of interesting work and regular hours, woman's greatest joy is motherhood.

Mrs. E. Wooding, 3 Cooper St., Brunswick, Vic.

Like Children

IT seems to me that the first essential of a good teacher is love for children. Without this, I believe no profession can be more irritating.

But the very love of children that makes her a good teacher is the reason



Is this the wisest choice?

why she feels so strongly the urge to marry and have children of her own.

When teaching she sees evidence of too many unhappy marriages to be careless in her choice of a husband.

So she sees the real essentials in the man she chooses, and asks for more than appearance, money or social position.

Mrs. V. H. Bushnell, 33 Harrow Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

Modern Flats Not as Bad as Painted!

I CANNOT agree with Mrs. Anderson's views about flats and cottages (4/12/37).

In 20 years' time, if the building of ugly blocks of flats continues, our cities and suburbs are going to be very unsightly.

There is no comparison between a modern cottage and a block of flats as regards comfort and architecture. I cannot quite understand why Mrs. Anderson says that modern folk build houses to keep out the sun.

J. Reid, 31 Dock Road, Birchgrove, N.S.W.

Interior is Good

I AGREE that modern flats on the whole create a much more healthy standard of living than modern bungalows.

In this modern age, where it is the mode to take one's pleasures outside the home, who cares how ugly the exterior of one's residence is, so long as it is healthy and clean inside?

Admittedly, modern houses have a better appearance from the outside, but I can see no reason why flats should not be as handsome. I suppose some enterprising architects will soon rectify this small matter.

Mrs. Addison, Liverpool Street, Hobart.

Will Improve

I WAS pleased to read Mrs. Anderson's "Word for Flats." Considering just how vital they are in modern cities, one hears far too much adverse criticism about them.

The better flats are built with an eye to lighting, economy of room,

Careless Mothers

WOMEN who are most particular about the brands of commodities and the make of a frock will place an incompetent young girl in charge of their children.

Young girls who have just left school are sought to "mind the baby" or the children at a few shillings weekly. This very important position should be available at a reasonable wage to the matured woman who is patient, tender, and conscientious. One cannot expect such qualities from girls who are themselves children.

Infancy should receive the very best attention. Mrs. E. Arnold, McIntyre St., Woolloowin, Brisbane.

and cleanliness. In few modern houses will you get this to the same degree.

If they are not architecturally pleasing as yet—and I have seen an occasional fine-looking building—they will improve!

Fay Meadows, James Street, Perth.

She Hates Flats!

FEW people would support Mrs. Anderson in her upholding of modern flats. I think they are very ugly in appearance.

Straight, bare walls of dull bricks rising straight up, marring the dignity of the neighborhood, certainly do not appeal to me. All flats are practically identical in doors, windows, and general appearance.

I think any little cottage is preferable to one of these modern prisons. Miss Fleurette Ward, Eddington, 8 Railway Ave., Stanmore, N.S.W.

Went "Flat-Hunting"

I WAS rather amused at Mrs. Anderson's statement that modern flats are being built to-day to give plenty of sun and air, but that houses are not.

Having had occasion recently to "flat hunt," I find this quite wrong. I had the utmost difficulty to secure a flat that was not so cramped that you could not move round comfortably. And both the lighting and air were poor in most of them.

On the other hand, the houses being built to-day are not only more beautiful architecturally, but very definitely cater for fresh air and light faddists.

E. Sinclair, Glen Osmond Road, Eastwood, S.A.

Why Not Have Clinics For Adults, Too?

IN reply to Mary Ellis (4/12/37), the world would certainly be a healthier place if medical clinics were established.

However, there are the lodges. For the small sum of about twopence per day you can join one and in return



Watching the public health!

receive medical advice and medicine. Mrs. H. Goodrich, 34 Cornwall St., West Moreland N12, Melbourne.

Good Health is Vital

ADULT clinics are very necessary and are quite common, I believe, in Europe. It amazes me that they have not been introduced in Australia.

People find medical expenses so heavy that they avoid visiting the doctor unless it is absolutely necessary. Clinics should be established where people could have themselves overhauled at the first sign of sickness. The good health of its individual members is vital to a nation.

I think half-yearly visits to these free clinics should be made compulsory.

Mrs. A. Sinclair, Ozono Parade, Cottesloe, W.A.

Separate Entities

I THINK Miss Ellis' idea for having adult clinics where people would receive free medical advice an excellent one, but I do not agree with her that baby clinics at present in existence should be used for such in the evening. Both adult and baby clinics should be kept open for some part of the day and evening.

To be really useful to the community, they should be two separate entities.

Miss Barton, Union St., Dulwich, S.A.



How can he Sleep when his skin is Smarting?

Baby's Suffering Breaks a Mother's Heart

You can't bear to see your baby tormented and disfigured by a horrible itching, scaling skin eruption or fiery inflammation. But the poor little mite need not suffer another moment if you use Cuticura Ointment. Itching and smarting stop the very instant Cuticura touches the skin. Baby is perfectly free from pain and can sleep in peace.

Apply Cuticura freely night and morning. In a day or two the angry rash will look healthier and feel cool and soon it will have faded completely. If the trouble is itching, scaling, or moist eczema that seems incurable, Cuticura will give you proof of its amazing healing power. Often one tin is enough to heal the eruption completely.



A MAGICAL HEALER

For Eczema, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Abscesses, Cuts, Burns, Festering Sores and all Itching Scaling Eruptions of the Skin and Scalp.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

★ While baby is suffering from skin trouble use only Cuticura Soap which is most soothing and comforting to a baby's sensitive skin.

Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Reading the Scriptures, as you would a Novel NEW LITERATURE VERSION

So excellent was the English of the Greek and Hebrew scholars who gave the English people their "Authorised Version" of the Bible in the years 1604-08 that the Book has always been highly regarded as literature.

That does not dim the respect in which a new version, "The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature," will be held, nor will it detract from the warmth of its welcome.

THE "four-and-fifty" learned men whom James the First summoned to the task of making the English Bible were "not only scholars, but literary craftsmen." They "adopted the principle of striving to reproduce the meaning and spirit of the original rather than to produce a literal word-by-word rendering."

They devoted great attention to values of euphony and rhythm.

For that reason, as the learned proponent of the new version avers, "as far as literary value is concerned, however, the King James version, produced when the language was younger and more flexible, is unlikely ever to be superseded."

"Its position as a world classic seems to be as secure as that of Homer, Dante or Shakespeare, and it is the only translation in all literature of which that can be said."

The supreme quality of the new arrangement of the books of the Bible and their new presentation is in their classification. What the fundamentalist will think about it one hesitates to say, but certainly to the student of literature it is at once refreshment and reorientation to find the Book of Proverbs presented as "an anthology of gnomic poetry" ... and divided into its several poems.

It is illuminating to read the Book of Job as a philosophical drama.

To read "Judith," "Susanna and the Elders," "Jonah," and "Daniel" as "tales"—straight fiction!—is something of an experience.

Little wonder that the compiler demonstrates that "the purpose of the present edition is entirely 'edification' rather than doctrine!"

Jonah, we are advised, is "the most ridiculously misunderstood of all the works in the Bible."

"Misplaced in ancient times among the prophetic writings simply because its hero is the prophet Jonah—as if one were to ascribe the authorship of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' to Uncle Tom himself—and then in modern times becoming a cause celebre between fundamentalists and sceptics on account of the dubious possibility of a man's being able to survive 'in the belly of a fish,' the real value and beauty of the book were lost sight of equally by the pious and the impious."

Yet, we learn, the work stands as the noblest expression of the universality of religion to be found in the Old Testament.

It appears in this anthology and anthologies as JONAH, A TALE.

Ecclesiastes, long a favorite with literary lovers of the Bible (and, we are now assured, with unbelievers), is set out as a series of essays, with certain passages, "To everything there is a season," "The words of the wise spoken in quiet," "Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth" ... as poetry.

Books To Read

"NO LOVE LOST." Monica Redlich. Powerful novel of family life.
"IMPERIAL CITY." Elmer Rice. Brilliant story of New York life.
"THE LOST KING." Rafael Sabatini. Story of the lost Dauphin of France.
"SO GREAT A MAN." David Pilgrim. Well-written novel with fine character drawing.
"SCREENED." Faith Wolseley. Lively murder mystery. (Dymock's.)

The tenor of this book remains so heretical, says our anthologist, "that without its erroneous ascription to King Solomon it would hardly have found a place among the Jewish Sacred Scriptures, or been included in the Christian Bible."

The Jewish name for the Book of Numbers is "In the Wilderness."

It records the strange episode of Balaam, who is represented as a heathen seer, but into whose mouth is put some of the most magnificent poetry of the Old Testament. The two oracles of Balaam ... "Balaam the King of Moab hath brought me from Aram," and "Rise up, Balak, and hear," are annotated as "for patriotic feeling unsurpassed."

The editor of "The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature," Ernest Sutherland Bates, emphasises the fact that his problem has been largely one of arrangement.

He presents a consecutive narrative from the creation to the exile, supplementing this from the Apocryphal I Maccabees to complete the story down to the times of Jesus.

The greatest of the Prophets he emphasises, the others minimises. Drama, poetry and fiction are rearranged as such.

The basic biography of Jesus is taken from the earliest, most authoritative gospel, St. Mark, supplemented by other incidents and teachings from the remaining Gospels. The utterances of St. Paul are restricted to such as are considered of "immortal value." And as far as possible the books are printed in the order of their composition and the reference table of dates will be news to uninformed Bible-readers.

The Authorised Version has been drawn upon except in the case of Job, Ecclesiastes, Proverbs and the Song of Songs ... which is presented in dramatic form as "a fragmentary wedding idyll."



THE OLDEST BIBLE IN THE WORLD, the Codex Sinaiticus, is now one of the most treasured possessions of the British Museum. It was bought from the Soviet for £100,000. A modern version of the Bible is reviewed on this page.

Is there a place for such a book in the changing modern world?

Laurence Binyon, who is privileged to contribute the introduction, has a clear view on the subject.

He tells how forty years ago, at a country railway station in England, he met an old smock-frocked shepherd who was travelling by train (to the next station) for the first time. Binyon was struck by the Biblical dignity of his speech.

"The Bible probably was the only book he knew; its language had soaked into his mind and fitted all the needs of his ancient and solitary calling." The poet regards his antique shep-

herd as a symbol, apparition from the past. "His world is gone, his language is heard no more." And it is not only the shepherds who have forgotten the old note.

If this fascinating literary re-evaluation of the greatest anthology in the world does no more than to bring back its words and its wisdom into general circulation, it will have fulfilled a function not out of keeping with its character as the inspired Word of God.

"The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature." Edited and arranged by Ernest Sutherland Bates. London: William Heinemann Ltd. (Angus and Robertson).

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For over 200 years LONDON'S HOUSE OF QUALITY

THE MOVIE WORLD

December 25, 1937

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and
JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood & London

Australia and George Brent

TO offset any personal unpopularity of George Brent in Australia, Warner Brothers have added Australian Marcia (Mascotte) Ralston to the cast of the new Brent film, "Gold is Where You Find It." Dark-haired Marcia will appear as a blonde, and will play second feminine lead.

Australia ranks next to England in importance in the list of Hollywood's foreign markets, and the unpopularity of any star in Australia is a serious matter for the studio that employs him.

It is hoped by Warners that Marcia Ralston's presence will make any compensation needed to draw Australian audiences.

Not Cricket

DAVID NIVEN brought several cricket balls back with him from England for C. Aubrey Smith, who is captain of the Hollywood Cricket Club.

The New York Customs men found them in one of his trunks and, never having seen cricket balls before, insisted on cutting them open. They said the balls might contain explosives.

Garbo Admires Boyer

THE first time Garbo saw herself in "Conquest" was at the preview. Unlike other actresses, she does not see the daily rushes. "It is not good to get so used to one's face," she says.

"I enjoyed the picture," said Garbo, leaving the theatre. "I liked myself, but I liked Boyer much better. I thought he was excellent, and because of him I enjoyed the picture."

There is no less temperamental actress in Hollywood than the great Garbo. Always polite, always eager to please, she rehearses

The Mo Must Go On

• Tony Martin was enjoying a game of golf last week when he was told that Darryl Zanuck wanted him on the telephone.

Tony got all excited, since he had never before spoken to the big boss, although he had done many pictures for him. He thought perhaps he would be loaned out for Garbo's next picture—or something of equal importance.

"Hello," came the voice on the wire. "This is Mr. Zanuck's secretary. He wants you to grow a moustache right away."

a scene as often as the director wishes. When she spoils a take, she apologises to the director and her fellow-actors.

Off-screen, Garbo never uses lipstick or rouge—just a dab of powder on her nose. Her eyelashes are real.



Shot Without Warning

• TOP LEFT: While Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks were arguing with a Press photographer they were already caught by the candid camera. TOP RIGHT: Clark Gable, with Carole Lombard, leaves the studio after his first broadcast. LOWER LEFT: Warner Baxter, Buddy Rogers, Mary Pickford, Tyrone Power, Janet Gaynor, and Harold Lloyd after a Hollywood film premiere. LOWER RIGHT: Bette Davis enjoys corn-on-the-cob at a night club supper.

Merle Can't Come Home

MERLE OBERON is the envy of half England's feminine population just now. She is playing opposite Robert Taylor at Denham. But she says that Tasmania would be for her a much more thrilling sight than Taylor.

"I am longing to see Tasmania again, but each time I complete a film I have another one waiting for me," she says.

"As soon as I finished 'The Divorce of Lady X' I had to start on my present picture, 'Over the Moon,' and as soon as this is finished I am due in Hollywood to appear in a picture with Gary Cooper."

Annabella in "Jean"

LATEST foreign arrival in Hollywood is Annabella, the lovely French star of "Under the Red Robe" and "Wings of the Morning."

Annabella slipped in very quietly and went immediately to 20th Century-Fox to begin preparation for "Jean," the first picture under her new contract out there.

Bill Powell, who will be her leading man in the film, reached New York the other day, returning from his trip to Europe, and after seeing the new shows there will report back to Hollywood to start work on the film.

NUGGETING NATURE: (3) THE PELICAN

YOU'VE NEVER LOOKED SO WHITE!

IN TUNE
WILL NOT RUB OFF

THANK YOU!

Shoes are never so white as when their brilliant snowiness comes from Nugget. There's nothing quite so good as Nugget. White comes in pots and tubes. And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.

NUGGET WHITE CLEANER

HOLLY TIME IN HOLLYWOOD

Where Good Cheer Has To Be Colossal

THE film city's yearning for the colossal is just as evident in its Christmas merrymaking as in its everyday picture-making.

Decorations and gifts, all the traditional apparatus is there on the most lavish scale obtainable—except snow and sleigh-bells.

EACH year Hollywood Boulevard spends three weeks dressing for Yule. The streets, crowded like a Bombay mob scene, stagger under a load of decorated lamp-posts.

In outlying districts, notably Beverly Hills, living spruce and deodar blaze a thousand lights in front gardens. Cotton snowmen, painted with hidden flood-lights, rise up in the night.

A movement to use living Christmas trees instead of the cut variety has been progressing for the past three years. This movement, sponsored by Jean Heraholt, was responsible last year for more than 15,000 lighted yard trees.

"Gradually," says Jean, "we expect to teach people that it is wasteful to ruin our forests by cutting Christmas trees when, with a little patience and money, it is possible to grow them."

For years the trees belonging to Warner Baxter and Conrad Nagel have been marks to which other stars have aspired.

Warner's tree, a wide-spreading deodar, boasts each Christmas an array of close on a thousand lights and a two-foot neon star at its uppermost tip.

It is a pleasant custom of the town that each year an old ex-star is given the star role of the festival—that of Father Christmas.

William Farnum—once a two-fisted hero of silent films—excels in this genial part.

This is one time when the blasé veneer of Hollywood is completely cast aside. Nearly every member of the film colony enters into the spirit of the season, and churches are full to overflowing.

Many of the gifts exchanged are very costly. Shops have some difficulty in catering for the extravagant tastes of stars who try to outdo each other in generosity and originality.

Marlene Dietrich invariably orders 20 bottles of an expensive perfume which has to be imported from France for her. The perfume finds its way to the boudoirs of her personal friends. One well-known star has been trying for years to secure a koala from Australia to give one of her pals who has seen pictures of the cuddlesome little animals, and will never be thoroughly content until she possesses one herself.

For the main part, Christmas is spent by most of the stars in Hollywood and in a fairly quiet way.

It is not until the New Year that the town really goes on fete and the film folk break out with unchecked gaiety and noisy celebrations.

Nobody in Hollywood stays home on either New Year's Eve or New Year's Night, unless he and she are themselves entertaining. Huge parties are held in many of the stars' homes, and in all of the popular night spots, restaurants and hotels.

Inside and outside the spirit of carnival presides over all. Crowds fill the streets, singing, dancing, swirling among the streamers, the confetti and the balloons.

Famous film personalities fight their way from limousines as crowds throng the entrances to the night clubs to and from which they know will come a stream of celebrities all night.

Many stars who have no youngsters



• JANE WITHERS (above), though she sometimes portrays naughty girls, is the loving and giving kind at home. Here she is taking gifts to neighbors on Christmas morning.

• FLORENCE RICE (left) must have been a good girl during the previous year, to judge from the way her friends are rallying round in this scene of Yule generosity.



• ANN RUTHERFORD and Priscilla Lawton found that a day on Hollywood Boulevard buying presents made them feel a lot less glamorous than usual.

of their own make a point of bringing nieces and nephews to Hollywood for the Christmas celebrations.

Every year Marion Davies gives a huge party at her home to which she invites over 100 children. It is a wonderful affair, complete with gift-laden tree, Santa Claus, ice cream, sweets, stockings, bonbons, and everything dear to a child's heart.

Loretta Young, who has a very lovely home in Bel Air, has a party every year for her little step-sister Georgina Belzer. This year there will be three guests of honor, since Loretta recently adopted two youngsters.

Parents and guardians of such famous screen children as Bobby Breen, Freddie Bartholomew, Jane Withers, and Shirley Temple are kept very busy.

Mrs. George Temple decorates with 300 lights the living spruce which grows in her front garden. On Christmas morn it is to be hung with Shirley's numerous gifts.

Nearby the Temples are building a papier-mache snowman, and surrounding him with cornflake snow (as used in the studios). It will be as near the Christmas scene as it is possible to get in Hollywood.

Christmas time in Hollywood is also reunion time for stars and their relatives. Transatlantic steamers and trains and planes from every part of the country will bring their daily quota of screen mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers to celebrate the occasion with their famed offspring.

Mrs. Harriet Martin will arrive by train from San Francisco to meet her daughter-in-law, Alice Faye, for the first time. Mrs. Martin is the mother of Tony Martin, who recently married the blonde singing star.

Their house-party will be completed by Mrs. Alice Faye, who came to Hollywood last Christmas to visit her daughter and stayed to housekeep for her.

Dick Powell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing Powell, of Little Rock, Arkansas, will be here to spend a holiday with Dick and Joan (Blondell) and baby Norman Barnes, Joan's child by her first husband.

Claire Trevor, who has been visiting at Larchmont, New York, with her mother, will bring Papa Trevor back to Hollywood with her. Jyrone Power and his mother, Mrs. Patia

Power, will go to Cincinnati, Ohio, to spend the holidays with Mrs. Power's sister.

Ginger Rogers and her mother plan to spend Christmas very quietly—just a few friends for dinner. But they are going to throw a New Year's Eve party at which 200 well-known film identities will be present.

The season will be a sad one for Norma Shearer and Sonja Henie. It is Norma's first Christmas without her husband, Irving Thalberg, with whom she always entertained royally at this time.

It was last Yuletide that Wilhelm Henie and his son, Lief, came to Hollywood to join the little skating star, Henie, sen., died shortly after his arrival.

Virginia Field is going to London to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs.



Eleanor Powell thinks this last Christmas was the most memorable.

"I had many nice Christmases, but this last one was outstanding, for it was the first in many years that the whole family was together."

"My mother and grandparents were with me—we dashed out from New York to be home in time for the event."

"As far as my career was concerned, things were looking up. So with all that, and having spent so many holidays touring around and stopping at hotels, this last one gets my vote."

Clark Gable said he remembered most vividly the first Christmas he didn't believe in Santa Claus.

"I used to get so excited the night before Christmas that I couldn't sleep," he said. "I used to lie in bed tossing around, while the rest of the folks were up, praying I'd go to sleep so they could get to work. Finally, a neighbor, who came to watch the proceedings, came to my door and bawled out: 'Go on to sleep, don't you know there isn't any Santa Claus?' I gulped, turned over, and went to sleep. But it wasn't much fun the next day, and I had to pretend that I thought Santa had brought me the presents."

Lonely Rosalind

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S best-remembered Christmas was the first one she spent away from home. Because there were seven children in the Russell family, Christmas was really an event.

"I was in Boston with an E. E. Clive show. We had an evening performance and a matinee that day. If it hadn't been for the matinee, I could have gone home to Connecticut. But there wasn't time, and I had to make the best of it. And it wasn't much fun opening presents in an hotel room with the folks only a State away."

Billie Burke recalls that the outstanding Christmas of her life was the first one with her daughter, Patricia.

"I think it is because Christmas is so essentially a child's day that parents enjoy the first one with their children so much," she declared. "Even though Patricia was only two months old, and couldn't appreciate it, the day glowed with excitement. Of course, inasmuch as I met Mr. Ziegfeld on a New Year's Eve, the holidays always have a great significance for us."

Robert Young's best Christmas was the one of 1933.

"It was a big homecoming," he said. "We had just acquired our own place, and Carol Anne had been born on the twelfth of the month."

"My wife was just well enough to come from the hospital on Christmas morning. The house was all in readiness, and it was a great day!"

Vividly etched in the mind of Virginia Bruce is her daughter Susan's first Christmas. This day she will remember above all others.

"Susan was only four months old, but she had a little tree and presents. Somehow, there is nothing like giving a child a happy Christmas. It's a real thrill."

What parents do not agree with her?

"Merry Christmas!" says Shirley



● SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S Christmas tree is a living spruce decorated with 300 lights. Planted by her mother in the front garden, it is hung on Christmas morning with dozens of gifts that are showered on the little star by friends all over America. Near the tree is a big artificial snow-



man, surrounded by cornflake snow—the sort that is used in the studios. Fifty children will be present at the party Shirley is giving on Christmas afternoon, many of them sons and daughters of screen celebrities. Through Barbara Bouchier, Hollywood representative of The Australian



Women's Weekly, Shirley has sent the following message: "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to girls and boys in Australia! After I go to England next year I want to sail to Australia and tell you how much I have liked the many nice messages you've sent me from time to time."

TANTRUMS That PAY

Stars Win Good Parts By "Temperament"

By Margaret Simpson
From Hollywood

TEMPERAMENT is the bug-

bear of the film capital and the principal reason why producers go white-headed earlier than they should.

Yet these rebellious outbursts are essential to the well-being of player and studio alike.

THERE are several different species of temperament, just as there are different reasons why the stars should wind themselves up into tantrums.

The common variety is a mere sign that nerves are overwrought.

And nerves are frequently stretched to breaking point in this business, where a player is often required to re-enact a scene again and again until his brain is a dizzy whirl.

The film magnates believe that unless a player is sufficiently volatile to fly off the handle occasionally he cannot be expected to act with any degree of feeling.

It is not this brand of temperament that wrinkles the producer's brow.

His worries rise up to meet him when players turn mulish and commence walking out of the studios because they consider their roles unsuitable.

Yet those uprisings often have justification.

If there is one thing that instils fear into the heart of a Hollywood star it is the danger of being "typed."

And each knows that unless he adopts a stubborn attitude that catastrophe will assuredly overtake him.

Jack La Rue, now playing minor roles, probably knows how right George Raft was when he refused the gangster part in Paramount's "The Story of Temple Drake," saying that it would ruin the career of the actor who played it.

Kay Francis Kicks

KAY FRANCIS had never been termed temperamental. So what happened? She struggled along with mediocre roles declined by other Warner Bros. stars.

When Kay eventually kicked over the traces and became, in Hollywood parlance, "hard to handle," her studio found her a good role—in "The White Angel"—and her parts have generally been more suitable from that time onward.

But she still keeps studio officials hopping. She is at present suing for the cancellation of her Warner contract.

Her grievance is that Claudette Colbert was given the comedy role in "Tovarich," although Kay claims it was promised to her.

Ann Harding is another who suffered through having too obliging a disposition, and for years was cast only in gloomy "neglected wife" roles.

Not only did the public eventually tire of her in such parts, but so did the producers. She was out, fired, sacked.

With what was left of her pride she retreated to England, and there sat resolutely until the right role came along.

It arrived at last—the feminine lead opposite Basil Rathbone in a mystery thriller, "Love From a Stranger."

Hollywood producers have seen that picture, and, after scratching their heads in wonderment that Miss Harding could handle that kind of part, have become interested in her again.

Until he woke up to the game and became a freelance player, Fredric March had as tough a time as any.

In the past he was sometimes excellent and sometimes mediocre.

That was because he had an obliging temperament which made him willing to accept roles that other people had turned down.



● TEMPESTUOUS AT TIMES in the studio, Grace Moore is full of geniality here as she stands with a friend in the lounge of a Hollywood hotel.

But he hand-picks his parts these days. He knows that when he gets a role that really suits him, as in "A Star is Born," he can be superb.

Even jovial comedians like Jack Oakie and Charles Winninger have their career troubles.

The comedian's task of looking for suitable stories is an unending head-

ache, for no branch of screen histrionics is more subject to "typing" than comedy.

Winninger was recently suspended by Universal for refusing to play his part in "Young Man's Fancy," which he considered only a "bit" and thus damaging to his reputation. Universal capitulated in the end, and the comedian is back at work with the part re-written and greatly enhanced in importance.

Ronald Colman, who for years has refused to tie himself to any one company, surprised everyone the other day by signing a term contract with David O. Selznick.

But the charming Englishman is too well-acquainted with Hollywood's weaknesses to leave his future entirely in the hands of any producer.

Colman's Caution

COLMAN'S contract specifically stipulates that his pictures will be alternately adventure, comedy, and drama throughout its duration.

Thus, upon the completion of "The Prisoner of Zenda," he began work on a comedy entitled "Sometimes It's Fun."

Even directors are walking out on pictures these days when they feel that things aren't right.

They have reputations to guard, too, and talents that are more suitable for making one kind of film than another.

All of the demands of rebellious stars and directors are not founded on such flimsy fabric as that of Gregory Ratoff, who writes, acts and directs for 20th Century-Fox.

The other day he went to Producer Darryl Zanuck and asked for an increase in salary.

"But," protested Zanuck, "you've got a contract which already fixes your salary."

"I know," said Ratoff, "but if you gave me another £50 a week I'd be satisfied."

He paused, and then added as explanation, "Right now, I'm only happy."

Grace and a Cow

BEFORE finishing with the subject of temperament, we must point out that there is one particular brand of it that is less justifiable. It is found among those stars who are a bit too large for their boots.

Grace Moore is credited with introducing to the studios the artistic temperament associated with prima donnas.

There is a story that in her early days in the studios, when the director had the temerity to suggest how a scene should be done, Miss Moore would curtly refuse to do it that way.

On another occasion she allegedly stormed the front office, claiming to feel the deepest humiliation at being asked to sing while milking a cow in "The King Steps Out."

Lately there was another rebellion because she was asked to sing the "St. Louis Blues" in her new picture, "I'll Take Romance."

Why Champion Athletes Fail In Films

Kept In Tarzan Roles

By LARRY CRABBE

Paramount Player and Former Olympic Swimming Champion

One after another, athletic stars of the football ground, track, and field, the water and the prize-ring, land in Hollywood.

IRONICALLY enough, the very importance which they attained in the world of athletics, and which caused Hollywood to beckon to them, makes it impossible for them to achieve a high degree of success in the movies.

In "Thrill of a Lifetime," the picture in which I am currently working, I am getting my very first opportunity to wear ordinary clothes and speak lines in modulated tones.

Paramount has decided to keep me out of the jungles and let me act like a normal, civilised human being.

Human Horses

PRIOR to this time I had been required to beat my fists against my chest and roar Tarzan's battle-cry and leap from limb to limb.

We of the athletic world reached Hollywood the physical way, by well-developed bodies and athletic achievement. Hence the movies look to us to do nothing more than display our well-developed bodies.

As long as our names are still fresh in the memories of the same sports enthusiasts who buy tickets to movie theatres and we can make our bodies perform the necessary feats, we work steadily in films—as half-savage jungle denizens, football villains, and human horses.

As soon as the lustre of our names begins to show signs of diminishing, we pass into the limbo of forgotten heroes of the sports and film worlds.

And what have we to show for our brief cinematic careers? Little or nothing.

I say "we" with my fingers crossed. As I have said before, Paramount has let me come in out of the woods and act in a civilised way. The rest is up to me.

If I please in "Thrill of a Lifetime" they'll probably let me keep my collar on and tilt teacups with fully-clothed ladies in a drawing-room in future films.

Then I'll be an exception to the general rule. I hope so, because I like the movies.

But all sportsmen do not get the breaks that I've been fortunate enough to land.

Just look about you. There's Johnny Weismuller, whose name is on the tip of the world's tongue wherever aquatic sports are known. He's still Tarzan.

You'll find grand old Jim Thorpe, America's greatest all-round athlete of all time, grateful for extra work when he can get it. Glenn Morris in the inevitable Tarzan role because he won the decathlon at the last Olympics.



● SWIMMING IS COMPULSORY for Paramount bathing beauties these days. Champion Larry Crabbe gives them daily tuition.

Josephine McKim, one of the greatest women swimmers ever to wear America's shield in competition, is doing bits—and Josephine's a beautiful girl.

Frank Wykoff, whose speed on the cinder paths won him highest laurels, has an obscure job in Paramount's wardrobe department when not teaching school.

Mickey Riley, who gave the United States first place in diving in the 1932 Olympics and is probably the world's greatest fancy diver to-day, works as clerk in a Hollywood clothing store after failing in the movies.

Galloping Ghost

COTTON WARBURTON, an all-American footballer a couple of years ago, is working as a film cutter at M-G-M. . . . Stubby Kreuger, Olympic backstroke champion, as a double.

And if you glance back you will recall those who failed utterly to live down their athletic achievements in the films and become actors and actresses in their own right, despite possessing perfect physiques and handsome features.

Red Grange, the "galloping ghost"

of football fame . . . Jack Dempsey himself . . . Charlie Paddock, "fastest human" . . . Max Baer, clowning, handsome pugilist who held the world's championship for a time.

Helene Madison, greatest of all women swimmers . . . Eleanor Holm Jarrett, backstroke champion of the 1932 Olympics and a beautiful woman.

You see, we have to live down what athletic greatness we have achieved, when we enter the movies—and we have just a short time to live it down.

If we don't manage to make the producers forget we were ever famous as athletes within a year after going into pictures, we might as well get out and start all over again somewhere else.

I got to thinking about this when I saw Dale Van Sickles, former all-American footballer, walk on the "Thrill of a Lifetime" set the day production began on the picture.

He was just "atmosphere," despite the fact that a few years ago he caused feminine hearts to flutter all over the land, with his good looks and gridiron feats, and despite the further fact that he looks as good to-day as any leading man in films.



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures].

Being a lion I have made it a now-very-recognized policy to give you the lion's share of entertainment value on the screen, but it delighted me to read in "WOMAN," issue of Dec. 13, that M-G-M received the lion's share of public acclaim.

The results of the "WOMAN" Film Star Popularity Contest were as follows:

1. NELSON EDDY.
2. CLARK GABLE.
3. ROBERT TAYLOR.

And, of course, it's as easy as 1-2-3 to add that THEY'RE ALL MY BOYS!

In a very precise manner you have all shown exactly what you want in the way of entertainment—for Nelson Eddy means M-G-M, Clark Gable means M-G-M, and Robert Taylor means M-G-M—and, fortunately, I am able to give you what you want in quick reciprocation.

NELSON EDDY, now singing his way with Jeanette MacDonald through the fourth glorious month of "MAYTIME" at the Liberty Theatre, Sydney, will be coming soon to Melbourne and Brisbane, too. And at the moment, Nelson is making "Rosalie" with Eleanor Powell at M-G-M's Culver City Studios.

CLARK GABLE, to be seen shortly in "Love On the Run" (with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone), at the Metro Theatre, Brisbane, will be seen soon at the St. James Theatre, Sydney, in the title role of "PARNELL" with Myrna Loy.

ROBERT TAYLOR, now thrilling phenomenal crowds at the St. James, Sydney, with Eleanor Powell and 15 other stars in "BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938," is due soon in Brisbane with Greta Garbo in "Camille." As you know, Bob is just finishing M-G-M's film, British picture in London, "A Yank at Oxford."

So, 1-2-3, proudly I sign,
Yours, for the best in entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.

HOT NEWS from ALL STUDIOS!

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bouchrier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London.

THE Hollywood arrival of Danielle Darrieux, French star, was much more noisy and publicised than the arrival of Annabella.

Nineteen years old, she is reputed to have a five-year, million-dollar contract with Universal in her pocket.

Her first film will be "The Rage of Paris," a title which suits her exactly.

She became famous in France as a comedienne, but brought Hollywood to attention by her profoundly moving performance in the tragic French film, "Mayerling."

THE five servants of Dick Powell and wife Joan Blondell came to Dick and Joan the other afternoon to enter a complaint—which was simply that life at the Powell ménage was too dull.

Their master and mistress never gave big parties like the other movie

ALTHOUGH Glenda Farrell is rumored engaged to Drew Eberson, assistant director at her studio, she is very firm in her declaration not to marry as long as she remains in pictures.

"I won't marry again," says Glenda. "Marriage and a career don't mix successfully in Hollywood. You can't do two things at the same time."

It is Glenda's dream to have a husband and a home, but if she were married she would want to be waiting each evening at the garden gate for her husband. Working as she now is in "Blondes at Work," it would just be an endless rush from her home to the studio and back again.

Glenda lives alone with her beautiful Siamese cat. The cat wears dark glasses.

WE don't like to be pessimistic, but with Freddie Bartholomew back at work on the M-G-M lot, his salary troubles settled, the future of little Ronnie Siniclair, the New Zealand lad who took Freddie's place in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," doesn't look too bright.

Ronnie is so like Freddie there just can't be room on the screen for the two of them, and as Freddie has a large following it's certain he will be given first choice when a good part comes along.

Parts that would suit Freddie would also suit Ronnie, but if we know anything Ronnie won't get them. "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" was given a sneak preview the other night, and is said to have been a great success.

If this is so, Ronnie will become known on its release and undoubtedly plenty of studios will be willing to take him and build him up as a rival to Freddie.

But Metro won't want this, and as they have him under contract it's our prediction they'll keep him, pay him a small amount to keep other studios from getting him, possibly use him occasionally, but most of the time keep him in the background and give Freddie the breaks.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, after watching her father, Speaker Bankhead, preside at the Congressional session, decided she doesn't think much of her Dad's discipline.

"They were all talking at once, and it was confusing," she said. "I didn't think Dad was severe enough with them. And the acoustics are terrible."

Her husband, John Emery, accompanied her. They both appeared in New York in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," which closed down after a run of three days.

BEATRICE LILLIE says she doesn't like acting in the movies because there is no reaction from the audience. She never can tell if she is going over because the laughs never come.

Martha Raye doesn't have that trouble in "The Big Broadcast."

She puts on a show in the picture for the chorus girls. She sings, dances, shouts, and clowns, and the chorines howl and applaud.

Martha is happy only when she is putting on an act.

TYRONE POWER has this to say about his love life, which seems most confused, what with Sonja Henie and Janet Gaynor sharing his attentions almost equally.

"My first love so far is acting, and I don't care where I act—on a soap-box, on the stage, in pictures, or over the radio—Just let me act!

"Maybe I'm silly to think I can, but I want to learn, and there's only one way to do it—by acting."

DOTS... and DASHES

signing up the attractive Lane girls, Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla, making it the only studio with three sisters under contract, each capable of playing a lead. • Tyrone Power dashing back from New York, where he visited Janet Gaynor, to do a month's retakes on the elaborate "In Old Chicago." • Handsome newcomer, Wayne Morris, still keeping columnists dizzy by stepping out with one beauty after another, but never twice in succession. • John Barrymore and his wife, Elaine, planning a three weeks' second honeymoon jaunt to Havana, Cuba.

stars, consequently the servants were bored and wanted to go where they would have more to amuse them!

Dick in vain pointed out that they had less work in a home where there were no parties.

But the staff packed their bags and moved out, leaving Dick and Joan bewildered.

REMEMBER six or seven years ago when Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett co-starred in the musical, "New Moon"?

That was before Miss Moore made her great screen success, "One Night of Love." The picture was such a flop she decided to have nothing more to do with pictures, and didn't return to the screen for three years.

Metro has decided that "New Moon," in spite of its previous failure, is still good screen material.

So they're dusting it off, rewriting it, and will remake it soon, with Nelson Eddy and the new Viennese singer, Ilona Massey, in the leading roles.

It was a success on the stage, and has some delightful music.

FOLLOWING her hit in "Broadway Melody," Sophie Tucker is being "groomed" to take Marie Dressler's place in a faintly comic, but underneath-it-all tearful, type of part. Good old Sophie held her fame for years on the stage and in night clubs, delighting thousands with her singing of high comic songs—gaining the title of "red-hot mamma."

ON the other hand Alice Brady, a great stage actress who created the tragic role of Lavinia Mannon in Eugene O'Neill's morbid play, "Mourning Becomes Electra," is now a screen comedienne.

You all know Alice for her portrayals of hysterical, hilarious society matrons.

Mary Boland, though a dramatic actress on the stage, has also gained her movie fame in straight comedy roles.

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(Parrot Quay, via Canberra, return coast, 7 days Melbourne. Prices include sightseeing and accommodation.)

PORT MORESBY CRUISE, April 29—12 days ..

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

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per 2/6 large Bottle

ALTHOUGH she may look like a hotcha girl to you, Ginger Rogers is really an artist. Ginger has dabbled in charcoal caricature sketches for some time now, but only during the past few months has she taken up oil painting. She's working hard at it, and the resulting portraits have been quite good. She has her caricatures of Hollywood's movie great hanging all over the walls of her home.

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★ SOULS AT SEA

Gary Cooper, George Raft. (Paramount.)

(Week's Best Release.)

COMING second in the cycle of slave ship films, this is as superior to the first one, "Slave Ship," as butter to margarine.

"Slave Ship" was amateurish and unconvincing, whereas "Souls at Sea" has some scenes of horrible realism. The cargo of slaves in the hold is a spectacle of fascinating nastiness. And the climax, a fire at sea, is splendidly directed and photographed.

At these moments the film climbs into the top class. Its general merit as human drama is less exceptional, though the acting is good all round.

As a secret service agent working to break up the illegal slave trade, Cooper is as strong as ever, but a bit less silent. He has a habit of reciting poetry to George Raft, his rugged pal, and to Frances Dee, his refined girlfriend.

Raft, as the rough seaman whose finer feelings are evoked by the ingenious beauty of Olympie Bradna, has more emotional work to do than usual.

But Olympie Bradna, in her first important role, is the only one of the film's four lovers who is likely to give the audience a thrill.

The romantic side is commonplace beside the tragic impressiveness of the culminating spectacle.

The passenger ship catches fire, too many people crowd into one of the boats, and, in order to prevent them

from sinking it, Cooper tosses some overboard and shoots them.

A fault of the picture is its rambling, loose story.

The slaving and love themes have no essential connection with the fire and trial that follows.

Cooper's desperate action in the boat is based on the facts of an astonishing case in 1842, which could have been given more prominence in the film.

Still, "Souls at Sea" is a fine film of excitement, with more accent on character than most of its kind.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ STAND-IN

Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell. (United Artists.)

HOLLYWOOD makes not very uproarious fun of itself in this farce.

Leslie Howard, a New York bankers' agent who has never heard of Shirley Temple, is sent to inquire into the mismanagement of a film studio which his firm controls.

On this job he is dazed by the bad faeries of Hollywood folk-lore, including Maria Shelton, a silly star, Alan Mowbray, a conceded foreign director, and Humphrey Bogart, a drunken producer.

His sheet-anchor is Joan Blondell.

Shows Still Running

★★★Maytime. Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; operetta.—Liberty; 15th week.

★★★The Prisoner of Zenda. Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll; romantic adventure.—Regent; 4th week.

★★Broadway Melody of 1938. Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor; backstage musical.—St. James; 2nd week.

★The Prince and the Pauper. Errol Flynn, Mauch twins; period adventure.—Embassy; 3rd week.

humble "stand-in" or dummy for the star, who, as Howard's secretary, instructs her innocent boss concerning the tango, ju-jitsu, Shirley Temple, and other facts of life.

Short-sighted, unworried, but courageous, the hero is a first-rate Howard characterisation.

Joan Blondell is going ahead fast as a straight comedienne with exceptionally good looks. Few actresses have made such progress in the past year.

Bright moments: when it is decided to rent a jungle film in order to star the gorilla instead of Maria Shelton. Also when Joan Blondell, expecting

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

her first kiss from Howard, finds he is only practicing a ju-jitsu trick she has taught him.

The mirth is mostly raised by more knockabout, less sophisticated methods than in Howard's last brilliant film, "It's Love I'm After."

The trouble with "Stand-In" is that laughs are too far apart. It has not the pace or originality of top-grade crazy comedy.

But it is well made, well played, and entertaining.—State; showing.

★★ LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE

Ritz brothers. (Fox.)

A SCREEN university is a suitably mad setting for the Ritz brothers in the first film which gives them full stardom.

Here the brothers are student tailors at a college where the sole subjects of study are football and philandering.

With this background of austere scholarship, they rip through a good, snappy musical show.

The maniacs are conspicuously funny in dancing a rumba, selling suits of clothes, and playing football in the mud.

Gags, gambols and grimaces of good quality are offered by them without relaxation.

Apart from the Ritz element, the whole campus corroboree is presented at high tension.

Most of it focuses on Nat Pendleton, an Indian student who becomes the college football star.

Pendleton knocks a lot of fun from this tactless role.

There are a certain number of football sequences, and considering that we have only a hazy notion of the rules of the game they are surprisingly vivid to watch.

The tunes, like the whole show, are of the hot variety.

It is all stuff of a specially American kind, but its brisk, youthful nonsense should appeal here as well.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ WILD AND WOOLLY

Jane Withers. (Fox.)

THE cheeky charm and appalling energy of Jane Withers set a very good run in this amusing piece.

Its highlight, though, is provided by the freckle-faced boy called "Alf-

alfa" Switzer, who has been seen in the "Our Gang" comedies.

That highlight is his terribly funny singing of "When Did You Leave Heaven?"

Jane reveals a new talent by her clever rope-spinning while she is singing the song "Whoa, Whoopee."

With "Alfalfa" as her lieutenant, she carries through a campaign to secure her grandfather's election as mayor of a little Western town.

Her grandfather, an old two-gun pioneer, is well and warmly played by that fine actor, Walter Brennan.

There is also some romance between Pauline Moore and Robert Wilcox, but it is nearly thrust out of the picture by the impudent intrigues of the youngsters.

Lively in tempo, and with lots of simple humor, this is a good picture for children.

They will enjoy Jane and "Alfalfa" doing a lot of lovely things, which are usually punished in real life, like shooting pellets at public speakers.—Plaza; showing.

★ SMASH AND GRAB

Jack Buchanan. (Jack Buchanan Productions.)

A COMEDY-THRILLER on "Thin Man" lines that is the best English picture to reach these shores for some time.

Jack Buchanan does not sing or dance, but does retain the debonair manner that made his fortune on the London stage many years ago.

While sleuthing smash-and-grab jewel thieves he flicks us a lot of ally and agreeable remarks like (when asked):

"Have a chair?"

"No, thanks, I've just had one."

Like most detectives since "The Thin Man," he has a whimsical eccentricity—a passion for modern trains.

Elide Randolph, his stage co-star for years past, does not photograph with much glamor, but can do pretty teamwork with Jack in comic dialogue.

As his wife and assistant she undertakes some risky assignments, such as being shop-assistant to a receiver of stolen goods and manicurist in a hide-out of killers.

At one point the show is perceptibly thrilling, when a vicious chap is about to cut Jack's throat.

But the detective plot is damaged by a crashing absurdity.

You are not likely to miss noticing it—it concerns a clue which Jack picks up in a barber's shop.—Lyceum; showing.

★ LIFE OF THE PARTY

Gene Raymond. (R.K.O.)

IF you are a thoroughly exhausted business man you will find this musical just up to average level.

R.K.O. have given another chance to some of the radio performers they tried out in "New Faces of 1937."

Parkyakarkus makes a lot of puns of which a few call for wan smiles. Harriet Hilliard, the most promising of the newcomers, croons and looks well in one of those sparring love-affairs with Gene Raymond.

Raymond is a pleasant fellow in comic scenes as well as a schoolgirl's dream.

His pursuit of Harriet Hilliard is complicated here by the presence of Joe Penner, the gibbering idiot comedian. Penner works like a slave for his occasional laughs.

It is nice to meet again Margaret Dumont, the stately matron to whom Groucho Marx always makes love.

The producer has made the most of a drivelling plot and mediocre lines.—Plaza; showing.



JOAN BLONDELL adds to her reputation in the title role of "Stand-In," comedy of life inside Hollywood. Leslie Howard also pleases us as an innocent financier.

THIS WAY PLEASE

"Buddy" Rogers. (Paramount.)

EXCEPT to illustrate film gossip columns, this musical is not much use.

Mr. Rogers is the husband of Mary Pickford, Betty Grable the fiancée of Jackie Coogan, that's all.

In his first screen part for a good while, Rogers portrays a band-leader whom all women adore.

In view of his flabby appearance and smug manner, the adoration is hard to comprehend.

Betty Grable is an usherette in the theatre where Rogers performs.

One can't remember what the tunes were like.—Prince Edward; showing.

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Dad will remember your gift with gratitude for years if you give him a packet of T.W.I.S. the wonderful money-back guarantee remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, or gout. Free booklet with full particulars obtainable from all chemists.

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"I used to dread the approach of meal time because of my inability to eat ordinary foods. Now I can eat anything that is put before me, and enjoy it, thanks to T.W.I.S. BOLA." (Extract from satisfied patient's report.) You, too, can gain this wonderful relief. Buy a packet of T.W.I.S. BOLA from your chemist to-day. It costs only 1/6.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

Clark GABLE

IS A MINIATURE CAMERA ENTHUSIAST AND HAS ALMOST ENTIRELY GIVEN UP HIS GUNS IN FAVOR OF THIS NEW WAY OF SHOOTING GAME. HE NOW HAS A NOTABLE COLLECTION OF ANIMAL PICTURES TO HIS CREDIT

ILONA MASSEY

HUNGARIAN SINGER, HAD HER NAME CHANGED 4 TIMES BEFORE SHE WAS GIVEN HER FEATURE ROLE IN "ROSALIE"

NELSON EDDY HAS EVERY GUEST MAKE A RECORD ON HIS HOME RECORDING MACHINE

Mandrake the Magician

NEW ADVENTURE.

MANDRAKE the Magician, with Lothar, his giant Nubian servant, having gone to the South Pole to rescue Molly Brunswick, missing airwoman, discovers a prehistoric world at the Pole, rich in oil, and meets Lance, handsome member of the super race of cruminals long believed to have vanished from the earth. He meets

that he will bring death and disaster to the neanderthal inhabitants, is determined to get all the oil he can from the country. Stone has Mandrake and Molly in his power, but Lance's tame dinosaurs wreck the plant, killing Stone and freeing Mandrake. All ends happily. Molly and Lance depart by plane for civilisation and marriage and Mandrake and Lothar set out for Paris and a new adventure.

CLEM STONE, a ruffian, who, regardless of the fact

PARIS--
IN THE HOME OF DUCHAMP, WORLD-FAMED CHEMIST.

PAPA, MARIE FOUND THIS PACKAGE AT THE BACK DOOR THIS MORNING. IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU--AND IT'S QUITE HEAVY.

WELL, WE'LL UNWRAP IT AND HAVE A LOOK AT IT, SUZETTE.

NO, HERE'S AN ENCLOSED CARD, PROBABLY FROM THE SENDER.

*M. Duchamp--
I found this metal during my travels. It is unknown to me. I thought you'd like to examine it.
An unknown Admirer.*

AN UNKNOWN METAL--FROM AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER. THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS, PAPA!

NONSENSE, DEAR. PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS SENDING ME THINGS LIKE THIS. THE METAL LOOKS UNFAMILIAR. I'LL HAVE TO ANALYSE IT.

MOST INTERESTING. IT'S OBVIOUSLY REFINED ORE OF SOME SORT, YET IT DEFIES ALL THE METALLURGICAL TESTS THAT I'VE EVER HEARD OF. WHAT CAN IT BE?

STRANGE DENSITY--UNPARALLELED WEIGHT! DOESN'T SEEM TO FIT INTO ANY CATEGORY. PERHAPS THIS SOLUTION WILL DO THE TRICK.

SUDDENLY, UNACCOUNTABLY, THE STRANGE METAL BLOCK BEGINS TO GLOW--WHITE HOT!

WHAT ON EARTH--!

AND DUCHAMP STARES AT THE GLOWING BLOCK HELD BY AN UNCANNY, HYPNOTIC FASCINATION!

PAPA--YOU'VE BEEN IN HERE ALL DAY--SUPPER IS READY--

AS DUCHAMP SPRINGS TO HIS FEET, THE WHITE-HOT GLOW OF THE BLOCK INSTANTLY DIES AWAY.

HOW DARE YOU SPY ON ME!

HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING? I WASN'T--OH--!

STAY AWAY FROM ME! I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED, AND THAT GOES FOR EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS PRYING HOUSEHOLD!

--HE NEVER D-DID THAT BEFORE--HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO--S-SWEET AND K-KIND--SOMETHING'S WRONG--

SUZETTE, DARLING! WHAT BRINGS YOU DOWN TO SEE THE OLD DOCTOR? HAVE YOU GOT A STOMACH-ACHE?

OH, ANDRE, I'M SO WORRIED. IT'S ABOUT PAPA.

EVER SINCE THAT METAL BLOCK CAME--ABOUT A WEEK AGO, HE'S KEPT HIMSELF LOCKED IN HIS LABORATORY, HAS HIS MEALS SENT UP AND REFUSES TO SEE ANYONE--EVEN ME!

NOW, DARLING, HE'S PROBABLY ON THE VERGE OF ANOTHER OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERIES. YOUR PAPA IS A GREAT SCIENTIST!

BUT HE'S NEVER BEEN LIKE THAT BEFORE, AND THAT METAL BLOCK! IT WAS GLOWING! AS SOON AS HE JUMPED UP--IT STOPPED GLOWING!

IT ALL SCARED ME! ANDRE, HE RESPECTS YOU. YOU MUST SEE HIM--AND FIND OUT WHAT THE TROUBLE IS. I THINK HE'S SICK.

NOW STOP CRYING, DARLING. WE'LL GO AND SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY--IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.

SUZETTE VISITS DR. PETAIN, HER FIANCEE.

HE DOESN'T ANSWER! HE MUST HAVE HEARD OUR KNOCKING!

AND THE DOOR IS LOCKED--FROM THE INSIDE--QUICK, MARIE--PHONE A LOCKSMITH AND HAVE HIM COME HERE AT ONCE!

IT'S LOCKED ALL RIGHT. IT'D TAKE TOO LONG TO OPEN. I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IT.

GO AHEAD. BREAK IT. HURRY!

PAPA--PAPA!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! HE--HE'S DEAD--

NO--NO--

TO BE CONTINUED



MISS ADELAIDE MIETHKE, a prominent worker for the flying doctor base at Alice Springs.

NEW Flying Doctor FOR ALICE SPRINGS Monument To Pioneers

The decision of South Australian women to provide £5000 to establish a Flying Doctor base at Alice Springs in Central Australia completes one of the most unique medical services in the world, and throws a mantle of safety over the remoter parts of the continent.

No more in Australia need any homestead or fixed camp, no matter how remote, be out of the range of medical aid.

NO more need injuries be treated by rough bush surgery, sickness be treated by guesswork with scanty medicines, or babies be brought into the world without the help and protection of the doctor.

The mantle of safety is the name given to the plan on which the Flying Doctor bases function.

All round Australia, ringing in and sheltering the loneliest parts of the continent, lie the bases of the Australian Aerial Medical Services.

But until now, the centre of Australia has been the one area with no base near at hand.

A buckle, as it were, was needed to secure the mantle and bind it fast about the whole outback.

In Adelaide a gathering of public-spirited people—the Women's Centenary Council—decided to work for the establishment of this last base, and under the leadership of the president, Miss Adelaide Miethke, raised £5000 for that purpose from the generous South Australian public.

Her loyal associate and able ally was Miss Phebe Watson.

The aim was the setting up of a social service centre and a medical depot with aeroplane, to protect the people in the districts lying between, say, Tennant Creek on the north, and Coober Pedy and Birdsville on the south and east.

Base Badly Needed

It was at first proposed to establish the base in or near Port Augusta.

After consideration and consultation with the medical and other authorities, it was seen that the area about Port Augusta could be well served by Broken Hill's base, whereas a base was badly needed at Alice Springs.

Therefore Alice Springs has been decided on, and there, in the near future, will be set up the base from which a Flying Doctor will operate, taking aid to the sick and injured in isolated parts of the inland, and carrying bad cases back to hospital in his ambulance plane.

Already there are bases at Wyndham, Cloncurry, Port Hedland, Kalbarrie and Broken Hill. With Alice Springs in operation, the whole of the inland except for totally uninhabited desert will be served by Flying Doctors. Help will come in response to messages by telegraph where that is available, or by pedal radio, that splendid recent invention which may be operated even from a solitary camp on the desert.

During the Adelaide discussions, it was at first proposed that a Flying Sister be appointed instead of a Flying Doctor.

For this arduous job, hard enough for a man, but worse for a woman, there was an instant response.

One volunteer was Miss Elizabeth Bronner, the brilliant and lovely Adelaide girl who had won wide attention already as an airwoman. Several other noted women fliers offered to sacrifice the comforts and pleasures of the cities for the hard life of a Flying Sister of the outback.



DR. CLIVE FENTON, Australia's pioneer flying doctor.

However, the idea of a Flying Sister was dropped. Many supporters of the scheme, however, are anxious that the Alice Springs Flying Doctor, when appointed, be a woman doctor.

Women have shown their ability to stand up to the gruelling conditions of the inland, both as the wives of pioneers and as independent workers and travellers, nurses and missionaries. So that a suitable woman doctor might be an excellent choice.

Alice Springs has no hospital at present, but one is expected to be completed by the middle of 1938.

With that as a background, and the newest Flying Doctor base as an advance guard, the mantle of safety spreads completely over the inland, guaranteeing to the pioneers at least a fair chance of recovery in the event of sickness or injury.

As a memorial to the pioneers there could be no happier thought than a medical service, prompt, efficient, and complete, for the people who are still pioneering the outback today.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, December 22:

11.45 a.m., Serial (a romantic thriller); 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, December 23:

11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, December 24: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, December 25:

7.45 p.m., The Music Box; 9.30 p.m., "A Christmas Party."

SUNDAY, December 26: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital—Amelita Galli-Curci; 6.10 p.m., Royal Opera Orchestra—Covent Garden.

MONDAY, December 27: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, December 28:

11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., The Homemaker—Mrs. Eve Gye.

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These SIREN GIFTS given away for nearly half the usual number of crosses!

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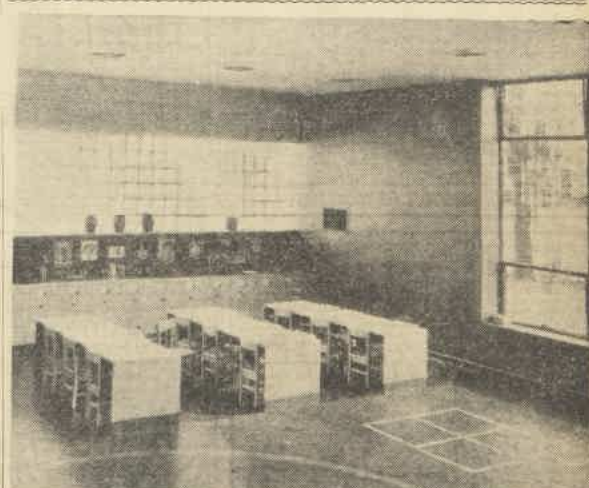
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PRIZE-WINNING SCHOOLROOM.—Natural illumination is an exacting problem in school building. This schoolroom shows the window treatment which solved the problem in a new American school. The building was awarded first prize in a competition held by the National Glass Association as the best example of ideal illumination for schools. With so much glass, wouldn't small-boy cricketers have a great time?



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Upholstered in best quality Jacquard Velour this modern Lounge Suite has five loose spring cushions, and has been designed for perfect comfort and attractive appearance. The workmanship is excellent, and springing and material will assure long life.

Floor covering is 9ft. x 9ft. British Felt Base Lino Square in a choice of many delightful designs.

ROOM ONE



ALTERNATIVE SCHEME DE LUXE

Without additional cost you may select a beautiful 9ft. x 9ft. Axminster Carpet Square for the Lounge Room instead of the Sideboard and two Felt Base Squares, thus completing a three-room Scheme de Luxe.

ROOM TWO



Bedroom Suite with Polished Maple Veneers, is fully fitted and comprises: 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table and Double Lounge chair.

Bedstead to match is 4ft. 6in. Wire mattress has closely woven mesh with raised ends and rolled edges.

Kapok Mattress and Pillows are of excellent quality, covered in Damask Tickings.

9ft. x 9ft. British Felt Base Lino Square—many beautiful designs.

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ROOM FOUR



The Two-tone Dining-Room Suite has 4ft. 6in. Sideboard, with usual drawers and cupboards. 5ft. Rectangular Table and four Chairs with lift-out, upholstered seats and backs shaped for comfort.

9ft. x 9ft. British Felt Base Lino Square may be selected from many artistic designs.

The Breakfast Room contains Modern Cabinet with bowed leadlight doors, cupboards and drawers. Oak Table of sturdy construction. Two Chairs to match, and 9ft. x 9ft. British Felt Base Lino Square (many to select from).

Other Three and Four Room furnishing schemes are available from our huge stocks—and they may also be secured on exceptionally Easy Terms.

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The ideal refreshant for every occasion and the stimulating base of "Tosca" and "Rhinegold" Eau de Colognes.



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WOMEN'S WEEKLY
TRAVEL BUREAU
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St.
Sydney.

FOR a moment Susan's heart had given a great throb, but she managed to ask quietly enough, "What do you mean?" And Norah had whispered again: "He's losing his heart to you—can't you see for yourself?"

Was it the truth?

Susan looked to Bertie's pictured face as if he could give her the answer to her question, but he only looked back sadly—more sadly than she had ever noticed before, and suddenly she covered her face with her hands and wept.

If only he had not died . . . for a long time she sat there sobbing, as the old anguish rose like a wave in her heart and almost overwhelmed her. What joy this money would have been if she could have shared it with him!

They would have bought the little tie and collar shop which it had always been his ambition to own, and their son—Bertie had always been sure they would have a son—could have gone to a good school, and have been educated like the gentleman his father was.

Lost dreams, all of them! And for a long time the bitterness of despair swept Susan's soul.

What did she care for Chris Maloney or any other man?

What was the use of Monte Carlo, and the blue Bay of Naples, and the romance of Venice, when she would visit them all with an empty heart?

It was the postman's sharp rattle at the door that aroused her at last, and she got out of bed half blind with weeping, and bathed and dressed herself. Life had to go on no matter what trouble there was in the world, and after all she had much to be thankful for—her money, and the new trunk filled with expensive clothes, and for the Maloney's friendship, and for the wonderful holiday she was about to take.

They were to start that evening. "Spend the night in Paris," Chris said. "You'll be rested then, and we'll go on in the morning."

It was kind of him to consider her so much, but then he had been very kind to her—lately!

There was only one letter in the little box—and on it her name and address were typed.

Susan opened it without interest. She knew whom it was from—she had had many like it, and she did not suppose that the man who called himself a solicitor had anything more interesting to say to her this morning than he had on any previous occasion.

But she was wrong. The man who called himself a solicitor had a great deal to say—the chief thing being that she was not heiress to her brother's money after all—that a son by a marriage of which they had only just heard had turned up and

NOBODIES

Continued
from
Page 5

put in a claim, and that he was sorry—very sorry, but . . .

Susan leaned against the wall and closed her eyes.

The money was not hers after all! and the man who called himself a solicitor was sorry, but . . . but she was not sorry! She felt all at once as if someone had lifted an enormous load from her back—as if someone had given her back life with a small "I" and taken away the terrifying bogey that ailed it with a large capital.

She need not go to Paris after all, nor to Monte Carlo, where people made fortunes and lost them, and then shot themselves—she need not travel for hours in a train which she was sure would give her a terrible headache—she need not—oh Heaven be thanked! She need not leave home and Bertie!

She gathered herself together presently and went across the road to the Maloney's. They had a pretentious house, lavishly furnished, but to Susan it always looked shabby and badly kept.

Norah greeted her with effusion, and in a soiled morning gown.

"Aren't you excited? Isn't it wonderful? Are you all ready?" Susan showed her the letter.

Somehow she was not surprised at the change in Norah's face, nor at the storm of anger and indignation that followed.

"NOT yours after all? I don't believe it! This man must be a fraud. Did you know your brother was married?"

"No."

"Then of course it's not true. I should fight the case. Of course you'll fight it. Solicitors are all robbers. It means you haven't a penny—not a single penny!"

"Oh, no, you see what Mr. Martin says—that he is sure my nephew will behave generously."

Her nephew! Susan's heart-beats quickened. Perhaps he would be a nice young fellow—of course, he would be young! Perhaps he would be kind to her, even come and see her sometimes . . .

Norah went on raving—"You don't seem to mind! Don't you mind? What about this trip? Oh, it is too bad."

"You'll go, of course." Surprising how calm Susan felt as she spoke. "I shall pay—as it was intended all along, but I don't want to go myself. I don't want to go at all." She looked up and saw Chris standing in the doorway. She knew by the expression on his face that he

had heard, and she winced and looked away from him.

How was it he had ever stirred her pulses? How was it that she had ever imagined for one moment that his eyes were in the least like her Bertie's?—or that he cared one jot for her?

Susan Lynn seemed to understand many things in that moment. It was not for her sake that these people had been kind—never for her sake! Only for her money and what they hoped to get out of her.

She went back home and cooked breakfast and half a herring—she broke nearly a quarter of a loaf into crumbs for the robin—she gave the lame newsboy when he came three-pence as well as his cup of tea.

Life seemed so beautiful!

She went upstairs and looked at the brand new trunk with her name painted in blue letters—then she seized it by one handle and vigorously pushed it out of sight in a corner.

Later on she would give it away or sell it, and all its contents. Then she went over to the mantelpiece and took up Bertie's picture and kissed it, very tenderly.

"I love you," she said, although he had been dead fourteen years and left her lonely.

Then she remembered her cropped hair—she could not get that back again—at least not yet. "But it will grow, dear," she told Bertie and kissed his picture again.

IT was Sunday morning and Susan was in her little front garden. The woman next door clutched a chair back hard and held her breath. Susan stopped for a moment to admire the tulips—she was dressed in her usual shabby clothes.

"Had that frock two years if she's had it a day!" her neighbor thought. "Afrail to wear all those expensive things now, I'll be bound."

Susan opened the gate and stepped out on to the path. The church bells were ringing, and the sun was shining.

The woman next door pulled the starched curtain further aside in order to get an uninterrupted view.

"A nice come-down for her," she thought grimly. "No money and no fine clothes—nothing! She feels miserable enough I'll be bound."

But the woman next door was wrong. For Susan Lynn was one of the happiest women in the world as she walked to church through the sunshine to pray for the soul of a dead soldier who had been a nobody like herself, but who had loved her, and whom she had loved.

(Copyright)

WRITTEN STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Capricorn is perhaps the best known sign of all those in the zodiac.

The reason is that during its reign (between December 22 and January 20) millions of people all over the world pay homage to the most famous birthday of all—the birthday of the Christ Child on December 25.

PERHAPS it is this affinity which accounts for the inherent religious streak in most Capricornian people.

Of times such a streak is unrealised or unconscious, but in time of great emotion, whether of joy, or sorrow, or during periods of depression caused by ill-health and worry, this Capricornian tendency to gain peace of mind through religious thought and expression will usually come strongly to the fore.

Such religious reactions need not, of course, be orthodox. Many Capricornians know their greatest peace and happiness when worshipping the beauties of nature, and it is worth mentioning that nearly all people born under this sign seem to have the "green fingers" which are regarded as essential for the true gardener.

A great proportion of Capricornians gravitate naturally to vocations dealing with the earth or things of the earth.

Those who follow the more intellectual professions thrive as business magnates, politicians, preachers and manufacturers. As such they love to lead, dominate, advise and

plead the cause of the working classes or the desolate.

They are often regarded as hard and over-economical, but towards those they love, or those who gain their sympathy, Capricornians can show a heart of gold.

Although they will indignantly refute such a statement, it can safely be said that nearly all Capricornians are not only born actors and posers—but that they "act" and dramatise almost every event of life.

They do it so unconsciously but so thoroughly that that which is real seems unreal, and that which is unreal takes on a semblance of truth which helps the Capricornians to rule the lives of others.

Capricornians must rule. They must stand in undoubted positions of authority and dignity at all times. As a result they tend to become dogmatic and to force their ideas upon other people.

When cornered or defied the Capricornian can swear black is white and not only believe it himself—even if he temporarily—but make the opposition believe it too. It is no wonder these people are victorious in nearly every argument.

Born Actors and Posers

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): December 21 and early 22 may prove fortunate if you are cautious and quiet, otherwise difficulties. Work wisely.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Look ahead, plan new ventures, act wisely, and with confidence. December 22 (after 1 P.M. only) 23 and 24 can be turned to good account. Work diligently, seek promotion and favors.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): December 25 and 30 just fair. December 22 poor.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Love carefully and quietly this week. Do not begin any really important ventures for some time. December 24 (day), 25 and 26 can prove particularly difficult. Delays likely, also loss of disappointment, or opposition.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Not spectacular. December 27 and 28 poor.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): It is time for you to get busy and put into operation the plans or desires you have been contemplating. Make opportunities for yourself, travel, change and ask favors.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Take no risks regarding important affairs this week. Delays and annoyances likely. December 25 and 26 best but poor.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Quite fair for you all this week except December 21 and 22 (early). Seek opportunities, work hard, plan improvements.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): December 21 and 22 (morning only) can be quite fair. Finalize important matters this week. Work hard.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 21): Affairs should definitely improve for you now. Seek out opportunities and desirable changes. Build foundations for future success. December 22, 23 and 24 (daylight) good. Show caution and patience on December 25 and 26.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Unspectacular. December 25 and 26 best. PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Quite fair for you on December 27 and 28. (The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

I Backed Half A Winner And Got My Money Back

By BETTY GEE

Fancy backing a winner and only getting your money back. I confess it was only half a winner, and the price was even money. But what about the unfortunate who laid odds-on? They got half a winner and lost on the transaction.

I call it scandalous; and at Randwick, too! Of course, I refer to Loombah, who dead-heated in his race on Saturday.

NO more short odds. Especially at Randwick. The wide open markets for me in future. Royal Randwick for Royal odds.

I had determined to be early at the races for Brushwood on Saturday. He'd won two, and I saw Hal Cooper, his owner, rushing round the ring, so I knew he was strongly fancied again for the hat-trick.

But I ran into Dr. Peter Murphy, who pointed out that Euphorbus, not Brushwood, 12th, better, and not to be silly, to go and back Euphorbus because he knew what he was talking about.

All this about twelve pounds, I don't know whether he means money or avoirdupois, but I did his bidding. He could take the responsibility if the thing lost.

And so that's how I started off with 14/10 to £1 on Euphorbus, the winner of the Hurdle.

Unpopular Princess

But I wasted £2 of it through rushing £5 to £2 Princess for the first Nursery.

She might be a daughter of what enthusiastic sportsmen call the Mighty Valicare, and perhaps she is a great galloper. But what a dark secret she's kept it up to date.

I took my courage in both hands and put a whole £5 note on Loombah when Jack Phillips of Melbourne called "even money."

If it hadn't been for Darby Munro fairly lifting him over the last ten yards to catch Bonheur de Pere to make the dead-heat, Mr. Phillips

would have been counting that five amongst his gains.

All I got, though, for the dead-heat was my money back. Not a penny in interest or detention fees, or anything else. Of course, the whole thing is ridiculous.

I had the good sense to spread my eggs among two baskets in the Villiers.

All along I have had supreme faith in Valbeau, and I took £14 to £1 straight out, but the other pound I invested on the place tote, and that alone saved me from financial disaster when Ramdin rocketed past him in the straight to put him into second place.

The tote clerk gave me £2/16 for my Valbeau tickets, bless him.

But what followed was of course a tragedy. I had £30 to £2 about Sweet Brigade at odds of 15 to 1. She was just coming sweetly through to victory when down she went in that awful smash. It just goes to show you that the only way they can keep a good girl down is to bring her horses down.

Then, of course, I was deprived of my right to win on High Class in the other division of the Novice, because Joe Harris said he wouldn't risk a valuable mare in such a big field.

I got a tip for Rosante in this division, but trying to find a horse was like looking through the directory of a large town like Sydney.

Unfortunately, I found it in time to get a £1 ticket on the place tote, and, of course, just to be certain, I ran a close fourth, and I just missed a big dividend.

Everybody was at sea over Billy



Betty backed Valbeau in the Villiers and showed a profit on the transaction.

Boy, the winner of the Holiday Handicap.

The holiday was for the book-makers, because he'd been beaten three days before at Rosebery in a field of goats, Dickie said, and was 20 to 1 unwanted for Saturday's race.

Up in the stands I met such a charming young woman, a Miss Rosenthal, who is just back from having "done Europe," and now back with the latest things you ever saw.

For instance, purpled eye-lashes, through which she peered so fervently while she told me her information for the last race was Cool-spell. Her information was right. It won.

Watch These Horses

Are you going to the races on Wednesday?

The head-waiter's tip for Victoria Park is Picamar. Mine, in another race, is Hamurash.

The Head Waiter said to follow up High Class. She might win the Christmas Trial at Randwick on Boxing Day.

But I say she's GOT TO win it. We need the money, so the Head Waiter has also gone out of his way to get me a tip for the Summer Cup, and it's Young Crusader. "Back it each way," he said.

Adios is the Florist's girl's sweetheart's sister's tip right from the stable for the Summer Nursery.

And, of course, I suppose if we are hard-pushed we can take the short odds, and get a profit on Kooba in the December Stakes.

HOW IT FEELS to be an INTERVIEWER

Journalist At The Mike

How does the interviewer like being interviewed? If you spend your life asking questions, how does it feel to have to answer them instead?

Dorothea Vautier will ask these questions when she interviews Mrs. Adele Shelton-Smith, well-known Australian journalist, at the microphone of Station 2GB on Wednesday of this week at 2.45 p.m.

MRS. SHELTON-SMITH has returned to Australia after seeing the Coronation and making a tour of the Continent. Formerly Melbourne editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, she spent a year in the London office and worked with Mary St. Claire, the London editor.

Mrs. Shelton-Smith said she had the first taste of her own medicine when she was interviewed by the Press at Colombo on her way to England. After that she was again the interviewer.

"I felt sorry for all the people I've ever interviewed myself. It was a terrifying experience—and I committed a faux pas by telling the representative of a newspaper in Ceylon—a tea-growing country—that Australians were drinking more coffee."

"As a matter of fact, in the Coronation rush in England, we had to interview people at such odd hours that we frequently had to apologise for our presence."

"On Coronation Day Dame Enid Lyons was so rushed that she had to talk to me while I helped her out

of her Coronation gown and helped her to dress for her next engagement."

"We frequently interviewed Australian visitors from outside their bathroom doors while they took a bath between social engagements."

"My most maddening experience was the day I tried to interview the Queen Mother of Egypt. While I was talking to the Comptroller of the Royal Household and smoking one of his exotic Egyptian cigarettes, she walked past within a yard of me, but because of the ritual of the Egyptian Court I was not allowed to speak to her."

"In fact, officially she was invisible."

On Nero's Throne

"I have drunk cups of tea with Duchesses who did not want to be interviewed, with school-teachers, with actresses in their dressing-rooms, with workmen in a film studio making plaster copies of the statuary of ancient Rome, where I drank my tea sitting on Nero's throne; in farmhouse kitchens; with hard-boiled midge car racers and six-day bicycle champions; with women scientists and big business men."



MRS. A. SHELTON-SMITH, who will be interviewed at 2GB by Miss Dorothea Vautier.

"Apart from the magnificence and excitement of the Coronation, and the big functions in connection with it, where you were likely to rub shoulders with anybody from the handsome Duke of Kent to the startling black Akaka of Abeskuta, the highlights of a journalist's working days were the dress shows."

"There were always glamorous society women looking their best even when trying to drink cocktails at 10 a.m.—against the rich background of the great salons."

"Then there was the interest of the designers themselves—volatile Schiaparelli wearing the most startling of her own startling creations, handsome Teddy Tinsling and immaculate Mr. Norman Hartnell."

These are some of the colorful experiences Mrs. Shelton-Smith will talk about in her radio interview on Wednesday from 2GB. Be sure to listen in at 2.45 p.m.

Let's look at the WOMEN Men Marry

Blondes, brunettes, red heads.
Tall, short, and five feet five.
Slender, medium—and larger.
Quiet, lively, clever, clinging, dominating.

THE women men marry are as various and different as the men who marry them.

But there is one quality which unfailingly attracts all men—the essentially feminine quality of daintiness.

The smart woman knows that the greatest danger to this quality is the unpleasant odour of underarm perspiration.

She knows that her daily bath cannot protect her. She must give her underarms special care. And for this nothing is quicker and surer than MUM!

A light fingertipful of MUM under each arm, and you have all-day protection.

You can use it any time—after you're dressed just as well as before. For MUM is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing and cooling to the skin, too. Indeed you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Another thing—MUM does not prevent perspiration; only its ugly odour.

The daily MUM habit pays, as thousands of women will tell you. Hadn't you better try it?



MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

At Chemists & Better Stores Everywhere.
Price 1/6. Double Size 2/6.

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COOLANGATTA—10 DAYS inclusive	£7/15/6
COOLANGATTA and BRISBANE (13 DAYS)	£10/15/6
LORD HOWE, Feb. 3 (18 DAYS)	£16/15/6
LORD HOWE, March 5 (9 DAYS)	£13/5/6
LORD HOWE, March 17 (18 DAYS)	£16/15/6
DAY DREAM ISLAND (Barrier Reef, 14 DAYS)	£16/11/6
(Available Jan. 11, Feb. 1, 22, March 15, etc., etc.)	
S.A. GULF CRUISE—21 DAYS inclusive	£19/10/6
ADELAIDE SPECIAL—14 DAYS inclusive	£15/10/6
TASMANIA—13 DAYS inclusive	£15/17/6
NEW ZEALAND CRUISES—13 DAYS, March 4 and April 1—from	£14/3/6
TASMANIAN CRUISE, April 18, from	£6/6/6
PORT MORESBY, April 29, from	£14/3/6
RABAU CRUISE, June 24, from	£14/3/6

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A lipstick that will last through busy days—glamorous evenings. Cocktail-proof—gloriously flattering. Seven shades to make you lovely, including the new Brick Red, No. 5.

3/9 — REFILLS, 2/6

FACE POWDER • EAU-DE-COLOGNE

LENTHERIC

PERFUMES • ROUGES



Women who are martyrs to PAIN

If you are subject to attacks of prostrating pain you ought never to be without 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders. At the first sign take a powder and the pain will pass off. Repeat when necessary and you will escape the attack you dread so much. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'BAYER' A.P.C. Powders, so be sure to get 'Bayer' and avoid disappointment.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6

Box of 24 powders, 2/6

Of all Chemists.



Heals Eczema in 7 Days or Money Back

Here is a surgeon's wonderful prescription, now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will do more towards helping you get rid of unsightly spots from skin diseases than anything you've ever used.

Not only is this great oil antiseptic, but it promotes rapid and healthy healing in eczematous spots and sores. The itching of eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, salt rheum, and other irritating and unsightly skin troubles. You can obtain Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle at any modern chemist. It is safe to use, and failure in any of the ailments noted above is rare indeed.

HUNGRY, YET CAN'T EAT

Afraid to eat good food, the sufferer from Dyspepsia and Chronic Acid Indigestion makes life a burden to himself and his near companions. The remedy is simple. A small dose of TWIN BODA gives almost instant relief. Buy a 1/6 packet from your local chemist to-day, and look forward to eating what you like.

IN spite of the fact that it would cost a lot more money and that she now had Rosanna's wedding present to think of, she decided that something must be done immediately about the landing window. She consulted James Babbington.

He said: "There may be no need to have it made in England. I hear there is a Frenchman arrived in Sydney who works in stained glass."

"Then," Caroline ordered, "see the man and find out if he will come here and arrange to do the work for me."

Some few days later she was descending her staircase when Rosanna admitted a stranger at the front door. It was a wide door facing the morning light, and Rosanna opened it full, so there was no need of a window above just then to show Caroline and the stranger to each other. Caroline paused just long enough for the rhythm of her own tapping feet and the rhythm of the stranger's beating heart to be broken together. She hovered upon the stair in a cloud of soft grey muslin scarfed with black, her fair head with its load of curls held straightly upon her slender neck, the light from the open door clear on her sweet mouth and eyes. Then she came on down to meet a young man whom she might be forgiven upon the impulse of that moment for thinking handsome. But if he were not actually handsome he did stand finely and his eyes were dark and ardent.

He bowed, irreproachably, as if he had learnt the art very young, charmingly, as if he had practised it only for this meeting: that was his acknowledgment of the way Caroline came downstairs. Yet he did not smile, and as she looked at him more nearly she got the surprised impression that he was displeased about something. Even appearing displeased, however, or perhaps partly because of it, he was decidedly intriguing. "Madam, I am addressing Miss Caroline Leighton?"

"That is quite right."

"My name is Charles de Launay." Again he bowed with inimitable style. Then he said: "I understand you have just had a staircase completed."

"Oh, yes; James Babbington sent you," Caroline answered, with the faintest catch in her breath. How

The STAIRCASE

Continued from Page 11

strangely disappointing to have to conclude now that he was only the stained-glass man after all—a sort of glorified glazier! Ah, well, if it came to that, what was to stop any well-made man from learning to bow gracefully?

"He did not send me, but I came because of what he told me. He had spoken of me to you then?"

"Yes. He had my permission to tell you to come and see the work," Caroline said, and for some mysterious reason his displeasure seemed to increase at this. It showed plainly now in his expression and the set of his head. Caroline could not understand it at all, but she stood a little more proudly herself. She was not going to have a French glass-fitter looking at her like that at the foot of her own staircase, whatever he might mean by it. He must be put in his place without delay. "You had better inspect the opening for the window straight away," she said. "I am told you have some knowledge of stained glass." And she turned and went to remount the stairs ahead of him. He seemed to hesitate and she looked back and added, haughtily, "You may follow me."

HE did not thank her for this permission, but at the top he answered her with an unexpected observation. "It still sometimes seems wrong to a man to go behind ladies upstairs or through a doorway: custom changes before inherited instinct; and in France they keep to the old manner yet."

His tone was perfectly suave, but Caroline was ready to take this speech for sheer insolence; and, though it was most unlaylike to bandy words with such a person, she could not resist the impulse to flare back at him. "Would you have the ladies go behind them, like so many barn-door hens with the cock strutting at their head?"

It was not so light at the top of the stairs; only thin bars of sunshine came through the closed shutters. She could not see, without looking too closely, how the young man's dark face responded, but he said, dryly, "The principle in nature may

be the same; gentlemen acquired the habit of going first when they wore swords; they had most frequent need to use them at stairheads and in doorways."

Caroline was disconcerted. She could not possibly answer him back again, so the only thing to do was to change the subject altogether. She said again, as patronisingly as she could, "I understand you are something of an authority on stained glass."

Now his answering tone was neither humbled nor gratified, "You flatter me. It is merely an interest of mine."

Caroline had never heard of a workman putting on such highfalutin airs. "A suitable window must go here," she said. "Open the shutters, please."

He obeyed her and the leaf-filtered light came pouring in. Now she was certain of the curious censure in his regard of her. But he turned away immediately and looked down the staircase in the added light with an appraising eye, and it was presently to be seen that though Caroline herself might not meet with his approval her staircase did. He stepped across and surveyed the sweep of the new handrail and the balusters, touched them with a more closely-inquiring hand—a fine, long hand, Caroline noticed as he laid it along the railing while he bent over and looked at the panels beneath.

"James Babbington is loyal to one principle, at least," he said, inexplicably. "May I see the carving from below?"

"You may go down," Caroline said, becoming more perplexed every minute. She stood upon the landing while he went. He had a most admirable back. When his dark eyes were turned away one remembered only their promise of warmth. The dark hair on top of his head grew most pleasingly. And he was evidently artist enough to appreciate the work of the York craftsman. After all, he himself must be a craftsman, too, perhaps a distinguished one. Papa had said that one could not respect a genuine craftsman too highly.

He was also gentleman enough, when she decided to follow him down, to turn from his inspection of the panels and stand at the foot of the stairs while she descended. Slowly she came, poised the unforgettable fraction of a moment above the center of each tread, imperious little golden head, unseen feet tapping under small ties of muslin. Two-thirds of the way down, for the first time in her life, Caroline tripped upon the stairs. Mr. de Launay caught her. He did it more than adequately but without that expertness that would have spoilt it all: it was rather Caroline herself who knew as if by instinct the perfect way to fall into a man's arms.

When they stood composed upon the hall floor again he said, "Now I forgive even James Babbington." The promise of warmth was being fulfilled in his eyes as he looked at Caroline afresh. "If you had fallen like that and I or my banisters had not been there—"

"Your banisters?" said Caroline. "Well, I have counted them mine since James Babbington confessed where my wood had gone—"

"Your wood?" said Caroline. "Then you were not a party to James Babbington's double-dealing!" He seemed overjoyed at this singular revelation.

"James Babbington's double-dealing?" echoed puzzled Caroline. "Did he try to cheat you somehow about the window?"

Mr. de Launay quirked an eyebrow in delighted inquiry. "May I ask why you so insist upon my interest in windows?"

"But aren't you the—stained-glass man?"

He shook his head, smiling as if he now enjoyed the situation perfectly. "I am Charles de Launay, architect, sometime of Paris, lately of York, now of Sydney."

"And I took you for a sort of glorified glazier!"

"I can at least claim to have been glorified—within the last few minutes!" Caroline took the compliment very prettily; but he grew grave again. "I still have to tell you why I came, and I am afraid. Will you forgive me beforehand?"

"These valiant gentlemen who precede ladies with imaginary swords in their hands and want guarantees for their own protec-

GIRLIGAGS



"JUDGING the boy friend from his shoulders up, we are sure that his Dad was a wood-carver."

tion before they speak!" Caroline scoffed.

"Do no worse than laugh at me then after I have told you. I came to try to buy this staircase from you." He paused a moment and saw that she took it no worse than a little wonderingly. He could go on to explain. "The wood and the workmanship James Babbington put into it were richer from me. The house I am building has been held up for weeks on that account. I had only that excuse when I came, but if I were to press it now I would tell you that those panels were carved by the brother of my mother in York—"

again he paused and looked at Caroline.

"At this time every morning I walk in the garden," she said demurely. "Perhaps you will accompany me and we can talk about it."

And she picked up her Leghorn hat with the green ribbons from the hall table.

Walking in that unkempt demesne which Caroline called "the garden," each fancied that the other brought a delightful order there. They even tried to imagine the maze, conceived by Papa and executed by Fibstone and Nature together, as a formal and proper design of clipped hedges and trimmed paths, though Mr. de Launay pronounced it, perhaps in Caroline's defence, as quite the most bewildering he had known. It was not surprising that Caroline should after half-an-hour's wandering in its intricacies, lose her sense of direction altogether; but, left to themselves, they would certainly have found the way out eventually and it was officious of Fibstone to come and rescue them unasked.

They did not, however, talk any more about the staircase, and Mr. de Launay's only subsequent reference to it that day was when he was leaving. Then he said, "Promise me you won't trip on the stairs again till I come back. Even with my banisters there—"

"Your banisters, Sir?"

Mr. de Launay bowed most exquisitely. "Our banisters!" he said.

(Copyright)

A Skin Clear and Lovely

WITH ROSY CHEEKS AND RED LIPS

"A number of blemishes, pimples and boils appeared on my face and disfigured my complexion," states Miss E.S. of Gympie, Queensland. "At the time I was studying a great deal, and became anaemic and run down. I was very worried and reading that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were good for the blood, decided to try them. To my great relief, after taking a short course of these pills, my skin is now as clear as ever and I'm feeling perfectly fit and well."

One of the excellent results of taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is their splendid effect in clearing the complexion of blemishes. These pills help to enrich and increase the blood, and this good new blood banishes pimples and boils and gives a rosy colour to the cheeks and lips.

Every young girl and young woman who suffers anaemia, nervousness, headaches, dizziness, and pimply skin, should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not delay; see how quickly the miseries disappear after a short course, and how clear and attractive the skin becomes. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'!"—and take no other.

Give Up Staring If You Want Good Eyes!

Simple Rules that Will Make It Easier to See What's Going On

Let your eyes relax sometimes, wash them frequently, exercise them regularly, and don't stare—these are some of the simple rules of eye care.

AS an eye-wash, a weak solution of salt and water is preferable to boracic, and is more soothing, less drying and easier to procure when in a hurry. Half a teaspoonful to a cup of boiling water is the correct strength.

Relaxation plays a great part in keeping the eyes in good order. This does not necessarily mean keeping them closed and covered (although that is strongly recommended and should be done when the eyes have been used a lot), but it means "seeing easily," without straining or staring.

Those two bad habits, straining and staring, are the cause of most eye ailments. We should be careful not to look at any one point of focus, or object, for too long at a time; that causes a strain.

It is like taking a photograph and over-exposing the film. What happens when you give too long an exposure?—a blurred and darkened photo. So it is when we try to look for too long at one particular object with effort.

Try looking at objects easily and in detail, instead of in the mass, and you will find how much easier it is to see, and how much more pleasure you get out of seeing.

Quickly move the point of focus. This relaxes the strain.

If your eyes are stiff and tired the way to relax them is to put the hand on the chin, to keep the head steady, and move them gently from side to side, and up and down, 10 times each way.

Know how to use your eyes correctly, how to break the strain and focus by blinking and shifting (be the shift of focus only an inch, or from one letter to another of the same word), and you will not be troubled with your eyes.

Don't think of them as something mysterious and apart from your body. They will stand as much wear and tear as any other part of you, when they are correctly used.

Next time you are in a tram or train watch people's eyes. It is quite entertaining to notice the different ways in which they use them. The majority will wear a strained expression, as though the world depended on what they thought.

Relax Your Eyes

THEY never blink, and it is most important to blink and break the strain of staring.

Every time we blink, the eyes are lubricated, and any specks of dust are washed away. It is advisable when you get any speck in your eyes to blink quickly and frequently instead of rubbing.

Otherwise you will only rub in the annoying speck and irritate the eye in the same way as you irritate a mosquito bite when you rub it.

Strong eyes are a great asset and help to our general well-being; on them depends ease of manner and poise. With a little thought and knowledge, that strained appearance can be overcome.

Learn to look with eyes and mind relaxed, and half your troubles in your busy life will be overcome.

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

Did You Know—

That Dora Cumbræ Stewart and James Duval, whose wedding will take place in Melbourne this week, have chosen a unique decoration for their wedding cake—a miniature bale of wool branded with the couple's initials to symbolise pastoral interests on both sides of the family?

Christmas Gifts

AMONG the jolly Christmas gifts I have heard about is the complete bathing outfit in black and white to be received on the big gift day for the year by Mrs. Garnet Halloran. Mr. and Mrs. John Bruxner will exchange books. They are gradually collecting all the works of Somerset Maugham, James Hilton, and Dornford Yates.

The Consul-General for America, Mr. Wilson, thinks that children should come first at Christmas time, and would rather choose gifts for his friends' children than distribute presents to grown-ups.

Glamorous Frocks

THERE were glamorous frocks both sides of the curtain at the first night of "Balalaika" at the Theatre Royal.

Particularly elegant was the black spotted, net-befrilled cape worn over a white summery gown by Mrs. Charles Jacomb. Her suntan, by the way, is degrees in advance of other surfers this season. Mrs. Alan Macgregor's lovely frock of shirred chiffon bands was carried out in the shading of a galah—grey and pink.

Although it looked somewhat warm on a warm night, the beet-red velvet worn by the feminine star, Margret Adams, in the last scene, was very envy-making.

Very charming I find the lovely white-and-silver evening frock brought from abroad by Mrs. C. R. McKerihan. It is made from an Indian sari heavily embossed with silver thread.

Cocktails on Lawns

MRS. E. J. WATT is hoping for blue skies and gentle breezes for this Thursday when she is expecting a hundred guests at her delightful home at Rose Bay at the cocktail hour.

Just to give her guests a breath of fresh air in between the Jamieson-Garvan wedding and the night's "do's," Mrs. Watt hopes to have her party out of doors, and cocktails and savories will be served on the gently-sloping lawns.

Dr. and Mrs. R. I. Furber are also entertaining this week, and guests have been invited to Elizabeth Bay House at the cocktail hour this Tuesday. The same day has been chosen by Mrs. Hubert Fairfax for her annual Christmas dance at Elaine, Double Bay.

Dorothy McMahon has left for Melbourne and will spend a short holiday with her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. J. Daly.

Farewell to President

THE Younger Feminists combined their Christmas party with a farewell to Lillias Dow, their president. Lillias, who sailed off in the Neptuna for a trip to New Guinea, was presented by the members with an attractive gold-mesh evening bag. Mrs. P. A. Cameron, the president of the Senior Feminists, said "Thank you" to the girls on receiving an amber-colored lemonade set. Such a useful present this weather.

Charming Visitor

LINOR WHITE, the attractive young English girl who arrived in Sydney last week in the Orford to stay with Elizabeth Ramsay Sharp, is a sister of Mrs. Philip Game.

Through her association with our former Governor and Lady Game, Elinor has acquired lots of enthusiasm for this country, and is most anxious to see something of our station life. One of her first visits will be to Victoria, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Millear at Edgarley.

Gay Children's Party

GAY indeed was the Christmas party arranged by Mrs. Robert Dixon, at Elwatan, Castle Hill, for her children, Mary and Hugh, on Saturday. Fifty young guests were invited, and "five to ten" were the witching hours printed on their cards. Mary Dixon is almost a flapper these days, and likes her parties to continue into the night.

Among the enthusiastic crowds who surrounded the conjurer, Punch and Judy show, and Christmas tree were Margaret Andrew, Leslie Walford, Anthony and David Moore, Ruth Waterhouse, Barbara Grose, and Jim and John Berge.

John Cory, a young Englishman in our midst, is an enthusiastic darts player and entertains friends who drop in at his Double Bay flat at the cocktail hour with this good old-fashioned game.



A SMILING PICTURE of Miss Amy King, of Toowoomba, who will be bridesmaid at the wedding of her brother, Mr. Edward King, and Miss Winifred Buzzcott in Sydney this Wednesday. The ceremony will take place at the Congregational Church, Strathfield, and the reception will be held at Elizabeth Bay House.

—Women's Weekly photo.



An English Christmas

HERE'S news from Lorna Robinson. She is spending Christmas in the traditional English manner in the country as the guest of Captain and Mrs. N. Boase, who were stationed out here several years ago. Lorna is having the best of good times, and has recently visited Scotland and the Continent. She thinks of returning to Sydney about June of next year.

Lorna's sister, Mrs. Alfred Turnbull, with her daughter, Greta, have gone to Egypt to spend a holiday with Mrs. Turnbull's son, John, who is stationed there in the army.

Goodwill Season

THE Sydney Industrial Blind Institution is, as usual, sharing in the goodwill of the Christmas season. The president Mr. A. Consett Stephen, was recently handed a cheque for over fourteen hundred pounds as a result of the Pastel Ball. Another pleasant surprise was the cheque for £550 given by the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee.

The Institution will also benefit by the result of the Lovers and Luggers Ball, to take place this Tuesday. I'm told that the gay young bachelors arranging the party are all to wear macabre boutonnières in the shape of skeletons with shaking white limbs.

Off to Austinmer

THE Keith Richards family are about to make their yearly trip to Austinmer, where they have a delightful bungalow near the surf.

The three sisters, Pam, Barbara, and Rosemary, are all exceedingly popular in the Cootamundra district, and their absence will be a cause for complaint. Barbara and Rosemary are excellent horsewomen and will ride anything on the place.

Learning to Fly

NO wonder Reg Freshney is keen about learning to fly. He lives miles from anywhere in particular in Central Queensland, and just think what a joy aerial transport will be to him in the future.

After a few days in Sydney, Reg, who has come south for a holiday, and to learn to fly, motored to Canberra to stay with his brother-in-law and sister, Major and Mrs. Bill Crellin.

Mrs. Percy Fenwick, of Eurapambella, Walcha, and her three daughters, Mrs. Abe Nivison, Peggy and Nancy Fenwick, will shortly leave for a European tour.

Agile Members

IT'S just as well that members of the Palm Beach Surf Club are young and agile. The amount of tree climbing in store for them on Boxing Day is just too breath-taking. With gaily-colored lanterns in hand, they will shin up and down the gum trees surrounding the Pacific Club, so that a glamorous effect will be produced for the dance at night.

Among the new members of the club who register Hollywood good looks are Stewart Ward, Barton Honey, Peter Hordern, and Jimmie Barnes.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Main, with their three children, Helen, Alison and Peter, are off to New Zealand in the Otranto for the New Year cruise.

News of Famous Singer

NEWS comes from Lotte Lehmann of the recent illness of her husband, Major Otto Krause. After a terribly trying time, he is on the mend, and the couple will spend Christmas together in New York.

Copies of Madame's novel, "Eternal Flight," signed by the author, have already been received by several Sydney friends. Of the book Madame writes that "I tried so hard to keep singers outside my story, but there I failed, for a prima donna simply pushed herself into it, and I let her stay."

I Like—

The ease with which Philip Rudder manages his surf-ski. Somehow he manages to make headway against breakers and strong currents when all his fellow sports fall by the wayside.

Contributors' Note

CONTRIBUTORS are advised that Real Life Stories and So They Say letters sent to this office must be accompanied by return postage, otherwise they will be destroyed.

Real Life Stories

Prizes for Stories

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories."

Chased by Bull

IN 1907, when I was a little girl, my mother and family lived in a suburb of Brisbane.

Houses in that locality were hard to get, so we had to live in a tent. We were camped near the Morning-side Cemetery, not very far from some friends of ours, who were dairy farmers.

Mother had no stove, and all her cooking had to be done in a camp oven. One day mother sent me to gather some wood, and I had to cross our friends' paddock, in which a number of cows were grazing.

They had a very fine Jersey bull, which I thought was in another paddock.

I set to work, and soon had a good bundle of sticks gathered, when I chanced to look up. Here was this savage bull, with his head down, making straight for me. What a shock I got!

The fence was a long way off, and the bull not twenty yards away. I dropped my sticks and ran.

Instinctively I made for a tree some short distance away. How I arrived there before the bull caught me I do not know.

The odds seemed a hundred to one in his favor. It took me a second to climb up into the branches of that sheltering tree, just out of reach of that savage brute.

He was underneath, pawing the ground, and bellowing in his rage and disappointment.

My mother heard the noise and quickly got the owner to secure a horse and drive the beast away.

5/- to Mrs. W. Sing, Kotara Basin, C/o Post Office, Cull's Harbor, N.S.W.

IN BED FOR WEEKS WITH BACKACHE

Prostrate with "Terrible Pains"

It was advice from her mother that led this woman to take Kruschen Salts for her backache, and before she had finished the first bottle she was feeling better. This is the letter she writes:

"About this time last year I had terrible pains in my back and was prostrate for three weeks. I could not even rise in bed. I tried several well-known remedies, but to no avail. Then I wrote to my mother telling her of my trouble. She wrote to me by return of post urging me to try Kruschen Salts. I immediately bought a bottle and I can truthfully say before I had taken the fifth dose I could sit up. I kept on taking them and in less than two weeks I was about again. I am never without this wonderful medicine now." (Mrs.) A.G.

Unless the kidneys function properly, certain acid wastes, instead of being expelled, are allowed to pollute the bloodstream and produce troublesome symptoms: backache, rheumatism, and excessive fatigue. Kruschen Salts is one of the finest diuretics or kidney aperients available for assisting the kidneys to excrete acid impurities.

BABY'S FOOD WILL NOURISH GRANNY TOO!

The same perfectly balanced food which provides ample nourishment in an easily digestible form for baby will also give new strength and vitality to invalids and old people. Recommended by doctors.

Neave's Food
On sale everywhere.

75,000 SUFFER

It has been estimated that in the Sydney Metropolitan area alone a total of over 75,000 persons suffer from complaints such as indigestion, acidity, heartburn, dyspepsia, Wind, etc. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. Should you suffer likewise buy from your local chemist for 1/6 a packet of pure TWIN BRAND. The speedy relief it brings is surprising.

Adrift On Tropic Sea In Disabled Launch SOLOMON ISLANDS DRAMA

The romantic South Seas is the setting for a thrilling real life adventure which wins this week's prize of £1/1/- for Miss Joan Price.

It's a graphic story of a tiny launch doing battle with a sudden tropical storm.

IT was at a time when my father's work took him to the Solomon Islands. We had been there some time, and not having seen a white person for some six months we decided to pay a visit to the nearest white inhabited island—Santa Cruz.

We set out on our tiny launch Isobel for our forty-mile journey. We had been going steadily for about half an hour when one of the natives we had brought with us warned us of an approaching storm.

In no time the storm was upon us. Our launch was tossed about like a cork. Great mountains of water all but sank us. We bailed out what water we could, but all to no avail.

Looking over the side we saw two snub noses of the crocodiles which infested those waters. They seemed to know that at any minute our boat was likely to capsize.

My father worked at the controls feverishly. At this critical moment the engine had given its last splutter.

The two natives were gabbling prayers to their gods.

My mother, sister, and I sat huddled together waiting for the moment when our boat would finally sink.



Untroubled by Teething

Avoid constipation and its attendant dangers by using Steedman's Powders. Gently and safely they keep baby regular in his habits, his bloodstream cool during teething. Used by mothers for over 100 years for children up to 14 years of age.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, Eng.

Fat Cheeks Double Chin

SPOIL GOOD FEATURES OF FACE.

The fat you are now putting on is quite likely the unhealthy tissue caused by the absorption of waste digestive poisons into your blood. This matter has been accumulating through constipation, making you overweight and unsightly, bringing daily sick headaches, bilious attacks, bad breath, pimples and blemishes on your skin, weariness and depression.

Banish these harmful effects of constipation and congested liver by taking Pinkettes. These little laxative and liver pills are compounded of safe, harmless ingredients that exercise and strengthen lazy bowels and stir the liver, clearing away all poisonous digestive wastes and restoring the healthy, regular habit. See what a wonderful difference Pinkettes make to your eyes, skin, breath, spirits and how 'unhealthy fat' disappears. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

Bearing down on us came a large mountain of a wave. We were caught on its crest, and it shot us along like a boat on a shoot on a surf beach.

Next thing we knew we were in a calm sea. The wave had thrown us over a sand bar.

It was lucky for us that a sand bar happens to have a calming effect on the sea. On one side it can be a boiling surf; on the other side as calm as a millpond.

£1/1/- to Miss Joan Price, 194 Edgecliff Road, Woollahra, N.S.W.

No Jobs To-day

THERE was nothing in the shadowy form showing through the ripple glass of the inquiry window of the general office to indicate that, during the next half-hour, I was to go through some nasty moments.

I drew back the sliding window and greeted a nondescript medium-sized man with the usual "smile" and "good-morning" and then waited for him to explain himself.

He asked for the manager, whom I knew was not available at the moment.

I explained, and asked for the usual information—"name, whether representing a firm, or applying for a position."

The last brought a twinkle in his eye, and a quietly humorous—"I'm from Sydney."

This conveyed nothing to me but the fact that the question of "position" was decidedly out of place.

On appealing to the accountant in charge, who had been busy until now, I was surprised to see him literally dash out to the gentleman and almost reverently conduct him to a seat in the manager's office.

With raised eyebrows I continued typing, but was later to discover that I had mistaken one of our directors, on a farewell visit before going abroad, for a laborer looking for work.

5/- to Miss E. Jeans, c/o Mrs. A. W. Hansen, 21 Old Violet St., Bendigo, Vic.

Perpetual Motion

OLD Esau lives at Hall's Creek, once the Mecca of those who took part in the gold rush of 1886, but now just a sleepy hamlet of some half-dozen structures, slumbering at the foot of Mt. Pandora.

He was one of the first of that band of adventurers who forced their way into this primeval wilderness.

He was one of the first to wrench open the lid of Pandora's box.

And, when the box proved to be empty, he was one of the few to take up his section of this remote paradise.

He grows bananas and custard-apples now, and cultivates an amazing kitchen garden, and acts as butcher to that heroic little community.

But in his spare time he struggles with the problem of perpetual motion.

It has been his life work. Always he is on the verge of success. Next slack season he is putting a larger wheel here, and a shorter shaft there, and the problem is solved!

At the back of the shack his mining gear lies rusty and neglected. The great rains beat on it. The sun bakes it.

Heavy flakes of rust fall from it and slowly disintegrate, powdering back into the earth whence they came.

I tried to point out to him that this was the only perpetual motion . . . but he laughed and leered cunningly up at me.

"Next year you will see," he said.

Perhaps he is right. Perhaps next year he will have solved the problem of perpetual motion.

5/- to Joy Cochrane, Esplanade, Henley Beach, S.A.



"WE WATCHED the plane hurtling towards the house." An incident from a real life story on this page.

Death Came Hurtling from the Skies

ABOUT the middle of 1930 my husband and myself, with our little child aged one year, went to visit a friend at North Brighton.

We went out on the verandah to watch the aeroplanes from Mascot aerodrome overhead, while my child and two of my friends played on the lawn.

After watching one of the planes which appeared to be experiencing some engine trouble, our attention was diverted to another plane.

We were watching the second plane intently when my husband shouted a warning.

The first plane, the engine of which had been giving trouble, was hurtling towards our friend's house and us.

My first thought was for my child.

The plane was diving down fast. To add to the confusion my friend fainted.

While my husband attended to her I grabbed my child, sent the children to safety, and then ran back to help my husband.

Just as the plane was about 500 feet off there was an explosion and the engine and the petrol-tank crashed to the side of the road in front of the house.

The lightened frame of the plane was carried by the wind to about 300 feet behind the house, where it crashed, killing the pilot instantly.

But for the explosion and the slight wind that carried the plane farther from us it would probably have crashed on the house or on us.

5/- to Mrs. S. Tomlyn, 182 President's Avenue, Kogarah, N.S.W.

Haunted by the Light

THE most terrifying episode in my life extended over a period of three weeks. I was left alone for that time on our farm in the "muriows" (wild bush) of New England while my husband carried out a contract some miles away.

I had three children, the youngest three months and the eldest three years old. I fell ill a few days after my husband left.

But even worse than that, the day he went I discovered I had no matches!

To be without a fire was fatal. I managed to fan up the coals in the kitchen stove and light the kerosene lamp—and I kept that lamp alight, continuously, for three weeks.

I filled it daily by unscrewing the top and keeping the wick alight whilst I poured in the kerosene. That lamp haunted me! When I wasn't waking up in the night to attend to baby I was getting up to look at the lamp—and I have loathed kerosene lamps ever since!

The nearest village was 25 miles away, and my nearest neighbor five miles distant on the other side of an almost impassable mountain.

I was sick, and even in the utmost extremity I doubt if I could have obtained assistance, for my husband had taken our only conveyance.

That three weeks haunts my memory, even now, twenty years after. To add to my burden a colony of brown snakes took up residence in the hay-shed, and to my sick fancy there appeared to be thousands of the filthy things.

I lived in continual terror of snakes, an expiring lamp, and death from sickness.

I think I was partly demented when my husband returned. I had not seen a soul during the whole three weeks, except my three babies.

I escaped from the "muriows" ten years ago, and I pray that I shall never go back to them again.

5/- to Mrs. Irene Wright, 20 Hill St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

What Women Are Doing

"Hullo Girl" Retires

AFTER more than 40 years' service, London's "Hullo Girl" number one has retired. She is Miss A. E. Cox, superintendent of the telephone exchange staff of the London Telephone Exchange.

When Miss Cox first went into the telephone service she was paid ten shillings a week. As superintendent she was receiving six hundred pounds a year. In her early days there were only a dozen or so girls employed at the first exchange in the city.

To Fulfill Important Engagements in England

HAVING completed a most successful tour of the Dominion under the auspices of the New Zealand Broadcasting Service and another throughout the Commonwealth it is planned by the A.B.C. Miss Jessie King, the well-known Australian contralto, is on her way back to England to fulfil numerous important engagements.

Since she left here 12 years ago Miss Jessie King to try her luck abroad, her progress has been remarkable. She has appeared with great success in London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin. In England she did a lot of broadcasting, appeared as soloist at orchestral concerts, and so on.

At the last Sheffield Triennial Festival she sang Bach's "Magnificat," and prior to that sang with the Liverpool Philharmonic and the Edinburgh Royal Choral Society.

She hopes to return to Australia at a not far distant date.



Miss Jessie King

Catherine Helen Spence Scholar

MISS DORIS BEESTON, the 1937 Catherine Helen Spence Scholar—an honor awarded every four years to a South Australian woman to enable her to study her special branch of social service overseas—intends to leave Adelaide about the middle of next year. She has been secretary of the S.A. Kindergarten Union for 13 years and will study in England, America and several other countries.

At the Institute of Education, University of London, she hopes to take a course of instruction in the Department of Child Development under Dr. Susan Isaacs, who visited Australia earlier this year as a delegate to the New Education Fellowship Conference.

Combines Travelling With Many Other Interests

MADAME WILLEMINA VAN ANDEL, an interesting Dutch woman who has come to live in Australia, can lay claim to several careers—a tram conductor, pilot, and cowgirl.

She is a world-wide traveller, and since her arrival in this country has learned to ride after cattle and roll her own cigarettes.

Mrs. Van An del was born in Java, but at the age of six went to Germany to start her education, and from there went on to Holland. At the age of seventeen she learned to pilot a military aeroplane in Holland, and during the war, when the women of that country were mobilised, as she was too young to drive a car, she was placed on a long-distance tram as a conductor.

Next year she intends visiting Europe, and as she speaks six languages fluently she should make an ideal escort for the party of Australians she intends to take along too.

Made and Dressed Six Hundred Dolls

ONCE again Mrs. Margery Browne, poetess and playwright, has made and dressed six hundred dolls for the poor children who would otherwise have a joyless Christmas.

It is a far cry from writing a scenario which was awarded first prize (£500) by the Commonwealth Government to making rag dolls for poor children—and for one pair of hands to make 600 dolls in a few months is surely a wonderful feat—more especially when the worker has passed the allotted span, and enjoys only indifferent health.

All the long winter nights Mrs. Browne toiled at her task, which, she says, is a "labor of love"—and in recent weeks has had the satisfaction of sending batches of dolls to various institutions for children.

This great-great-granddaughter of Richard Brindley Sheridan, the noted playwright, can now sit back in her little cottage at Ryde (Sydney) with the comfortable thought that she has done her bit—and a big bit too—towards giving pleasure to hundreds of children this Christmas.

To Study Publicity and Advertising Abroad

MISS JEAN ROBERTSON, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Robertson, of Kew, Vic., who for the past two years has been publicity officer in Australia for one of London's biggest publishing houses, left in the Orca on December 7 to study publicity and advertising abroad.

A Bachelor of Arts of Melbourne University, Miss Robertson worked with the University Press for three years, doing lecture notes for country students.

Four members of the Robertson family are already abroad, and Jean's departure leaves her brother Leslie last of the clan to languish alone in Sydney. He is one of Australia's few experienced lighting consultants, work on the Continent, in England and U.S.A. having equipped him to grapple successfully with lighting schemes for everything from airports to private houses.



Miss Jean Robertson

Praises Physique of New Zealand Children

ACCORDING to Miss M. Herlihy, who is a teacher now in New Zealand on exchange from Newcross, London, the average New Zealand child is bigger and healthier in physique than a child of similar age in a London school.

Miss Herlihy has taught in three schools during her stay in New Zealand, and hopes to have a few weeks' intensive experience in different schools before returning to England. "School children in London, though, are more alert," she said, "probably because of the busier and more varied life around them."

Talking of accent, she thinks that in New Zealand the average speech is good and less varied than it is in England, where so many dialects are spoken.

Has Decorated Houseboats For 15 Years

MISS M. NEWLANDS, Melbourne, who had charge of decorating some of the main houseboats at Henley, has carried out this contract for fifteen years in succession, and each year has varied the color and design.

She has never been trained, and all her ideas are original. As a child she won several competitions at flower shows and later entered amateur and open classes, from which she retired unbeaten to manage her own business.

In addition to assisting to conduct a guest house in the hills, she takes an active interest in many charities and children's welfare work.



Miss M. Newlands

President of W.A. University Women

MRS. J. H. SNADEN, the newly-elected president of West Australian University Women, has more than a mere academic background. As Miss Lucy Hayward before her marriage, she not only obtained a science degree, but was a prominent woman motorist in racing events, once winning a light car endurance climb.

Mrs. Snaden, who was vice-president for the previous year, automatically becoming president, was formerly the extremely capable secretary of the association.

Arranging an Art Show in the Bush

THE Warrandyte Women's Auxiliary Association, with Dr. Ethel Osborne as president, which has a finger in the pie of almost any happening round about Warrandyte (Vic.), and has raised money for many charities, is now helping to organise an art show in a bush setting.

Thirty-six well-known artists are to exhibit their work in the Penleigh Boyd Studio, the quaint wattle and dahl cottage at Warrandyte, about a quarter of a mile from the Warrandyte bridge.

Invitations to the opening ceremony are supplemented by a plan showing where NOT to go. The association is erecting a marquee in which to serve afternoon tea for visitors.

Long List of Successes at Eisteddfods

MISS CLARICE GANLEY, of Gympie, Queensland, who possesses a sweet soprano voice, has met with much success in many eisteddfods, having won 14 prizes since 1933.

Kingaroy seems to be a lucky place for her. This year she won the mezzo-soprano championship, open solo and sacred solo, and last year the mezzo-soprano second grade solo and mezzo-soprano championship. In 1935 she came second in the mezzo-soprano second grade and championship, and with Miss Gladys Bradley won both first and second grade vocal duets.

In the Gympie Juvenile Eisteddfod in 1933 Miss Ganley won the piano solo under 12 years and the next year she and Miss Irene Lawson won the vocal duet. In 1935 at the Brisbane A.N.A. she won the open solo, mezzo-soprano solo and the girls' solo under 12.

Has Published Another Book

MISS LILLIAN L. SCHOLES, M.A., B.D., Dip.Ed., qualified to become a Methodist minister several years ago, and when the Methodist Church admits women to the pulpit she will be the first of her sex to be ordained.

In the meantime she is working hard for the Women's Home Mission League of the Methodist Church in Victoria, and has written several interesting books.

The latest to be published is "Here Be Facts," which is really studies in "The Rose and the Ring," a charming little book that is a helpful introduction to Browning's beautiful poem.

Adelaide Woman Writes Life of Explorer

MISS M. P. MAYO, a well-known Adelaide woman, has written a simple but exceedingly interesting book, "The Life and Letters of Colonel Light," which is being published in Adelaide as a Christmas book.

The author, who is a member of the Pioneers' Association in S.A., has spent much time and thought on her work, which included research at the Adelaide Archives Department, and in the Public Records Office in London. Her story has been helped considerably by papers and letters which have been in the possession of her family, with the result that an appendix contains letters written to and by Light during his early years in South Australia. He, of course, founded the city of Adelaide.

It is interesting that Miss Mayo's grandmother nursed Light during his illness, and was a beneficiary in his will.

Young Chinese Girls Help War Victims

WITHIN the last few months movements have sprung up in Melbourne to help relieve the hardships of war victims in China.

One of these is the Lei Far Club, which, in English, means Plum Blossom Club, and was formed by just a small band of young Chinese girls and men.

Miss Eileen Fong is their energetic secretary, and their first effort resulted in more than \$50 being handed in.

The League of Nations Union has opened an appeal in Victoria for money and used woolen clothing.

On the advice of Dr. Pao, the Consul-General for China, all money contributed will go to purchase medical supplies and food. \$200 has already been raised and spent in this way, with the result that 12 tons of flour (contributed by the Bendigo branch of the League of Nations Union) and quantities of medical supplies are now on the way to China.

Sisters Hold Fifth Joint Exhibition

TWO sisters, Misses May and Edith Powell, of Malvern, South Australia, recently held a joint exhibition of their paintings in the Argonaut Galleries, Adelaide, making the fifth annual occasion on which they have done so.

Both sisters are former students of the S.A. School of Arts, and have made a hobby of their painting, which includes watercolors, oils and china painting.

Miss May Powell, who is particularly interested in work on china, uses South Australian wildflowers as the basis of most of her designs. The watercolors are painted during sketching holidays and excursions to various parts of the State.

Miss Edith Powell is a returned army nurse, and is a committee member of that association in South Australia.

Re-elected Secretary of Graduates' Association

AT the recent elections of the Adelaide University Women Graduates' Association, Miss Esther Mewett was re-elected secretary and treasurer. She has already held this position for three years.

A Bachelor of Arts, she has many interests, including the Student Christian Movement, the Y.W.C.A. (she is on the Girls' Works Committee), and a teacher at the Unley Church of Christ Sunday School.

Miss Mewett last year gained the Diploma of Public Administration, and it is believed she is the only woman to obtain this in South Australia.

She is also very interested in political science and economy, and last year was a S.A. delegate to the political science congress in Canberra. She is the headmistress of a branch of a well-known business college.



Miss Mewett



Cucumber Cream for Sunburn

THE vitamin content of Le Charme Cucumber Cream is an ideal palliative for the soreness of sunburn.

"Cool as a cucumber"—it not only soothes and heals tissues that are severely burnt, but also, if applied before sunbaking, it prevents painful blisters and redness. Price, 2/6 the jar.

SUNTAN—To obtain suntan effect apply Le Charme Poudre de Beauté (Beauty Powder), 1/4 the bottle. Will not wash or rub off.

LE CHARME SUNTAN CREAM NAIL POLISH will complete your suntan make-up. 1/4 the bottle.

FRECKLES—To remove freckles or liver spots, apply Le Charme Face Wash—2/6 the jar.

All Le Charme preparations are obtainable at leading stores and chemists, or write direct to Box 12541, G.P.O., Sydney.

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BECAUSE: Its colors are flattering and its perfume inviting.

BECAUSE: It keeps lips soft and appealing.

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5 Appealing Shades

Blood, Scarlet, Vivid Raspberry, Cherry.

Just as you love MICHEL Lipstick, so you will love MICHEL Face Powder, Adornment Rouge, and Waterproof, Non-Smearing Eye Cosmetics. Use them, too.

Michel LIPSTICK

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores

THE FLEET'S IN!

Continued from
Page 18

THEN Penny said:

"It feels funny saying good-bye to all you've been used to."

Whitebait said nothing, and she went on.

"My house looks nice to live in, but it isn't. And your ship looks all right too, but it isn't. Does seem a shame when you come to think of it."

"You haven't really told me what you're running away for," said he.

So she told him. Whitebait nodded.

"I must say it seems a fairly rotten reason."

She flared up at that.

"No more rotten than yours, I'll bet. And what is your reason, anyway?"

When he told her she made a face and shrugged.

"Well, honestly, I don't think it's much of a one," said she. "If the captain really thought you were giving sauce, he had to say what he did."

"If you can't see any deeper than that, I'm sorry for you."

"You mean about war being all wrong?"

"Among other things."

"All the same, Whitebait, there is something rather splendid about people not being afraid to die for their country, isn't there?"

"If being utterly insane is splendid, I suppose there is," said he. "You couldn't be expected to know it, but patriotism is responsible for more harm than anything else in the world."

"But isn't patriotism only a sort of being loyal?"

"Loyalty is just as bad. It means a lot of fools sticking together because some bigger fool expects it of them."

Penny sighed. "I dare say you're right. You're much cleverer than I am. But it doesn't seem to leave much, does it?"

"Much what?"

"Much to believe in. I mean, if one isn't going to be loyal and stick to something or someone, a person wouldn't know where they were."

"My good fool," said Whitebait, "of course you must stick to someone. My point is that there's no sense in sticking to what isn't worth it."

Then Penny said:

"Do you think I'm worth it?"

Whitebait scratched his head.

"I know very little about you, but I don't see why not. Anyway, it's no use discussing that; we're tied up together and must make the best of it."

"But you were tied up to the Navy, and you've run away from that."

There was apprehension in her voice, and a shade of resentment.

"Oh Lord!" said Whitebait, "you needn't be afraid I shan't stick to our bargain. I'll stick, all right, as long as you don't try to boss me about."

Even that didn't satisfy her.

"How am I to be sure you won't boss me about?"

"Well, I shan't, as long as you're reasonable. Obviously the man has to be in command. That's one of the first laws of the universe. Take this motor bike, for example, we should jolly soon be in the ditch if both of us had to steer it."

"Not if we took turns."

"There are men's jobs and women's jobs," he insisted. "I don't quite know what the women's jobs are, but I do know a man's job is to protect them; and you can't protect anybody who goes careering all over the place and won't listen to a word that's said."

"If you ask me," Penny replied, "too much protecting goes on. The Navy's a form of protecting, and you've seen how rotten that is. I wish you'd see how rotten it would be to protect me."

At all ages the female of the species is able to produce lines of argument not only incomprehensible, but exasperating to the male. Here was a case in point. Whitebait did not want to be involved in academic discussions. What he wanted was sympathy, for he was more miserable than he cared to confess. He would have liked to lay his head on her lap and for her hands to have smoothed his hair, as his mother used to do before she went and died. His mother had never failed to get him out of one of his sulky moods when she treated him that way. And here he was in the enjoyment, or misery, of the

biggest sulk in his not very long life. It was grossly selfish of Penny to have failed to realise how she should have been employing herself. Her obvious attempts to consolidate her own future position were not at all endearing. Of course it was not too late to dissolve the partnership, burn the primrose pullover, and report back to the officer of the watch. There was still time. He shifted uneasily.

"I do think it's a bit thick that you can't talk of anything but yourself," he said. "I've made about as big a sacrifice for you as anybody could, and you treat the whole thing as if it didn't exist."

"What sacrifice?" she demanded, and her eyes were open wide.

"Well, if you can't see!"

"Deserting? That was nothing to do with me."

"I certainly was. You started the whole idea. I think when anybody gives up as much as I have for anybody it's up to them to be fairly decent about it. Not just grouse!"

"Well, I like that. I suppose I haven't given up anything, then."

"Can't see that you had anything to give up."

"Oh, you can't! Then I suppose a hunter of your own—a swimming-pool and lots of things like that aren't anything?"

"Of course they are, but they are not the same as a career. After all, my family has been in the Navy for three hundred years."

It was then that Penny said an unforgetable thing.

"I bet your ancestors will give you a rousing welcome when you meet."

Whitebait stared at her for one dreadful moment of silence, and his lower lip moved in and out in a way that was almost comic.

"You are a...most awful...swine," he said, and suddenly clapped his hands over his eyes. A sound like hiccougs came from him.

In an instant Penny threw her arms around his neck and drew his head against her shoulder.

"Oh, Whitebait, darling, I didn't mean it. Don't, please! I think you're fine—finer than anybody I've ever known. I never would have said what I did except that I was a bit—sort of scared at running away and everything. I wanted to be sure that you'd be fond of me, and that I'd never regret what we were doing. You see, it is rather a big step, isn't it?"

Then, as he didn't reply, she smoothed his hair, as his mother used to do. "But I'm not scared any longer, Whitebait; now I see you're human like anybody else. I'm glad we're running away together—and prouder than I can say."

Still Whitebait said nothing. It would not be his fault if that exquisite moment did not last for ever. The time was infinitely remote since anybody had really made a fuss of him. He had mastered the hiccougs and was surrendering himself to the heavenly sensation of finger-tips tracing a pattern of love and friendship on his cheek and hair. It was hard to believe that a few moments before he had seriously contemplated abandoning her on the hillside and returning to duty.

It is not in the nature of youth to endure, indefinitely, rough words and usages without the leavening influence of gentleness and love; which is a circumstance that the Lords of the Admiralty may not have taken into account. Whitebait was an orphan, and, in consequence, got all the powder and none of the jam. If his rations had included even a modicum of jam he would not have attached such unreasonable importance to Penny's sudden assault of sweetness. The luckless boy was delivered, bound, into the hands of an enchantress.

Nor was Penny any the less enchanted. Womanlike she said to herself:

"HIS mine now, to do with as I will."

It did not occur to her to pop him back into his uniform, give him a nice kiss, promise to write every day, and return him to his ship. He was her willing captive, and, as such, she and the motor-bike carried him off to a wayside inn, twenty miles distant, where she fed him with tea and honey and words of a gentleness not to be put on paper for vulgar eyes to read and vulgar minds to relish.

The parlor where tea was served

was at the back of the bar, from which came the pleasant rhythmic rumble of rustic voices. When Whitebait had eaten as much as he could conveniently hold, if not more, he took one of Penny's hands in his; and the honey, in which both of them had dabbled liberally, united them in a deathless clasp.

"It seems to me," he said, "that there's nothing for it but marriage. I don't know how young you've got to be before you can marry—I mean how old you must be before they let you—but it is pretty obvious we can't go on like this."

Penny nodded.

"I suppose it is—and waiting is too frightful."

"It's out of the question," said Whitebait. "Couldn't be done."

Penny said:

"I had a governess named Miss Morki, who was engaged for four years. Imagine that!"

"I can't. She must have been an absolute fish."

"As a matter of fact she was."

"People who are afraid to take the plunge don't deserve to get the chance," said Whitebait. "The thing to do is to rout out a padre and see what he can do for us."

Penny accepted that with another nod, then added, anxiously:

"But, Whitebait, suppose he says we can't?"

It was not an easy question to answer, and Whitebait turned for inspiration to a colored engraving of Queen Victoria above the mantelpiece. There was something in the general demeanor of the subject which convinced him that she would not supply the answer which his ardor desired. Consequently he dropped his eyes to a plaster cast of a white horse as being more likely to encourage a young man to kick over the traces.

"Why, then," he replied, huskily, "I suppose we shall have to let things take their course."

He had handled a delicate situation with a phrase of the utmost discretion; and not to be outdone either in etiquette or moral courage Penny lowered her head and whispered:

"I am ready to face the future, whatever it may hold."

IT would have been impossible for two young people to continue to support so high a conversational level, and the intrusion of a new voice from the bar was a source of relief rather than of resentment.

The voice was big and hearty. It followed a loud banging of the entrance door as his owner breezed into the bar.

"Evening all! Heard the latest? That chap what's-his-name seems to be asking for it and no mistake. What's it going to mean—war or what?"

A murmur of rustic questions en-



RED CROSS WORKERS are now busy in Tokio raising funds for the relief of soldiers returning from the China front. Pictured above is a typical street scene in the Japanese capital to-day.

sued, and Whitebait's grip on Penny's hand tightened.

"Sh!" he said.

Once more the voice took up the tale.

"It's these sanctions he can't stomach. A proper bit of sabre rattling. O' course there may be nothing in it, but they've ordered the Home Fleet to the Mediterranean. Fact, sails to-night according to the evening papers."

Whitebait did not wait to hear another word.

"I want to pay for the tea; I've got to go," he shouted.

The young lady who came from the bar told him that patience was a virtue; but Whitebait did not stop to argue the point or to collect his change. He seized Penny by the wrist and dragged her out.

"Where are we going?" she yelled as he kick-started the engine of the motor-bike.

"Don't be a fool! Back to my ship, of course."

"But, Whitebait, you don't believe in war."

"I don't believe in war when there isn't one, but I'm jolly well not going to miss one when there is. Get on to that bracket if you don't want to be left behind."

It is surprising that the first casualties of the predicted war did not occur during the return journey, for Whitebait drove like an inspired lunatic. He changed back into uniform behind the same heap of stones

where he and Penny had sat and pondered earlier that afternoon. He reported for duty with a minute to spare between himself and walking the plank.

It was Penny who wheeled the motor-bike back to the shop, and who returned home clasping to her immature bosom a primrose pullover, which she would not have exchanged for the signed photographs of all the film stars in the world.

That night she attached it to the wall of her bedroom with drawing-pins, and worshipped and wept before it. And later, in a half-dream, she saw herself nursing back to health and strength the war-broken and bemuddled body of Whitebait.

As is now commonly known, there was no war. The grey leviathans of the British Navy thrashed the waters of the Mediterranean in threatening splendor, costing the British taxpayer heaven knows how much extra on his income-tax. The big parade was very alarming and expensive, and from the viewpoint of the man in the street quite unnecessary. Whereas, in point of fact, it was of vital importance; and a grateful public should have sent the scaremaker an illuminated address thanking him from the bottom of their hearts, for a course of action which dissuaded two ardent, inexperienced, and rather green young things from committing a folly which, without doubt, they would have deplored for the rest of their lives.

(Copyright)

THE CITADEL

Continued from
Page 6

W

ADE'S deference was merely one instance of the general upswing of opinion. He now found the other doctors in the district giving him a friendly salute as their coupes went past his own.

At the autumn divisional meeting of the Medical Association, in that same room where, on his first appearance, he had been made to feel a pariah, he was welcomed, made much of, given a cigar by Doctor Ferrie, vice-president of the division.

"Glad to see you with us, doctor," fussed little red-faced Ferrie. "Did you approve of my speech? We've got to hold out for our fees. On night calls especially, I am taking a firm stand. The other night I was knocked up by a boy—a mere child of twelve, if you please. 'Come round quick, doctor,' he blubbers. 'Father's at work and my mother's taken awful bad.' You know that two a.m. conversation. And I'd never seen the kid in my life before. 'My dear boy,' says I, 'your mother's no patient of mine! Away and fetch me my half guinea and then I'll come.' Of course he never came back. I tell you, doctor, this district is terrible—"

During the week after the divisional meeting Mrs. Lawrence rang him up. He always enjoyed the graceful inconsequence of her telephone conversations, but to-day, after mentioning that her husband was fishing in Ireland, that she might pos-

sibly be going later to join him there, she asked him, dropping out her invitation as though it were of no importance, to luncheon on the following Friday.

"Topsy'll be there. And one or two people—less dull, I think, than one usually meets. It might do you some good—perhaps—to know them."

Frances Lawrence's house was in Knightsbridge, in a quiet street, between Hans Place and Wilton Crescent. Though it had not the splendor of the Le Roy mansion its restrained taste conveyed an equal sense of opulence. Andrew was late in arriving and most of the guests were already there: Topsy, Rose Keane, the novelist, Sir Dudley Rumbold-Blane, M.D., F.R.C.P., famous physician and member of the board of Cremo Products, Nicol Watson, traveller and anthropologist, and several others of less alarming distinction.

He found himself at table beside a Mrs. Thornton, who lived, she informed him, in Leicestershire, and who came up periodically to Brown's Hotel for a short season in town. Though he was now able calmly to sustain the ordeal of introductions, he was glad to regain his assurance under cover of her chatter, a maternal account of a foot injury, received at hockey by her daughter Sybil, a schoolgirl at Roedean.

Giving one ear to Mrs. Thornton, who took his mute listening for interest, he still managed to hear something of the suave and witty conversation around him—Rose Keane's

acid pleasanties, Watson's fascinatingly graceful account of an expedition he had recently made through the Paraguayan interior. He admired also the ease with which Frances kept the talk moving, at the same time sustaining the measured pedantry of Sir Rumbold, who sat beside her. Once or twice he felt her eyes upon him, half smiling, interrogative.

"Of course," Watson concluded his narrative with a deprecatory smile. "Easily one's most devastating experience was to come home and run straight into an attack of influenza."

Andrew eventually found himself joining freely in the conversation. Before he took his leave from her drawing-room, Frances had a word with him.

"You really do shine," she murmured, "out of the consulting-room. Mrs. Thornton hasn't been able to drink her coffee for telling me about you. I have a strange presentiment that you've bagged her—is that the phrase?—as a patient."

With that remark ringing in his ear, he went home feeling that he was much the better, and Christine none the worse for the adventure.

On the following morning, however, at half-past ten he had an unpleasant shock. Freddie Hampton rang him to inquire briefly:

"Enjoy your lunch yesterday? How did I know? Why, you old dog, haven't you seen this morning's Tribune?"

Please turn to Page 40

Our Great Medical Series

INDIGESTION MAY Point to
Various COMPLICATIONS

Some Simple Precautions

By A SPECIALIST

The human stomach is a much abused organ. It has an important job to carry out in the daily routine of the body, being a link in the mechanism of digestion.

But recent research has shown that this is not its sole function; it plays a part in blood formation as well.

That it should remain in good working trim is thus a vital issue of health.

YET a big majority of citizens habitually overwork and otherwise ill-treat this natural mechanism in a way that they would not dream of treating a non-living machine.

For instance, what would we say of a motorist who fed his car-engine with the wrong fuel, plus a bad mixture, kept it running night and day (whether the car was in use or not) and at top speed; and, when it developed defects, simply poured some "dope" that made "missing" a "knock" less audible?

We would naturally predict an engine breakdown, with the comment that the motorist brought it about by his own neglect and stupidity.

Yet the above case is a fair parallel with the treatment many of us mete out to our digestive organs. The stomach being the first unit in the digestive process has also the unhappy lot of bearing the brunt of the ill-treatment with which we afflict our respective "little Marys."

A brief explanation, first, of the function of the stomach. This is generally misunderstood. It is not a digestive organ in the strict sense of the term. It is simply a preparatory station where certain items of the food are made ready (by partial chemical conversion) for the main process of digestion and absorption, which takes place in the first part of the intestine. The latter provides the really powerful digestive juices by which the nutrient portions of the food are completely converted and made soluble, so that the body can absorb them.

The stomach is therefore a convenience to expedite digestion, a division of labor devised by Nature for further efficiency. Minus the stomach altogether, the intestine could still handle the digestive process, but the latter would be slow and tedious.

People have actually lived for years in fair health when, because of disease or tumor, the greater part of the stomach has been removed.

Not the Whole Story

BUT that is not the whole story. The lining of the stomach has another function besides that of predigestion. It secretes a substance which combines with certain ingredients of the food; the combination forms a key-substance necessary in making new red cells of the blood. If the stomach-wall becomes inflamed or damaged, this work of renewing the blood cannot be carried on. This explains why chronic inflammation of the stomach (gastritis) leads to loss of strength and ill-health.

Finally, while the stomach is only a preparatory halting-place for the food, yet if the latter is delayed or inefficiently treated there, it may undergo changes that make its actual digestion in the intestine a long or even impossible job.

In the light of the above facts let us consider an attack of ordinary indigestion (otherwise, dyspepsia). It is almost superfluous to detail the symptoms. After eating, there is almost immediate discomfort; the sufferer becomes unpleasantly aware of the motions of the stomach (which normally never disturb consciousness). The food seems to "weigh like lead"; there is pain (often radiating back through the shoulder-blades); the stomach distends; the face flushes, the heart palpitates; there is an "acid taste" in the mouth. As the food gradually leaves the stomach, the symptoms remit; but there is usually the sequel of further discomfort in

the following portions of the digestive tract.

Constipation is usual. The tongue is furred, the mouth dry, headache is frequent; and there is a mental reaction which expresses itself by irritability, hasty temper, and a "dyspeptic outlook" on life generally.

In probing the causes of such attacks (which may be acute—the common "bilious attack"—or chronic, as with the individual who is a "martyr to indigestion"), we will first consider the more obvious.

Overloading the stomach. In spite of the slimming craze, people still eat too much, particularly those of middle age and beyond. Modern transport, including the motor car, has conferred many benefits on humanity, but it has almost abolished for middle-aged persons the good old exercise of walking, which used to neutralise to some extent the ill-effects of over-eating, especially over-indulgence in meat and carbohydrates (the sugar-forming) or energy foods.

The teeth. People nowadays are said to be more "tooth-conscious"; that is, aware of the necessity of preserving teeth in a sound state, or replacing hopelessly-decayed ones by efficient artificial sets. But it is also



THIS UNUSUAL evening gown of silver metal cloth is worn by Dorothy Dearing. The graceful, moulded lines are achieved by means of subtle draping. A jewelled clip adorns the "V" neck.

a fact that many people in middle age give up bothering about the matter.

They get one set of artificial teeth and "make it do," long after it becomes inefficient through mouth-changes and wearing-down of the dentures. As a result the food is imperfectly masticated, though the patient is quite unaware of the fact, and chronic dyspepsia results.

Imperfect mastication also occurs in those with good teeth, as a result

of "bolting" the food. The rush meal is an unpleasant development of modern civilisation. It can easily become a habit, so that where no necessity exists food is still hastily swallowed after a mere perfunctory roll round the mouth.

The ill-effect of bolting food is not (as many think) directly due to its subsequent non-digestion. The intestinal juice will still deal with a fair proportion of it.

The trouble is that food in imperfectly-divided masses lingers in the stomach, irritating and abrading the lining of its walls. Thus is laid the foundation of chronic inflammation of these walls (gastritis), and, in certain cases, of gastric ulcers.

THE above are all simple mechanical causes of indigestion, and their remedy is obvious. We now pass to more complex causes—those due to defects of the stomach itself.

Direct experiment upon human beings has recently proved that in normal individuals hydrochloric acid is always poured out, no matter what the type of meal taken. There is thus no advantage in dividing up meals into protein meals and carbohydrate meals, as in certain dieting systems now being advocated. When a purely carbohydrate meal is taken, the acid is poured out, just the same; it goes to waste, as far as that meal is concerned.

The normal stomach is one that always pours out sufficient hydrochloric acid to deal with the predigestion of an average "mixed" type of meal. Research now reveals that there are two types of abnormal stomach in which this acid mechanism is at fault.

The first is the hypertonic (over-active) stomach, in which the acid is poured out in excess. The danger with such stomachs, especially as the muscular action is usually over-active, is that forcibly-impelled solid food may abrade the stomach wall. The excess acid then erodes and eats away these abraded spots, and gastric ulcers are the result.

Lack of Gastric Acid

BUT an equally serious stomach condition is deficiency or total lack of gastric acid. This is a quite common defect. It is often associated with under-activity (lack of muscular tone) of the stomach walls, but sometimes it occurs in normal stomachs (and is then usually hereditary; that is, it runs in families.)

The bad effect of lack of gastric acid is not so much that predigestion of protein (meaty) foods is held up; the intestine can deal with that afterwards.

But the gastric acid in normal stomachs has the valuable property of stopping the activity of germs. If lacking or deficient in acid, a stomach containing germs swallowed with food or derived from mouth or throat has no defence against them.

Consequently these germs multiply and thrive, break up the food in the stomach into all sorts of irritating and useless compounds, and there results the well-known complaint, flatulent or fermentative dyspepsia.

Now in both cases—over-acidity and lack of acidity of the stomach—contents—the stomach-walls are constantly irritated, and there may result the condition known as chronic gastritis, or catarrh of the stomach.

Gastritis is a far more common sequel of under-acidity than over-acidity, in spite of popular notions to the contrary. As mentioned above, mechanical "insults" to the long-suffering stomach also play prominent roles as causes (food too coarse or insufficiently masticated, and strong alcohol, as in spirits, for instance), while, in under-acidified stomachs, germs swallowed from the mouth and throat, especially from



INDIGESTION has no terrors for this happy youngster, who is starting early on a beneficial fruit diet.

septic teeth or tonsils, are potent causes of irritation.

The patient with chronic gastritis always suffers from anaemia and loss of strength, because the stomach cells which secrete the substance necessary to blood formation become choked with mucus.

The other symptoms are simply an exaggeration of ordinary dyspepsia, with the addition that there is no period of remission.

The stomach becomes permanently dilated; appetite is lost; bouts of bowel looseness alternate with constipation; early-morning nausea is common; the food is delayed in the stomach, and pain, "heartburn," and formation of gas follow every meal.

In the treatment of dyspepsia and gastritis, the common-sense way of tackling these distressing conditions is to search for a cause, eliminating each possible cause in turn. If irregular or hasty meals, bad teeth, or ill-fitting dentures, over-eating or the wrong type of food can thus be put out of court, the stomach itself must be at fault.

A word, first, on treatment of dyspepsia due to the causes just instanced. If the origin is successfully treated (hasty meals and insufficient mastication, "reformed" teeth attended to, etc.) one should not expect immediate cure of the dyspepsia especially if of long standing. It may be necessary to rest the inflamed stomach-lining for a short period.

This is best carried out by going on a diet of milk and milk foods for a week.

Small Mixed Meals

MIXED meals should then be resumed, including the more easily-digested meats, but only in small amounts at first, and at regular hours. Strong tea, coffee, and spirituous beverages should be shunned altogether.

If it appears that the stomach itself is at fault, the best course is to consult a physician and arrange to have a test made to determine if over-acidity or under-acidity is present.

This is an obvious safeguard, as the treatment of the two conditions is entirely different. If lack of acid is the cause of chronic gastritis, acid treatment will be necessary; the physician will prescribe dilute (purified) hydrochloric acid, to be taken immediately after meals. Liver extract may be needed, to treat anaemia.

If too much gastric acid is the trouble, the medical treatment is by alkalis, taken, not immediately after meals, but after a lapse of an hour, so that any excess acid lingering in the stomach can be neutralised.

Alkali treatment is popular with the public for stomach disorders. This is because alkaline powders give quick relief by neutralising products of fermentation in the stomach.

Another reason why middle-aged persons in particular should consult a physician for any protracted spell of dyspepsia is that it may be a danger-signal of serious disease.

Pernicious anaemia is an occasional sequel of lack of gastric acid, and discovery of this lack is always a suspicion that anaemia may be setting in.

Can be Held in Check

LUCKILY to-day pernicious anaemia, once invariably fatal, can be held in check by liver extract. The latter, by the way, is now usually given in all cases of lack of gastric acid, because anaemia of variable amount accompanies gastritis due to this cause.

Another reason for getting an overhaul for a persistent chronic gastritis in middle-age is that it may be an early symptom of cancer of the stomach. This applies to people who have suffered periodically throughout life from over-acidity, and consequent frequent gastric ulceration. Up to 10 per cent. of such cases develop cancer. Cancer of the stomach is curable to-day if taken in hand early enough; but it is frequently passed over by patients themselves in the early stages as persistent indigestion. "It is better to be sure than sorry."

There are also other diseases in which persistent dyspepsia appears as a secondary symptom—gallstones, appendicitis, and some types of kidney trouble, for instance.

This is an added reason why all persistent indigestion that does not yield to simple remedies should be cleared of suspicion of "something behind it" by a medical examination.

Finally there is that intractable complaint which used to be known as "nervous dyspepsia," and for which the physicians of the modern school have complicated names derived from the newer psychology. In simple terms, sufferers from this complaint, besides being physically run-down, usually have "something on the mind." In other words, worry is the basis of their trouble; treatment of symptoms (which may box the compass of every variety of dyspepsia) is of little avail, and what is really needed is a confidential talk with a sympathetic physician or nerve specialist, with "all cards on the table."

THE CITADEL

Continued from
Page 38

DISMAYED, Andrew went directly into the waiting-room, where the papers were laid out when Christine and he had finished them. For the second time he went through the "Tribune," one of the better-known pictorial dailies. Suddenly he started. How had he missed it before? There, on a page devoted to society gossip, was a photograph of Frances Lawrence with a paragraph describing her luncheon party of the day before, his name amongst the guests.

With a chagrined face he slipped the sheet from the others, crumpled it into a ball, flung it in the fire. Then he realised that Christine had already read the paper. He frowned in an access of vexation. Though he felt sure that she had not seen this confounded paragraph he went scowling into his consulting-room.

But Christine had seen the paragraph. And, after a momentary bewilderment, the hurt of it struck her to the heart. Why had he not told her? Why? Why? She would not have minded his going to this stupid lunch. She tried to reassure herself—it was all too trivial to cause her such anxiety and pain. But she saw with a dull ache that its implications were not trivial.

It was Saturday forenoon and she had promised to take Florrie with her when she set out to do her shopping. Florrie was a bright little girl and Christine had become attached to her. She could hear waiting now, at the head of the basement stairs, sent up by her mother, very clean and wearing a fresh frock, in a state of great preparedness. They often went out together like this on a Saturday.

She felt better in the open air with the child holding her hand, walking down the Market, talking to her friends amongst the hawkers, buying fruit, flowers, trying to think of something especially nice to please Andrew. Yet the wound was still open. Why, why had he not told her? And why had she not been there? She recollected that first occasion at Aberlaw when they had gone to the Vaughans and it had taken all her efforts to drag him with her. How different was the position now! Was she to blame? Had she changed, withdrawn into herself, become in some way anti-social? She did not think so. She still liked meeting and knowing people, irrespective of who or what they were. Her friendship with Mrs. Vaughan still persisted in their regular exchange of letters.

As she went into Frau Schmidt's she tried to erase the lines of worry from her brow. Nevertheless she found the old woman looking at her sharply. And presently Frau Schmidt grumbled:

"You don't eat enough, my dear! You don't look as you should! And you had a fine car now and money and everything. Look! I will make you taste this. It is good!"

The long thin knife in her hand cut a slice of her famous boiled ham and made Christine eat a soft bread sandwich. At the same time Florrie was provided with an iced pastry. Frau Schmidt kept talking all the time.

"And now you want some Lib-tauer, Herr doctor—he has eaten pounds of my cheese and he never grows tired of it. Some day I will ask him to write me a testimonial to put in my window. This is the cheese that made me famous!" Chuckling, Frau Schmidt ran on until they left her.

VIOLENT PAINS IN STOMACH

WARN OF ACIDITY AND
ULCERATION.

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Sudden pains in your stomach are sure signs of excess gastric acid. These first signs of indigestion should never be neglected, for as time goes on this acidity may lead to gastritis or dangerous stomach ulceration. I've found that quick relief can be obtained by taking a little "Bismarated" Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This instantly neutralises the excess stomach acid and soothes and heals the inflamed stomach lining, thus promoting normal, painless digestion and guarding against future trouble. For many years we doctors have used and prescribed "Bismarated" Magnesia for the speedy and sure relief of indigestion and allied stomach troubles.

Note: "Bismarated" Magnesia, referred to above, is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark "Bismarog."

They were home at last and Christine began to undo the wrappings from her purchases. As she moved about the front room, putting the bronze chrysanthemums she had bought into a vase, she felt sad again.

Suddenly the telephone rang. She went to answer it, her face still, her lips lightly drooping. For perhaps five minutes she was absent. When she returned her expression was transfigured. Her eyes were bright, excited. From time to time she glanced out of the window, eager for Andrew's return, her despondency forgotten in the good news she had received, news which was so important to him, yes, important to both of them. She had a happy conviction that nothing could have been more propitious. No better antidote to the poison of a facile success could ever have been decreed. And it was such an advance, such a real step up for him as well. Eagerly she went to the window again.

When he arrived she could not contain herself to wait but ran to meet him in the hall.

"Andrew! I've got a message for you from Sir Robert Abbey. He's just been on the telephone."

"Yes?" His face, which had drawn into sudden compunction at the sight of her, cleared.

"Yes! He rang up, himself, wanted to speak to you. I told him who I was—oh! he was terribly nice—oh—oh—I'm telling you so badly. Darling! You're to be appointed to out-patients at the Victoria Hospital—immediately!"

His eyes filled slowly with excited realisation.

"Why—that's good news, Chris. 'Don't it, isn't it,' she cried, delighted. 'Your own work again—chances for research—everything you wanted on the Fatigue Board and didn't get—' She put her arms round his neck and hugged him.

He looked down at her, indescribably touched by her love, her generous unselfishness. He had a momentary pang.

"What a good soul you are, Chris! And—and what a lot I am!"

Upon the fourteenth of the following month, Andrew began his duties in the out-patients' department of the Victoria Chest Hospital.

On his first day, he went round with Doctor Eustace Thoroughgood, the senior honorary, an elderly, pleasantly precise man of fifty, well under the middle height, with a small grey imperial and a kindly manner, rather like an agreeable churchwarden. Doctor Thoroughgood had his own wards in the hospital and under the existing system, a survival of old tradition—in which he was interestingly erudite—he was "responsible" for Andrew and for Doctor Milligan, the other junior honorary.

AFTER their tour of the hospital he took Andrew to the long basement common-room where, although it was barely four o'clock, the lights were already on.

They had a pleasant tea and much hot buttered toast with the other members of the staff. Andrew thought the house physicians very likeable youngsters. Yet as he noted their deference to Doctor Thoroughgood and himself he could not refrain from smiling at the recollection of his clashes with other "insolent pups," not so many months ago, in the frequent struggles to get his patients into hospital.

Seated next to him was a young man, Doctor Vallance, who had spent twelve months studying under the Mayo Brothers in the United States. Andrew and he began to talk about the famous Clinic and its system, then Andrew, with sudden interest, asked him if he had heard of Stillman while he was in America.

"Yes, of course," said Vallance. "They think a lot of him out there. He has no diploma of course, but unofficially they more or less recognise him now. He gets the most amazing results."

"Have you seen his clinic?"

"No," Vallance shook his head. "I didn't get as far as Oregon."

Andrew paused for a moment, wondering if he should speak. "I believe it's a most remarkable place," he said at length. "I happen to have been in touch with Stillman over a period of years—he first wrote me about a paper which I published in the American Journal of Hygiene. I've seen photographs and details of his clinic. One

couldn't wish for a more ideal place to treat one's cases. High up, in the centre of a pine wood, isolated, glassed balconies, a special air-conditioning system to ensure perfect purity and constant temperature in winter." Andrew broke off, deprecating his own enthusiasm, for a break in the general conversation made everything he said audible to the entire table. "When one thinks of our conditions in London, it seems an unsatisfactory ideal."

Doctor Thoroughgood smiled with dry asperity.

"Our London physicians have always managed to get along very well in these same London conditions, Doctor Manson. We may not have the exotic devices of which you speak. But I venture to suggest that our solid, well-tried methods—though less spectacular—bring equally satisfactory and probably more lasting results."

Andrew, keeping his eyes lowered, did not answer. He felt that as a new member of the staff he had been indiscreet in voicing his opinion so openly.



A THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH coat fashioned from rich chocolate velvet, with a novel cut-away front, reveals an exquisite figured satin evening gown worn by Phyllis Brooks.

Beyond that first slight breeze, Doctor Thoroughgood set himself out to be a sympathetic and helpful colleague. He was a sound physician, an almost unerring diagnostician, and he was always glad to have Andrew round his wards. But in treatment, his tidy mind resented the intrusion of the new.

Andrew forgot about Thoroughgood in beginning his own work. It was wonderful, he told himself, after months of waiting, to find himself starting again. He gave, at the outset, quite a good imitation of his old ardor and enthusiasm.

The poor people who came to the dispensary did not demand much of him. His predecessor had, it appeared, been something of a bully and so long as he prescribed generously and made an occasional joke his popularity was never in doubt. He got on well, too, with Doctor Milligan, his opposite number, and it was not long before he found himself adopting Milligan's method of dealing with the regular patients. He would have them up, in a bunch, to his desk at the beginning of dispensary and rapidly initial their cards. As he scribbled Rep. Mist—the mixture as before—he had no time to recollect how he had once derided this classic phrase. He was well on the way to being an admirable honorary physician.

Six weeks after he had taken over at the Victoria, as he sat at breakfast with Christine, he opened a letter which bore the Marselles postmark. Gazing at it unbelievably for a moment, he gave a sudden exclamation:

"It's from Denny! He's sick of Mexico at last! Coming back to settle down, he says—I'll believe that when I see it! But, Lord! It'll be good to see him again. How long has he been away? It seems ages. Have you got the paper there? Chris, look up when the Oreta gets in."

She was as pleased as he at the unexpected news, but for a rather different reason. There was a strong maternal strain in Christine, a queer calvinistic protectiveness towards her husband. She had always recognised that Denny, and indeed, in a lesser degree, Hope, exerted a beneficial effect upon him. Now, especially, when he seemed changing, she was more anxiously alert. No sooner had this letter arrived than her mind was at work planning a meeting which would bring these three together.

The day before the Oreta was due at Tilbury she broached the matter.

"I wonder if you'd mind, Andrew—I thought I might give a little dinner next week—just for you and Denny and Hope."

He gazed at her in some surprise. In view of the vague undercurrent of constraint between them it was strange to hear her talk of entertaining. He answered:

"Hope's probably at Cambridge. And Denny and I might as well go out somewhere." Then, seeing her face, he relented quickly. "Oh! All right. Make it Sunday though, that's the best night for all of us."

ON the following Sunday, Denny arrived, stockier and more brick-red of face and neck than ever. He looked older, seemed less morose, more contented in his manner. Yet he was the same Denny, his greeting to them being:

"This is a very grand house. Sure I haven't made a mistake?" Half turning gravely to Christine. "This well-dressed gentleman is Doctor Manson, isn't he? If I'd known I'd have brought him a canary."

Seated, a moment later, he re-

used a drink. "Not I'm a regular line-jumper now. Strange as it may seem I'm going to set to and get a real pull on the collar. I've had about enough of the wide and starry sky. Best way to get to like this blasted country is to go abroad."

Andrew considered him with affectionate reproach.

"You really ought to settle down, you know, Philip," he said. "After all you're on the right side of forty. And with your talents—"

Denny shot him an odd glance from beneath his brows.

"Don't be so smug, Professor. I may still show you a few tricks one of these days."

He told them he had been lucky enough to be appointed Surgical Registrar of the South Hertfordshire Infirmary, three hundred a year and all found. He did not consider it a permanency, of course, but there was a considerable amount of operative work to be done there and he would be able to refresh his surgical technique. After that he would see what could be done.

"Don't know how they gave me the job," he argued. "It must be another case of mistaken identity."

"No," said Andrew rather stolidly. "It's your M.S., Philip. A first-class degree like that will get you anywhere."

"What have you been doing to him?" Denny groaned. "He don't sound like the bloke what blew up that sewer with me."

At this point Hope arrived. He had not met Denny before. But five minutes was enough for them to understand one another. At the end of that time, as they went in to dinner, they were agreeably united in being rude to Manson.

But gradually they settled down to talk. Denny related some of his experiences in the Southern States—he had one or two negro stories which made Christine laugh—and Hope detailed for them the latest activities of the Board. Whitney had at last succeeded in steering his long contemplated muscular fatigue experiments into action.

"That what I'm doing now," Hope gloomed. "But thank heaven my scholarship has only another nine months to run. Then I'm going to do something. I'm tired of working out other people's ideas, having old men stand over me," his tone dropped into ribald mimicry. "How much sarcolactic acid did you find for me this time, Mr. Hope? I want to do something for myself. I wish to Heaven I had a little lab. of my own!"

THEN, as Christine had hoped, the talk became violently medical. After dinner, despite Denny's melancholy protestation, they had stripped a brace of ducks—when coffee was brought in, she pleaded to remain. And though Hope assured her that the language would not be ladylike she sat, her elbows on the table, chin upon her hands, listening silently forgotten, her eyes fixed earnestly on Andrew's face.

At first he had appeared stiff and reserved. Though it was a joy to see Philip again he had the feeling that his old friend was a little cautious towards his success, unappreciative even mildly derisive. After all, he had done pretty well for himself, hadn't he? And what had Denny done? What had Denny done? When Hope chipped in with his attempt of humor he had almost told them pretty sharply, to stop being funny at his expense.

Yet now they were talking and he was drawn into it unconsciously. Momentarily, whether he willed or not, he caught the infection from the other two and with a bad copy of his old rapture he made himself heard.

They were discussing hospitals which caused him suddenly to express himself upon the whole hospital system.

"This was merely by way of introduction. The crescendo of discussion rose."

Philip got on to his old contention—the folly of asking the general practitioner to pull everything off of the one black bag, the stupidity of making him carry every case on his shoulders until that delightful moment when, for five guineas, some specialist he had never seen before drove up to tell him it was too late to carry anything at all.

Hope, without mildness or restraint, expressed the case of the young bacteriologist, sandwiched between commercialism and conservatism—on the one hand, the bland firm of chemists who would pay him a wage to make proprietary articles, on the other a Board of blithering dotards.

"Can you imagine," Hope hissed—the Marx brothers sitting in a rich city motor car with four independent steering wheels and an unlimited supply of motor-horns. That's us at the M.F.B."

They did not stop until after twelve o'clock and then, unexpectedly, they found sandwiches and coffee before them on the table.

"Oh, I say, Mrs. Manson," Hope protested with a politeness which showed that, in Denny's phrase, he was a Nice Young Man at Heart. "We must have been you stiff. Funny how hungry talking makes one. I'll suggest that Whitney as a new line of investigation—effect upon the gastric actions of hot-air fatigue. Hal! Ha! That's a perfect Nag-lam!"

When Hope had gone, with fervent protestations that he had enjoyed the evening, Denny remained a few minutes longer, exacting the privilege of his older friendship. Then, Andrew having left the room to ring for a taxi, he apologetically brought out a small, very beautiful Spanish shawl.

(To be Continued)

Her Finger Tips Lift out Corns

Advice of chemist who knows how to wiper up corns so they come out easily and painlessly.

"Yes, who was bothered with hot throbbing burning corns—but didn't last long," said the chemist, "you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Propolol on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wiper up and then you can lift it out with your finger tips. Go get a small bottle of Propolol today from your chemist and get rid of corns. It's guaranteed."

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**FORD'S
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A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone 2 to 9 stone 2 lbs. This is a most fittingly correct treatment, as I was advised by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6. 10/- at all chemists. Post free from NOEL, F. FORD, M.F.S. (Sole. Eng.), Chemist, 241, King Street, Newcastle, Tel. 1115."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

December 25, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One



• THE QUIANT and lovely picture reproduced above is the handwork of Pixie O'Harris, the gifted artist and poet. This clever Australian (Mrs. Bruce Pratt in private life) specialises in illustrating fairies and goblins to delight the hearts of little folk, and, naturally, it is charming pictures like this that decorate the nursery walls of her two little daughters. Here's an idea: Why not cut this picture out and frame it? Some little girl you know would cherish it as a Christmas gift.

YEAR-ROUND Cheer FOR YOUR Little ONES

Give Them Nice Rooms of Their Own!

IT is said that Christmas-time is children's time. In the majority of homes this is evident, for thousands upon thousands of pounds are freely spent on toys to gladden little hearts. But the question is: Do all parents act wisely in spending so lavishly at this time, and in this way?

DURING the past few days I have visited the toy departments of some of our bigger stores and watched with interest the usual novel and amusing toys, instructive toys as well as the cultural gifts being chosen by youngsters, parents and friends.

I also stood afar off and watched the frantic buying for Christmas stockings of gaudy, ill-made articles at cheap stores. Some of these are destined to decorate the scrap-heap within twelve hours of "Santa's" visit.

In one store, I overheard a young mother say to a friendly type of salesgirl, who was pointing out the attractive qualities of some novel but rather high-priced toys:

"I'm afraid I could not run to those. You see we are furnishing a room for the children as a special Christmas treat, so I'm forced to choose their toys very carefully this year. We don't, of course, want them to feel that 'Santa' is mean, we want them to think that he is very wise!"

These remarks interested me very much. In fact, this article is really the outcome of that overheard conversation.

What do you feel about it?

I suppose we could safely say that, until a year or so ago, only two out

of every twenty little Australians possessed reasonably well-equipped nurseries or rooms of their own. But happily to-day more and more parents are realising the cultural, the educational and character-building advantages attached to wisely-planned, cheerful and well-furnished rooms for their little ones.

Growing boys have been particularly neglected in this respect. Any old unwanted piece of furniture has been considered good enough for the boy's room. And yet mothers have time and again accused their sons of being lazy and untidy. They bewail the fact that boys throw their things around; fling clothes on the beds or on the chairs and leave cupboard drawers in an upside-down condition.

You Can Train Them
BUT, they can be trained to put away their clothes, keep cupboard drawers—well—reasonably tidy, and drop orange skins and papers into a waste-paper basket.

Common sense tells us that cheerful surroundings are the best mediums for directing a child's thoughts into bright and happy channels. Beauty has a pleasant effect on all of us—young or old—and certainly there is ample evidence that even a small child is conscious of beauty in form and coloring. I have known a little chap remark on the beauty of a sunset, on the color and fragrance of flowers, simply because he has heard from in-

fancy his mother comment on the same.

In a sense this has been a cultural training for the lad. But to get back: Every child should have a room of his (or her) own. Two boys or two girls can share a room. But in that case, they should be allowed to possess a cupboard or chest of their very own; be allowed their own dearly-loved possessions; encouraged to hang educational or attractive pictures in their "corner," and to collect and read good books in preference to cheap trash.

Whether the room they have is large or small, whether you feel you can

By Our Home Decorator..

spend a great deal or only a little, there is still the same opportunity for making it pretty and practical. Colors should be soft and pleasing, furniture should be entirely simple. And when planned for the very young everything should be washable—as far as is possible.

If there is any choice in the matter:

a bright, airy room on the sunny side of the house should be selected. Little children are like flowers and growing things, and they need all the sunshine and air they can get.

When a sunny room is not available, the proper use of warm, cheerful colors will do much by way of making up for the effect of the deficiency of light.

Yellow is, of course, our most luminous color, and the best of all colors for reflecting the light rays reaching it. In its many variants, ranging from palest cream, it can be counted upon to make a room bright according to the amount of yellow used.

THAT HAPPY Christmas PARTY

Jolly Games for the Children to Play

"I'M giving a party—will you come?" These words are like sweet music to a child's ears.

This year grown-ups will be planning lots of fun for children, and here's help in the form of games.

PEG IN THE RING: Draw a chalk-line around the room, oval fashion. Line the "children" up, and place in the centre of the oval one clothes-peg fewer than there are players. Bet the players marching to music on the outside of the chalk line. Every time the music stops each player has to grab a peg. The unsuccessful one in each "melee" sits out. The last "child" in collects the prize.

Travelling Stations: Seat all the children around the room with the exception of one, who stands in the middle, blindfolded. Those seated must take the name of a railway town, like Ballarat, Townsville, Broken Hill, Bendigo, etc. The blindfolded traffic "cop" calls, say, Bendigo and Broken Hill. The two holding such names must immediately

exchange places without touching the caller. As the game proceeds, two or three sets of "stations" can be called, and then "all stations." The one, of course, who touches the traffic cop in the rush must take his place.

They Enjoy This!

BALLOON RACE: Four different colored balloons are placed in a row at one end of the room. At the other end a bucket or waste-paper basket. As this race is run in heats, four competitors are first chosen. Each is given a light cane, or rule, and is lined-up behind the balloons. At the call "Go!" the players start off their balloons with the cane, their object being to guide them into the bucket.

Players are allowed to toss their competitors' balloons out of the way.

This causes great fun, as half the time competitors are retrieving lost balloons from under tables and chairs, etc. The one who first succeeds in guiding his or her balloon into the bucket wins that specific heat. The winner of the finals collects the prize.

Here is a game to play if the weather is a little damp.

First of all, get a lot of stiff paper, and a pair of scissors, and, cutting the paper into squares, draw the outline of an animal on each of them. Then cut them all out with the scissors, and put them all into a hat, and everything is ready. Each girl or boy comes forward, blindfolded, and has to pick one of the slips of paper out of the hat and try to guess by feeling the shape of it what animal it is. If he or she guesses right, all well and good; but if it is guessed wrongly out of the game they must go.

This is repeated until at last only one person is left, who is, of course, the winner of the game.

BEAUTY Out of Doors . . .

This Year Complexions will be
Sun-Beige Instead of Sun-Tan

A NEW, becoming golden tone that is very natural-looking is the fashion in complexions this year—that is, for out of doors.

A sun-beige it is—a soft, creamy tint with a hint of sun warmth and tone depth in it. It is more attractive for out-of-door life in summer than the peaches-and-cream complexion of winter and is far more flattering and youthful than the deep bronze suntan popular in previous summers.

THIS year you must shelter your complexion. Sunshine, like food and exercise, should be taken with discretion, and experience of previous summers of suntanning has proved that skin exposed unprotected for hours on end to the blazing sun will coarsen permanently.

Even at the most fashionable watering places overseas, where, until recently, faces that cost many pounds in beauty culture have been burnt recklessly to a deep bronze, women are sheltering their complexions and turning to the more natural-looking sun-beige make-up.

It demands just a touch of cheek rouge, with lipstick and powders carefully selected to harmonise with the clothes worn, and the sun-bather's own coloring.

Sometimes, to attain an appearance of natural translucence and depth, two shades of powder are used. These are not mixed, but one applied on the other. First a slightly rosy powder to give a glow to the skin, then a light coating in a slightly darker shade. If eye shadow and lash cosmetic is applied it must be done very skilfully to preserve the illusion of naturalness.

Natural Color

LIPSTICK should also be carefully chosen for out-of-door use. The more natural the color—that is in a tone matching your own coloring—the better. It should also be indelible, otherwise it will come off with the first swim. You can even go a step further and buy an indelible lip pencil. Use this to outline the lips before applying lipstick and you will get a perfectly even line.

It is a good idea to make a study of the various cosmetics available before you start your outdoor holiday life.

First, remember to avoid the swarthy copper-colored make-up of yore—that is definitely out of date. Aim for the new sun-beige tint, and deepen or lighten it according to your coloring.

Apply under powder a foundation cream or lotion tinted in the correct shade. If your complexion is normal or inclined to be dry, foundation cream is the best. If slightly oily, a lotion should be used for the powder foundation.

You will find a splendid range of cosmetics, specially manufactured for outdoor use and made in shades to suit all colorings, available at toilet goods counters.

Special Film

FOR instance, you can obtain a special beauty film which can be spread over arms, neck, legs, and feet. It conceals any roughness and imperfection of arms and legs, and is made in the new sun-beige powder shades.

And if you specially want a waterproof make-up, there is a protective cream to wear under powder which will guard the complexion from being coarsened by sea water.

Women with very sensitive skins that get red and blister after exposure to sun and sea air should be most careful to use a protective cream before going out of doors. If you have the type of skin that seems to stand up to the ravages of weather—and you will probably be very young—you may find you can get away with suntan oil, lipstick and a dash of powder on your face.

If you do not need to use beauty film on your legs or arms, make sure you use a good suntan oil. Even if you are already suntanned, continue to use the oil, because it will keep the skin supple and smooth, and prevent coarsening and drying.

By JANET



THIS YEAR'S SLOGAN for the beach is "Look Natural." Claire Trevor, 20th Century-Fox star, appears delightfully young and charming here because of her simple, natural appearance in hair style, make-up and hairdressing.



ABOVE: Even if you are already suntanned continue to use suntan oil on legs, arms, back and even face, if necessary. Ann Hovey, R.K.O. star, finds it keeps her skin smooth, supple, and an even color, and at the same time prevents drying and coarsening.

RIGHT: A holiday in the mountains is Margaret Lindsay's (Warner Bros. star) favorite form of recreation, but she, too, guards her skin with protective cream before going out of doors, and then aims for a natural-looking complexion.

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING

What Should Baby Weigh?

Baby's weight is an excellent guide to his progress, and no mother should neglect to have her infant weighed regularly each week for the first three months, and every fortnight (or at longest every month) afterwards.

NATURALLY-FED babies may lose half a pound in the first week of life. Thereafter they should go straight ahead. The unfortunate baby who has to be fed artificially from birth owing to unforeseen circumstances may take two or three weeks to regain its birth weight.

Every mother should possess a weight chart, and record the weekly weighings.

She can then see at a glance whether her baby's weight is following the normal weight line. Such conditions as infantile diarrhoea are often preceded by a few weeks of stationary and then loss of weight, and if matters are taken in time much serious ill-health and even loss of life will be saved.

From one to three months baby's weight increase should be from six to eight ounces weekly; from three to six months, five or six ounces weekly; from six to nine months, four to five ounces; and from nine to twelve months, about three ounces weekly.

In New Home

BABY may fail to gain one week on account of a change of residence, but will go ahead well when settled down in the new home.

He may have a slight upset, such as a cold, for a few days, and thus fail to put on his accustomed six ounces; but may make up for it in the next week, bringing his gain up to the usual amount per fortnight. In fact, a good fortnightly gain is a better guide to the over-anxious mother, for, sometimes, though baby is in the best of health, the increase varies from week to week—say, five ounces one week and seven the next.

The following is a table of the average weights from birth to two years:

Age	Weight
At birth	7½ to 7½ lb.
End of second week	7½ to 7½ lb.
One month	8½ to 8½ lb.
Two months	10 to 10½ lb.
Three months	11½ to 11½ lb.
Four months	13 lb.
Five months	14½ to 15 lb.
Six months	15½ to 16 lb.
Seven months	16½ to 17 lb.
Eight months	17½ to 18 lb.
Nine months	18 to 18½ lb.
Ten months	18½ to 19½ lb.
Eleven months	19½ to 20½ lb.
One year	20½ to 22½ lb.
Two years	About 28 lb.

At one year the weight should be about three times the birth weight.

Do not be worried if baby does not gain regularly while teething or being weaned, or during a very hot spell of weather.

Babies who are above the average weight at birth usually come down to the average weight-line by the time they are six months; on the other hand, babies who are under weight at birth will often catch up to and even pass the average weight-line about this time.

The rate of gain slows down considerably in baby's second year, during which he puts on only about 6 to 8 lb. in the whole year. During the third year baby will gain about four or five pounds; and during the fourth year, about three or four pounds.

Over-rapid gain is due to excessive feeding—either too many meals in the 24 hours, or too much food at each meal. This is very simply dealt with. If feeding three-hourly, gradually increase the length of time between feeds to four hours.

If necessary, cut down the time allowed at the breast, or the amount of milk-mixture given by bottle. It is best to do this under the supervision of a trained Mothercraft Nurse.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Is sinusitis a prevalent disease?

By A DOCTOR

NASAL SINUSITIS is one of the most common diseases of modern times. Many diseases have been known for centuries, but few references to what may have been sinusitis are made in old textbooks. It may well be that changes in our habits and mode of living are responsible for many of the present-day diseases, including this.

The sinuses are hollow spaces or cavities found in the bony structure of the head and face. These spaces are lined with mucous membrane and communicate with the interior of the nose, into which they drain. If this lining membrane becomes inflamed or infected, congestion and obstruction follow, with the familiar symptoms of sinusitis.

As a rule, this disturbance can be traced to a head cold, coryza, inflammation of the upper air passages or some constitutional disease. The germs reach the sinuses where they rapidly multiply, setting up an acute irritation and infection.

Unfortunately, not every case of

sinusitis is a mild one. In many instances there is pus formation, and then the infection persists for months and even years. When this occurs, the condition is known as "chronic sinusitis."

THE victim of sinusitis is sensitive to changes of temperature and weather. He is extremely susceptible to colds and infections of the upper air passages. Persistent attacks of headache, facial neuralgia, nasal catarrh and difficulty in breathing are other symptoms of this disorder. Due to the absorption of toxins or pus from the infected sinus, the victim may suffer from arthritis, backache, indigestion, constipation and other disorders.

Medical advice and treatment should always be sought. By means of the X-ray it is possible to visualise the sinuses and determine the exact location of the infection.

Never neglect a head cold. If you suffer from nasal catarrh, persistent discharge into the nose and throat, consult your doctor.

WHY NOT GROW Your Own VEGETABLES?

You Can Save Money and Enjoy Perfect Health by Cultivating Even a Small Patch

—Says the Old Gardener

NO matter how small your backyard may be, there is always room for a few quick-growing vegetables, such as lettuce, beetroot, radish, tomatoes, and the like. Here the Old Gardener lays a strong case in favor of growing your own and tells you what to plant; also how to grow cabbages and cauliflowers for winter needs.

Home-grown vegetables are an asset to any household.

People very often say, "Yes, growing your own vegetables is all very well, but it is far less trouble, and cheaper, to buy them." Let me tell you this, friends. A vegetable garden can be made to reduce the cost of living by five to ten per cent. on the average salary. It also proves an enjoyable hobby and offers healthful recreation.

Home-grown vegetables are much more palatable and "sweeter" than those purchased in the shops. The reason for this is that marketable vegetables—or shall we say vegetables bought at the markets or shops—usually have to travel many miles in all classes of vehicles before they reach the markets where they are displayed and laid bare to weather conditions. Then, when purchased by the retailer, they are again transported to the various shops, and so finally they reach the household.

By this time most of the freshness and sweetness have gone from them. You can see then how fortunate people are who possess their own little vegetable plots.

What To Plant

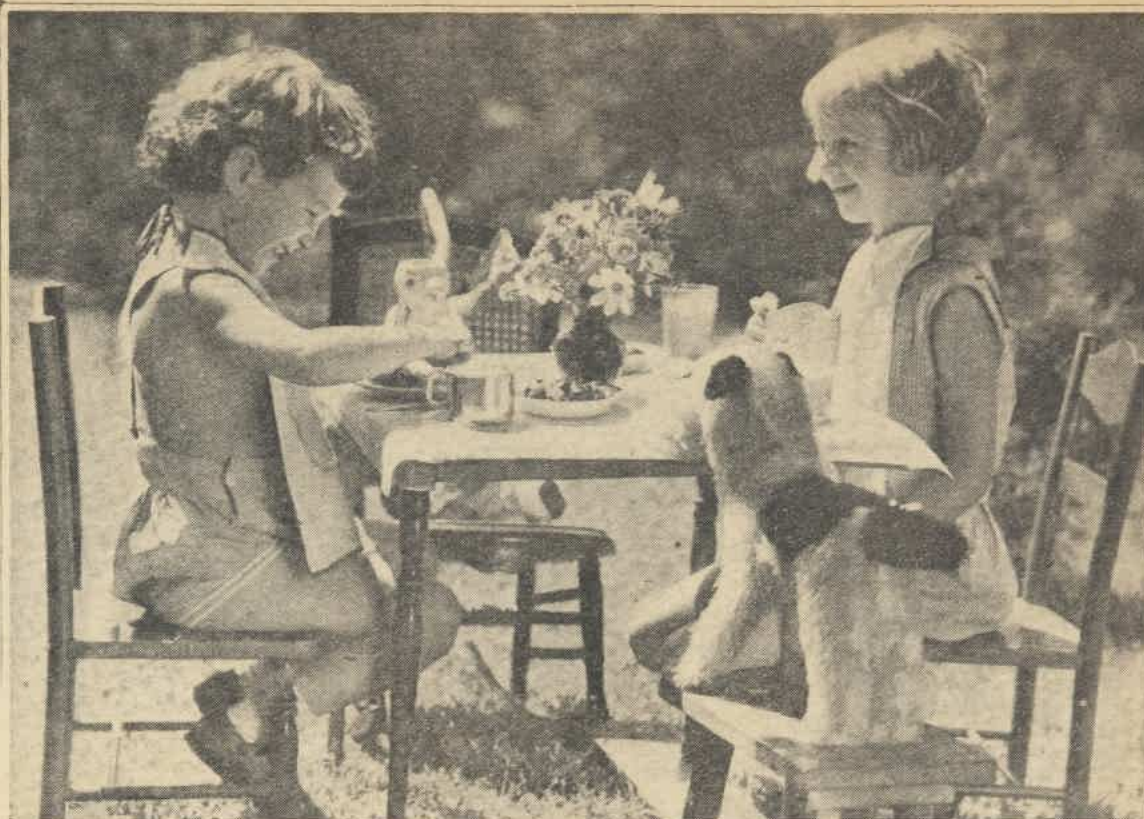
THOSE who wish to commence a vegetable garden can still plant beans, beetroot, lettuce, all kinds of squash, marrows, pumpkins, water-melons, rock melons, cucumbers, egg plants, radish.

You can plant out more tomatoes and mostly all summer-growing vegetables.

Those who wish to have cauliflower and cabbage at the right time must sow the seed now. It takes from five to six months for cauliflower and cabbage to mature. So by planting the seed now you will be assured of having these valuable vegetables at the proper time.

This month also is a good time for making herb beds. Sage, thyme, marjoram, and many other herbs can be planted. They will be ready for use in a few months' time.

To make a successful venture of vegetable gardening, systematic plantings for succession is desirable. For instance, beans planted every ten to fourteen days will give a succession of crops right into the cold weather. From the cold weather on peas are planted to take the place of beans. Lettuce seed should be sown at least once a fortnight, just a few seeds at a time, according to the space you have. Beetroot can be planted once every three weeks.



NO DOUBT about these two little sun-worshippers enjoying their meal in the open air—the picture speaks for itself. Food may be of the simplest kind, but life seems one big party. . . . Fresh air and sunshine help to build sturdy bodies, so, during the school holidays, encourage your little ones to live out of doors as much as is possible. On hot days serve the midday meal in a shady corner or under a tree. They'll enjoy it; you'll save much in housework.

Now to those who are considering the growing of cauliflowers and cabbages, which I have already mentioned, it might be advisable to give a few hints on the sowing of seed and their culture:

A lot of people are under the impression that cabbage and cauliflower do not grow to perfection along the coast. Of course we all know that the highlands is their home, for they certainly grow well in colder climates, but they can also be grown to perfection on our coastline.

Follow This Advice

IN sowing the seed of both these vegetables, secure a corner of the garden that will receive a certain amount of the morning sun and be sheltered during the hot part of the day.

Dig the soil over well, making it up to a fine tilth. Make it perfectly level. It is a good idea to place boards around the bed to keep it firm and so prevent the washing of the surface soil from the seed.

Having made the bed, give it a thorough soaking. The next day sprinkle the seed over the surface. Do not sow too thickly. Then cover to twice the depth of the size of the seed with well-decayed manure rubbed through a fine sieve.

In a week the seed should be well above the ground.

Never let the seed bed dry out. Keep it nice and moist, but it must not be

too wet, otherwise the plants will go off.

When the plants have attained their third leaf, prick them out into boxes a foot or 18 inches square, placing the plants in the boxes 1 inch each way. By transplanting them into boxes they can be easily transferred

In the Flower Garden

WHEN planting for autumn showing don't neglect snapdragons. They make a fair showing even in spots where the sun does not shine much. Mass them for show. Remember that they resent the soil being stirred around their roots. They also suffer if new animal manure is present in the soil.

Cut the plants back when they cease up on flowering and soon they'll reward you with another prolific show.

to the garden plot without any disturbance of the root system.

Cauliflowers are very heavy feeders during the period of their growth, so they must be grown in a bed which has been well enriched with farmyard manure. And during this period applications from time to time of blood and bone and superphosphate, mixed in equal parts, are necessary. A double handful scat-

tered round each plant and worked in lightly with a fork, followed by a good watering, will add to the material growth and assist in forming those beautiful large white heads. This treatment will also produce solid hearts in cabbage.

Cauliflower and cabbage love plenty of water, so do not neglect this factor.

Those who already have vegetable gardens will do well to go over their work thoroughly. Hill up all the beans, etc. Keep down all weeds and mulch well, so that during the hot summer days the water that is given them—or the rain which may come along—will be imprisoned in the soil. If you cannot secure material suitable for mulch, work the surface few inches of soil. This will not in the same way as the mulch already mentioned.

Soil is made up of little tube-like cells, which we call capillaries, and when the surface few inches are not broken up to form a mulch, the sun draws the moisture from the soil through these tubes. So you can understand for yourself how necessary it is to keep the soil well worked and broken up, or thoroughly mulched, through the hot days of summer.

Grow Them Quickly!

ALL vegetables must be grown quickly, so keep them on the move. Thorough cultivation and systematic watering, a little fertiliser from time to time, will bring success.

Salad vegetables, especially when

grown quickly, are crisp and tender. Lettuce can be ready for the table in one month after transplanting if grown under proper conditions. Just water them once a week with a dessertspoonful of sulphate of ammonia in each gallon of water. Pour this between the rows—do not let it near the foliage. All vegetables grown for the leaves or hearts, such as spinach, cabbage, and lettuce, respond like magic to sulphate of ammonia.

Keep the tomato bush to one stem, then the fruit will appear all the way along this stem. Systematic pruning will give ripe tomatoes at least two weeks earlier than the unattended vine.

Just forget your age

"Beautiful," said Janet.
"Yes, but I mustn't forget I'm 39!"
"Thirty-nine Biddlesticks," smiled Janet.
"When the poor thing of a poor-pret skin he must have seen you with Powder Charmosan on your skin."

"For it gives you a subtle distinction; SUCH youth, an enchantment you've never had before."

"My dear, be happy. Be content. This Powder Charmosan means Youth to you."
Charmosan face powder stays on for hours after hours with sweet withery. You haven't got to worry how you are looking with Charmosan powder on your skin. . . . you simply go ahead and enjoy yourself.

Charmosan face powder from Paris

The choice of the stars. All shades and tints. Big box 2/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including N.Z.
Give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream every night. Removes "make up," dust, etc. from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crows feet, pimples, blackheads, and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir jars 2/6. Tubes 1/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including New Zealand.*

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YOU CAN GROW healthy, full-flavored vegetables like these with ease if you follow the Old Gardener's advice. In addition to planting beans, tomatoes, lettuce, etc., make room for cauliflowers and cabbages. It is time now to plant them. See article.

PICTURESQUE SEASCAPE Design In Easy-to-Work CROSS-STITCH

Embroider this set in leisure hours . . . and
bring new charm to tea or luncheon table

Needlework
. . . Notions

WOMEN of the home, the bride-to-be and needle-lovers everywhere will be interested in this striking seascape design. As you can see for yourself, it is refreshingly novel, and, as you'll discover, surprisingly easy to embroider.

TRACED ready to work, the set—or any one piece—is obtainable from our Needlework Department. You may have it in white, cream, blue, pink, or green linen.

Here are the prices:

36-inch x 36-inch cloth, 7/6.
45-inch x 45-inch cloth, 8/9.

54-inch x 54-inch cloth, 11/6.

11-inch x 11-inch serviettes, 1/-.

8-inch x 8-inch doyleys, 1/-.

5-inch x 11-inch sandwich d'oyleys, 1/-.

	A	B
—483	687	
—490	483	
—382	816	
—524	490	
—687	675	
—767	524	
—769	764	
—774	774	

ABOVE: CHART of the larger ship which decorates the set. Each square indicates the color to use. The interesting little diagram placed at left is really the key to the chosen colors. Numbers, you will observe, correspond with the quoted numbers given under the heading of "Cottons required."

each Anchor stranded cotton F.490 (dark canary-yellow), F.524 (mid jade), F.764 (light butcher-blue).

1 skein each Anchor stranded cotton, F.382 (poppy-red), F.483 (light peacock blue), F.671 (burnt amber), F.675 (sage-green), F.687 (orange rind), F.767 (light French-blue), F.769 (pastel-blue), F.774 (mid glacier-green), F.816 (mid terra).

Crewel needle, No. 5.

1 card Anchor bias binding 694, blue.)

The embroidery is worked with 6 strands.

HERE you have the chart of the smaller ship, which decorates the top of the tea-cloth, corresponding with color key. See numbers quoted under heading: "Cottons required."

	C	D
—524	490	
—774	687	
—382	816	
—524	524	
—764	764	

Dainty Sandwich Plate D'oyleys

Traced with quaint gumnut and floral design; edges spoke-stitched for crochet or lace.

THESE pretty and useful little d'oyleys measure 5 x 11 inches. They are obtainable from our Needlework Department, and, as stated above, are traced ready for work.

Both d'oyleys may be had in white, cream, yellow, green, or blue linen for 1/- each, post free.

Here are embroidery instructions:

Buttonhole the top of the nut and satin-stitch the base. Satin-stitch leaves, and work blossom in stroke-stitch or stem-stitching. Satin-stitch all the lines.

Buttonhole the flowers on the "Flower" design, stem-stitching the stems and lines. Satin-stitch the leaves, and finish with lace or with crochet edge.

The edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet or lace finish.



HERE YOU HAVE a complete change from the floral or conventional motifs . . . ships at sea on a linen sea. Ships decorate the four corners, and are also placed at intervals on the central portion of the cloth. Cottons for embroidering this set may be had for 2/6. Choose A or B, C or D. See chart.

The ships on this tea-cloth are worked in cross-stitch, and their brown masts are in stem-stitch. Work each cross-stitch over four threads of material.

The charts, which you see reproduced on this page, will aid you in the placing of the suggested colors. Even the veriest amateur will be able to follow them to distinctive success.

There are four different

color schemes given—two for the large ship and two for the quaint, small ship. See key to color charts.

The edge of the original cloth was bound with blue bias binding to match the deep blue of the waves.

NEW PLASMIC America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation



Actual Photo. Mrs. Maria Brentwood, New South Head Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W. Taken July, 1936.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Maria Brentwood, after 10 applications of New Plasmic. Taken August 18, 1936.

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YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG.
BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.
THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or large tube sufficient for twelve treatments posted free to any address for 3/-.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamp.

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For 145 years, Horrockses have set the Standard of the World—their snow-white fineness is beyond compare and they are guaranteed for at least five years. Ask also for Horrockses' Smart Fashion Fabrics.

You pay no more, so insist on Horrockses

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Smart Styles for Attractive New Fabrics

These Patterns May Be Obtained
Now From Our
Pattern Department



HOLIDAY FROCK

WW1965.—A really useful design for holidays. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 2 7/8th yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

VERY SMART

WW1964.—Fullness from waistline and short puff sleeves are very smart for this charming afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 3/8th yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 5d. stamp.

STRIKING

WW1966.—You will be very delighted with the cut of this charming afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

UNUSUAL EFFECT

WW1967.—Double-breasted effect with contrasting buttons and sash combine to make this smart frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 40-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

QUAINT

WW1968.—Spotted voile would make a charming frock for the little one. Cut in sizes 2-8 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

DAINTY SLIP

WW1969.—Form fitting, and very easy to make. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SPORTS STYLE

WW1970.—Peter Pan collar and short puff sleeves are very smart for this sports frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

NEW MODEL

WW1971.—You will surely want to make one of these charming hats. Cut in sizes 21-inch to 22 1/2-inch head. Material required: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

GAY SUMMER BLOUSES

Three-in-One Concession Pattern Price 3d.

Cut in sizes 32-inch, 34-inch, and 36-inch bust.

Our concession pattern this week combines three (3) charming blouses. Cut in sizes 32-inch, 34-inch, and 36-inch bust.

- No. 1 Blouse requires 2 yards, 36 inches wide.
- No. 2 Blouse requires 2 3/8th yards, 36 inches wide.
- No. 3 Blouse requires 2 3/8th yards, 36 inches wide.

Please check size marked on pattern before cutting out.

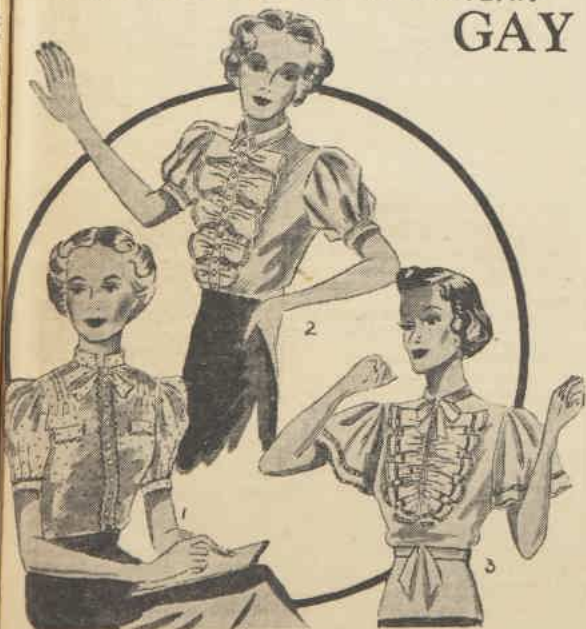
CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 5d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 5d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE. — Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE. — Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE. — Box 183, G.P.O.
TASMANIA. — Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Write to Sydney office.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on page 2.
Please Print Name and Address in Block Letters.

Name
Address
State
Size Pattern Coupon, 25/12/37



WIN a Cash PRIZE!

Send Your Best Recipe to The Australian Women's Weekly Cooking Competition

HERE is no entrance fee; no coupon is required. All you have to do is to write out your recipe clearly and correctly. Mark the envelope "Best Recipe Competition," and mail to us.

ONE POUND is given for the best recipe received for the week. Consolation prizes are also awarded. Those housewives who have left the making of the Christmas cake until the last minute will be tempted to try out the first prize for this week. Christmas Tree Cake is decidedly good to look at— and delicious to eat.

All Recipes Tested in Our Own Kitchen

With a slight alteration in its decoration it could be turned into a Happy Birthday Cake. In any case, all housewives will be pleased to add the recipe to their collection.

CHRISTMAS CAKE IN TREE SHAPE

Half-pound butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 12oz. flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1lb. currants (dry cleaned in flour), 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. stoned raisins, 2oz. candied peel, 2oz. blanched almonds, 2oz. glacé cherries, 2oz. chopped figs, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 dessertspoon spice and cinnamon mixed.

Line four cake tins of graduated sizes with two thicknesses of greased paper on bottom and round the sides. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices together. In a basin beat eggs till frothy. In another large basin beat butter and sugar to a cream, and to them add beaten eggs, very

gradually. Then add, by alternate handfuls, flour and mixed fruit. Last of all add sherry. Put into tins, scooping a round hollow in the centre. Put brown paper on top of each cake and bake in a moderate oven 24 to 34 hours according to size of the cakes.



SEE delicious recipes for cooling drinks on page.

ON YOUR LEFT you see pineapple delight, which is easily made: Cut the top from pineapple, scoop out pulp, fill with fruit salad, and top with ice-cream and whipped cream.

When cold place cakes in pyramid form, one on top of the other, to represent a tree.

Set upon a tall compote, and ice with frosting tinted a pale green. Put a sweet star on top, place candles around and lolly ornaments, and drape with festoons of tinsel. Surround with a wreath of holly if procurable, or evergreens, on the table. A small toy Daddy Christmas placed on top gives a seasonable finish.

Frosting: Place 12oz. sugar and 6 tablespoons water in a saucepan, and stir over very low heat till sugar is dissolved. Brush round inside of saucepan with a pastry brush, dipped in cold water, to remove grains of sugar. Boil without stirring till a little dropped in cold water forms a hard ball. Meanwhile whip one large egg-white stiffly. When the syrup is ready, pour it on to the egg-white gradually, in a thin stream, beating well all the time, till it begins to thicken. Add flavoring essence if liked, and a few drops of green coloring, and beat until the icing will hold its shape. Spread over cakes, and pat with a knife to get a frosted appearance.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. O. Howard, c/o 345 King William Street, Adelaide.

OATMEAL ALMOND CAKE

Eight egg-yolks, 8 egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup almonds, 2 cups plain flour, 2-3rds cup ground rolled oats, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Grind oatmeal in mincing machine. Blanch and mince almonds, reserving a few to decorate the outside of the cake. Add sugar gradually to the beaten egg-yolks, then ground almonds, flour, baking powder and then the ground oats and vanilla. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and bake in three layer tins in moderate oven. Set layers together with whipped cream filling. Ice outside of cake with butter cream icing, and cover with shaved almonds.

For the icing: Cream a cupful of icing sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter; then add 1 tablespoon water, milk, or cream, and teaspoonful vanilla. Should be served on a handsome dish—silver, if possible—with a silver knife, and handed round to each guest. It adds a sophisticated note of decoration to the buffet or dinner-table.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Bee, Alexander, 51 Albion Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

COCOA CREAM ROLL

Three tablespoons cocoa, 21 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 cupful castor sugar, 11 cupfuls flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat butter, stir cocoa into it and add one half of the sugar. Beat eggs well, add balance of the sugar to them; beat again, then add cocoa, butter and sugar. Beat well. Sift in flour, which has already been sifted twice with the baking powder. Mix together, adding vanilla. Pour into a buttered tin. Bake from twelve to twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out on to a damp cloth (wrung tightly out of cold water), roll up, unroll, and lift on to a piece of white

paper sprinkled with icing sugar, strip from edges, and roll up again place on a sieve or cooler. When cold unroll and spread with cream sweetened, flavored and whipped thick. Roll up, sprinkle with icing or castor sugar. The top may be iced or spread with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Croyden, Baralaba, D.V. Line, Qld.

DRIED FRUIT CHUTNEY

Soak overnight 1lb. dried apricots, 1lb. dried nectarines, 1lb. dried peaches in enough water to cover. Next morning drain and cut fruit in small pieces. Chop 1lb. each of seed raisins and stoned dates and place with fruit in preserving pan. Add pint vinegar, 1lb. brown sugar, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, pinch cayenne pepper, and 2 teaspoons cloves, tied in a piece of muslin. Simmer 24 hours. Bottle when cool.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Lamb, Hillside Farm, Nukarni, W.

FRUIT CUP

Slice into the bottom of large glass one washed but unpeeled orange, and half a lemon. Add a sprig of mint and a tablespoon of sugar, and a thin slice of pineapple cut into eighths. Cover with about a cup of orange juice, and about half a cup of lemon juice. Let it stand for about an hour. The fruit should previously have been bruised with a wooden spoon. Just before serving is needed fill up the jug with cold ginger beer and lemonade or soda water, but the first two in equal quantities are generally preferred.

Lastly add ice. Other fruits such as apricots and peaches in small portions may be added. Small fruits such as berries may be added for decorative effect.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Faulds, 9 Crozier Avenue, Mitcham, Park, S.A.

APRICOT EFFERVESCING DRINK

One pint apricot juice, 1oz. tartaric acid, 1lb. sugar, carbonate of soda.

Secure the juice by stewing apricots. Strain until clear, then make into a syrup by boiling with 1 lb. sugar. Add the tartaric acid, bottle and cork well. When serving allow 2 tablespoonfuls to a tumbler three parts full of water. Add a pinch of carbonate of soda and stir well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. White, 190 High St., Northcote, Vic.

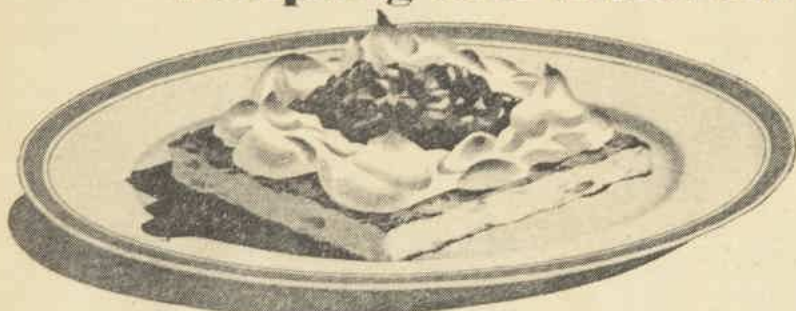
PINEAPPLE AND GRAPEFRUIT CORDIAL

One tin crushed pineapple, 1 grapefruit, 2 lemons, 2 or 3oz. sugar, 1 quart boiling water, 1 glass sherry, 2 bottles soda water.

Strain the syrup from the pineapple and put it into a small saucepan with the sugar and the thinly peeled rind of half a grapefruit. Simmer these for a few minutes to extract the flavor from the rind, and then strain over the pineapple. Add the boiling water and the strained juice of the grapefruit and lemon. Cover and leave to cool. When the drink is required, add the sherry and soda water. A little crushed ice may be added and a few glacé cherries would give a pretty note of color.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Kilpatrick, Largo, Nichol's Point via Mildura, Vic.

Easy to Prepare— Tempting and Different



Golden Egg-and-Herring Toast

Try this appetising breakfast dish—made from eggs, toast and a tin of health-giving fresh Herrings:

Place the Herrings in a basin with the egg yolks only. Mix thoroughly. Whip the egg whites separately until stiff, add a pinch of

salt and place a portion on each piece of buttered toast. Drop a spoonful of Herring and yolk into the centre. Insert in oven and bake until goldenbrown. Remember—one fish and one egg per person—and it's just as nice with Kippered Herrings, too!

★ OTHER WAYS OF SERVING HERRINGS



FOR BREAKFAST. Immerse a tin of Kippered Herrings in boiling water for 15 minutes. Serve contents with butter or on buttered toast. Absolutely delicious!



FOR LUNCHEON. Set contents of tin of Fresh Herrings, together with tomato and cucumber slices and asparagus tips in Aspic Jelly. Serve ice-cold on lettuce leaves.



FOR DINNER. Brown a Spanish onion and use portion to line heat-proof dish; add contents of tin of Herrings in tomato sauce, top with rest of onion. Add mashed potato crust and bake.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH HERRINGS

Caught and Canned in a Day!

This name is not a Brand Name but a descriptive term for Herrings caught off the coasts of England and Scotland.

YOUR GROCER SELLS FRESH HERRINGS. HERRINGS IN TOMATO SAUCE, KIPPERED HERRINGS AND BLOATERS IN VACUUM-SEALED TINS

MS-271

Now We Give Festive Party Fare

Easily and smartly served . . . the buffet way.

ONE of the nicest things about a buffet supper, as you may have discovered, is that it lacks formality engenders jollity. Moreover, it saves the hostess much in time and worry.

So much can be prepared beforehand; in fact, everything can be placed upon the table, excepting, of course, the hot dishes.

THE buffet table arrangement illustrated on this page will help many a hostess. And to help you still further we give you a diagram showing clearly the methodical way of placing the stacks of plates, serviettes, silver, and the food for ease of self-service.

This arrangement is best suited to the table placed against a wall. Cups and saucers and glasses can be set on a smaller side table. A card table is excellent for this purpose.

Here, on this page, you will see a bright menu which our cookery expert suggests as being ideal for a festive Christmas or New Year party. Below are given the recipes.

HAM AND TONGUE PATTIES

Puff pastry, 2 oz. tongue, 2 oz. ham, 1 cup white sauce, salt, cayenne, parsley.
Roll out pastry. Cut into rounds and with smaller cutter cut half-way through. Glaze. Bake in hot oven. Add tongue and ham with parsley, salt, and cayenne to white sauce. When pastry is cooked, remove the top piece of pastry and scoop out centre. Fill with the hot mixture. Replace circle of pastry. Serve either hot or cold, marked with tiny flag.

SALMON CANAPES

One cup drained salmon, salt, cayenne, 1 dessertspoon butter, chopped parsley, 2 hard-boiled eggs, biscuits or rounds of fried bread, tomato sauce or vinegar.
Flake the salmon. Add seasoning, parsley, and the pounded eggs. Add sauce or vinegar until mixture is soft enough to spread. Place mixture on biscuits or bread in mound and spread, and decorate with olives and shrimps. Serve on large plate. Garnish with parsley. Have name marked on tiny flag.

CARAMEL SPONGE

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 oz. butter, 1 pint milk, 3 eggs, cream, nuts.
Make a caramel with the sugar and butter. Pour over it the boiling milk. Stir till well dissolved. Pour the mixture very gradually on to the beaten yolks, and cook over boiling water till it coats the spoon. Allow to cool. Then stir in dissolved gelatine and, when beginning to set, add the whipped whites. Pour into small wetted moulds. When set, turn out on individual dishes and garnish with roses of cream and chopped nuts.

JELLY TRIFLE

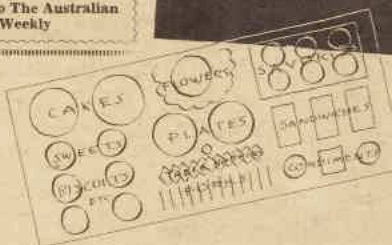
One packet red jelly crystals, 1 gill cream, sugar, chopped walnuts, 3 gills hot water, 6 marshmallows, 1 sponge cake, glace cherries.
Dissolve jelly crystals in the hot water. Add a little sugar. When cool and it begins to set, whip thoroughly. Then add the crumbed cake, walnuts, chopped marshmallows, and cherries. Fold in the whipped cream. Pile in small dishes. Chill. Decorate with nuts or cherries.

ORANGE FLAN

One pastry flan case, 1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful water, 2oz. sugar, grated rind 1 orange and lemon, 1oz. gelatine.
Separate yolks and whites. Put yolks with sugar, rinds and juices into double saucepan, and cook till thick. Add dissolved gelatine. Allow to cool, then stir in the whisked whites. Chill. Then pour into flan case (or small pastry cases). Just before serving, decorate with whipped cream and glace orange quarters.

By
**MARY FORBES
SINCLAIR**
Cookery Expert to The Australian
Women's Weekly

DIAGRAM of the buffet table, illustrated above at right. This arrangement suits a table which, for convenience, has been placed against a wall.



PEACH MELBA served in tall-stemmed, sparkling glasses would give a party touch to any table. It is an easily-made and delicious sweet.

COFFEE FLUFF

Two cups milk, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, 1 cup crumbled macaroons, sugar to taste, white of 1 egg.
Soak gelatine in water. Mix the milk, sugar, and essence and just warm over heat. Pour on to gelatine. Mix well. When beginning to set, stir in beaten white and macaroons. Put into sundae glasses. Chill. Top with cream before serving.

FROSTED GEMS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 dessertspoon grated chocolate, 6oz. plain flour, vanilla, 1 teaspoon baking powder, warm icing, royal icing.
Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, then blended chocolate in the milk

and vanilla, lastly sifted flour and baking powder. Half fill greased patty tins or paper cases. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. When cold, ice top with warm icing. Decorate a cake for each guest with name or initial piped in colored royal icing.

LAMINGTON ROLL

Five ounces butter, 5oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, 10oz. self-raising flour, vanilla, chocolate icing, coconut.
Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk and essence; lastly sifted flour. Pour into two well-greased coconut bar tins. Bake in moderate oven 30-35 minutes. Turn on to a cake-cooler and, when cold, completely cover each cake with chocolate icing, and roll in coconut. Leave till set before cutting.

A SUGGESTED arrangement for a buffet party table. There is nothing haphazard about the placing of food, plates, serviettes, and silver. See diagram at left.

CHERRY ALMOND CAKES

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1oz. ground almonds, 4oz. self-raising flour, cherry jam, glace cherries, warm icing, carmine.
Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then sifted flour and almonds. Bake in well-greased shallow baking tin in moderate oven from 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler, when cold cut into diamonds. Split each diamond through the centre, spread with cherry jam and join again. Cover the top with warm icing colored pale pink. Place glace cherry on each. Color little icing pale green and pipe on stalk and leaf.

CIDER CUP

One quart cider, juice 2 oranges, 3oz. sugar, 1 lemon, 1 orange, 2 pints soda water, juice 2 lemons, 1 cup boiling water.
Dissolve sugar in water. Mix well. Add the fruit juices and allow to become quite cold. Chill. Just before serving add the chilled soda water and cider and the 1 lemon and orange, cut into very thin slices.

Suggested Menu

Sandwiches	
Ham and Tongue Patties	
Salmon Canapes	
Cheese Straws	Fancy Cakes
Caramel Sponge	
Coffee Fluff	
Orange Flan	Jelly Trifle
Peach Melba	
Lemonade	Fruit Cup
Cider Cup	Coffee
Sweets	Nuts
	Bon Bons

HAM AND EGG WALNUTS

Quarter pound ham, 3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, lettuce leaves.
Pound yolks of eggs, ham, whites, salt and cayenne well together; add mayonnaise, and form into balls about the size of walnuts. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

CHOCOLATE CARAMEL

Five ounces sugar, 1 teaspoon water, 3 eggs, pinch salt, 1 pint milk, 2oz. chocolate powder.
Put 1lb. of the sugar and the water into a small saucepan, and when the sugar is dissolved boil till a good caramel color is obtained. Pour this into a mould, previously heated, turning it so that every side is coated. Leave to get cold while you make the custard. Beat up eggs with the salt. Mix the scalded milk with 1oz. sugar and chocolate powder. Stir till dissolved, then add the eggs. Pour through a strainer into the mould. Cover with buttered greaseproof paper and steam for 35-40 minutes or till set. Serve cold.



SIX POINT ORANGE SALAD

Oranges, diced pineapple, sliced banana, lettuce leaves, cream dressing, almonds.

Choose well-shaped oranges with richly-colored skin. Using a sharp knife, score both peel and pith into 6 sections, and turn them back to resemble a six-petal flower. Place on small plates, lined with shredded lettuce. Mix pineapple, banana and almonds well together; add a little cream dressing, then fill centre of oranges. Serve very cold.

GOODWOOD SALAD

Twenty-four prawns, mayonnaise, asparagus tips, lettuce, 2 cups boiled new potatoes, hard-boiled egg, 1 dessertspoon minced onion (or onion powder), chopped parsley.
Shell the prawns, cut in halves. Dice potatoes, add parsley, onion and the mayonnaise to make a creamy mixture. Line salad dish with lettuce, pour prawn mixture into centre. Sieve hard-boiled yolk of egg over mixture. Place asparagus tips around the edge. Dice hard-boiled white of egg and sprinkle over. Serve at once, very cold.

Home-made Sweets For the Party

FRENCH JELLIES

Scant pint water, 1oz. pkt. gelatine, 2lb. soft sugar, coloring, essence.
Soak gelatine in half water for 1 hour. Put the soaked gelatine, water, and sugar into a saucepan and bring very slowly to the boil and continue cooking for 20 minutes, skimming frequently, stirring occasionally. Add the essence. Pour half into wetted sandwich tin. Color the remainder and pour into wetted tin. Leave 24 hours. Turn out on to a bed of icing sugar and cut into strips with scissors, then into squares; cover with icing sugar. Store in airtight tin with plenty of icing sugar between the layers.

COCONUT ICE

Half-pound crystallised sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 2oz. glucose, 2oz. coconut.
Put sugar, water and glucose into a white enamel saucepan, bring to boil and boil slowly 5 minutes, or if thermometer is used to 236 deg. Fahr. Then pour into basin and stir with wooden spoon till thick, add coconut and, when sufficiently cold, knead well with the hands till smooth. Cut in halves, color half a pale pink. Press white part out into a square, place on greased tin, damp the top, and lay the pink part on. Leave for a couple of hours, then cut into squares. Pack in airtight tins.

VIENNESE BON BONS

Half-pound fondant, 1lb. marzipan, carmine, green coloring.
Color fondant pink and the marzipan green. Roll out fondant and divide in halves. Roll out marzipan. Place marzipan on half of the fondant. Cover with other half of the fondant. Press well together. Cut into fancy shapes. Leave 24 hours to dry.

Bushells Tea



All is BRIGHT



By

ELEANOR
BROWNE

FREE SUPPLEMENT
TO THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY. Must
NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

ALL IS BRIGHT

By ELEANOR BROWNE



"I SUPPOSE she'll keep on living here. Surely she couldn't expect us to give her a home." The voice was thin and slightly querulous. That would be "Aunt" Amelia.

"No," came the answer. "It isn't as if she were kin to us. But what if John sells the place?"

Star Sandringham, pausing a moment in the hallway, did not wait to hear any more. She knew they were talking about her and the little house—and John Barrett—who had not even come home for his father's funeral.

Going to the dining-room door she noticed with surprise that the table was set as for a feast. Ezra Barrett's relatives had straggled back to the house after the service. Now they were waiting like cormorants for any scraps of property that they might quarrel about and keep for themselves. Two of the neighbors bustled around passing huge platters of boiled ham, potato salad and mashed turnips. Ezra's sister, Amelia, who had come "all the way from New Jersey," sat down without urging and filled the plate of a snuffling little girl, whose relationship Star could not yet understand, although it had been explained to her. Ezra's niece, Mamie and Lucille, joined their aunt. The others filed in and took their places speaking in subdued murmurs. Amelia looked up, spoke reprovingly.

"You should eat something, Star."

Star turned abruptly and ran up to her room. How could they call? Although "Uncle" Ezra had not actually been her relative she had come to love the gentle old man who was so kindly and tolerant of the selfish group downstairs. He had been part of her small world—a world peopled now only by the shadowy figures of her library books. Even the house, now strangely quiet except for the hum of voices downstairs, was no longer a part of that world.

It was a tiny house even for Milford where none of the houses were pretentious. Yet to Star its vine-covered porch, its small rattling windows and narrow carpeted stairway, and even the worn velvet brocade on the sitting-room chairs had meant home. Every morning for three years she had run down its rose-bordered path to the village library, where she worked. And every night, after the last reluctant child had been shooed out of the door and the last grimy book replaced on its shelf, she had hurried back to get supper for Ezra Barrett and herself.

She had come there, a small frightened child of eight, to live with Ezra Barrett and his wife who had died three years ago. It all seemed faint like the old thimbles up in the attic which were now only shadowy outlines of real people.

Impatiently she walked over to the win-

dow of her room. It looked across at the Bentley place, a solid house in a square patch of lawn. There wasn't even a view! She turned slowly and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

A clear oval face—pale and thin now with strain—above a shapeless but serviceable dress of black from which the white collar had been removed that morning. Eyes that were brilliant, intensely blue and unexpectedly eager. A curving sensitive mouth that looked as if it hardly knew how to laugh. A mass of wavy brown hair pulled back unbecomingly into a braided bun.

Suddenly Star detested that image. She wanted it gay and young and lovely—as it could be. She wanted it drenched in sunlight, decked in flowers, surrounded by youth and laughter. No girl of twenty should be standing, tired and drab, in a house of death!

Later, when the relatives came into the sitting-room, flushed and replete, Star stood passively by the window waiting for them to go.

"Will you keep on living here?"

Star looked briefly at the speaker, a thin, sharp-eyed little man who had said he was Ezra's nephew. She could not remember his name.

"I—I'm going away for a while." It was better not to tell them where, she thought. "Then—well, I don't know."

"Queer, isn't it," Amelia broke in. "John not coming to his father's funeral?"

"Maybe he didn't get the message," Mamie said slowly. "That address we had was five years old. Ships move around so," she ended vaguely.

"He must have a wonderful job," Lucille said dreamily.

"It must be!" Star could not keep from saying it. "Such a wonderful job that it keeps him away from his father and all his obligations—and lets a girl who's no kin to him support someone he should take care of."

"You had a home," Amelia reminded her. "You seem to forget that if the Barretts hadn't taken you in when your father died—" she paused significantly, then added, "you've had a job, too. You should even have been able to save."

"I did some extra work tutoring the last three summers," Star said dully. "I have one hundred pounds."

Instantly she knew she had said the wrong thing. Their visions of what extra money would mean to their none too prosperous homes were evident in their quick suggestions and greedy glances.

"I think you'd better come and stay with us," Amelia said, recovering quickly. "You ought to come in time for Christmas. We could let you have a room with our Mabel at much less than it would cost you here by yourself. Then you could take up something like—like stenography. You'd have a much better chance to get a good position if you were living in a city."

"You ought to take out insurance," the nephew said eagerly. "If you put that money into an endowment policy..."

"Nonsense," Lucille contradicted sharply. "With Star's child training experience, she ought to open a summer camp right here in this house. I could arrange to be here by Christmas and help her get ready for next season. And Lucy could keep the other children company. Come here, dear," Star realised that this must be mother and daughter.

She had a wild longing to laugh; to see them turn to her in shocked amazement while she shook with mirth from her head to her toes. But she did not dare—she was too perilously close to tears.

"You're very kind—all of you." Her voice was steady, anyway. "But I'm so tired of Milford and diets and taking care of people. I'd like to talk—just once—to somebody my own age. I want some fun—oh, don't you understand? I've never been able to dance and play and really live!"

They were looking at her as if she were insane!

"Why shouldn't I want what every other young girl has?" Star demanded hotly. "Why should John Barrett go off and work as he pleases and see all the beautiful exciting things in the world while I grub through a lifetime?"

"But, Star!" Aunt Amelia finally found her voice. "John is a man! You couldn't expect him to stay home and nurse his father."

"No, of course not," Lucille agreed. "Really Star—" she interrupted herself and bent down as her daughter held out the brightly-colored folder. "What is it, dear? What do you want to show Mummy?"

Star looked at them, transfixed. Where had the child discovered that cruise leaflet? They would know now! She made a feeble effort to take it, but Lucille was staring at it, her eyes screwed up in an effort to see it better. She began to read aloud with little gasps:

"Hail!—the mystery island. Sail into springtime at Christmas—on a cruise of the adventurous Spanish Main! You will see urchins scampering about in tatters—or without a stitch on. Their coal-black little bodies glisten in the bright sunshine..." She paused a moment for emphasis, fastening her eyes on the girl. "Really, Star!"

"You—you're actually going?" And you weren't going to tell us?" exclaimed Aunt Amelia.

"I don't mind telling you," Star stood proudly now, secure in the knowledge that they could not stop her. "But I won't argue about it. I—I have to go! I'm going to have the first real Christmas I've ever had in my life. I'm going to pack all the fun and happiness I've missed into three short weeks."

They stared at her incredulously, unable to speak. Star's eyes were shining like the stars for which she was named.

"I'm sailing next week on the Cartagena. I'm going to dance on deck under a big tropic moon. I'm going to walk under the very gate Henry Morgan came through three hundred years ago. I'm going to see flowers like flames, water like sparkling gold, and hear the bells of a city that was buried by an earthquake because its people were selfish and cruel and wicked—and, she added a trifle smugly, "I'm sailing on the very same boat with Doctor John Kenneth Barrett!"

Amelia stood up abruptly. "I'm glad my poor dear brother didn't hear this," she said in a voice that quavered with shock and anger. "Come, Mamie, I guess good advice would be wasted in this house."

DOCTOR KENT BARRETT came reluctantly into the Captain's quarters. The Cartagena lay at anchor in New York harbor; the last passenger was still arguing at the Customs.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes, yes! Come in, Kent." The Captain's ruddy face positively glowed with geniality. "I understand we're to reserve the bridal suite for your next trip. The Christmas cruise."

Kent's jaw tightened. His dark eyes looked unhappy.

"Well, you see, sir—"

"It's a long story you're taking, my boy." The Captain grinned facetiously. "What are you going to do about all those pretty señoritas at Barranquilla?"

Kent Barrett tried to grin, baring even teeth that looked startlingly white against a tropic tan.

"They—they won't be lonesome . . ."

Captain Porter looked shocked, but he tried to pass it off lightly. "Well, perhaps the new wife will have something to say about that, eh?"

"Yes, sir—I mean—no, she won't. The fact is—"

The Captain's face had settled once more into its usual heavy frowning lines.

"Doctor Barrett, you're behaving very strangely. If you hadn't been on this line for three years I'd think you had already begun to celebrate."

"I'm not getting married, sir." Kent Barrett's eyes were fixed on the small locker under the Captain's built-in couch. "The—the young lady has changed her mind."

"What?" Well, I suppose—confound it, man, do you want me to congratulate you, or what?"

"Nothing, sir. Thank you for—for your good wishes."

"But they aren't needed, eh? You know, Kent, frankly I'm disappointed. It's much better for a young man to be tied down somewhere. I don't presume to dictate to you, but it seems to me this thing has happened before. What's the trouble?"

"It's always been the same girl, sir," Kent replied stiffly.

The Captain stood up as a gesture of dismissal. "I suppose there's nothing to be said. It isn't always the same girl here on shipboard. I don't meddle with these things, Kent. You have always been equal to any emergency. But I do insist that you be more circumspect on the Christmas cruise. We don't want any unpleasant gossip. Good day, sir."

A slow painful red spread smoothly over Kent's face, starting at his ears and traveling rapidly down his neck to be lost in the spotless shirt collar that encircled it. He

saluted stiffly and stopped automatically as he went through the door.

The bay looked particularly oily and muddy. Fog hung in a dirty veil over the tall spires of New York. That was a strange thing for the Captain to say, Kent was thinking. So, he should be more circumspect, should he? After all, a doctor couldn't ignore sick women. A doctor didn't book the passengers, did he? Perhaps Gloria was right. On land there might be some chance. He pulled out the crumpled note and looked at it again.

"Darling, won't you reconsider and try to get land practice? Let's talk it over before you start on the Christmas cruise. I can't believe you'd want it to be our honeymoon with this big question still unsettled between us—Gloria."

The scent she used came up to him from the pale grey sheet with its sprawling signature cut across the top—Gloria Churchill. It caught at his throat as if Gloria stood before him, tiny and rounded, her hair glinting softly. She was so helpless—so fragrantly feminine.

But a practice on land. That would mean an end to all his experiments with strange tropic fevers and the hidden germs that caused them. It would mean treating a group of neurotic women with headaches and colds and imaginary pains.

Resolutely he clamped his jaw and tore the note into fragments. Gloria's price was too high. That was over.

Gloria Churchill looked thoughtfully at the calendar. Tuesday night. Kent Barrett had been in town two whole days and hadn't phoned her. The Cartagena would pull out again Thursday noon. Was Kent actually going to sail without seeing her?

Her hair was tightly in place under its wave net. A film of cold cream covered her face and she patted it gently with her hands while she considered the possibility that Kent might not call up at all. Of course that wouldn't happen. It couldn't! Kent was probably sulking because she had again postponed the date of their wedding. He would come around.

The telephone shrilled a summons and Gloria almost dropped the jar of cream. Kent!

"Hello." Her voice was gentle, moody—almost as if she had been crying.

"Gloria?"

It was not Kent. She had an impulse to slam down the receiver, but thought better of it. "Who is it?"

"Jack Coates. You know. I met you at the Whitmans' two nights ago. I've been trying to get in touch with you. Hello—hello!"

"I'm here." She recognized that slightly affected drawl now. Jack Coates—he was a geologist, or something like that. He had been amusing for one evening, but he wasn't worth her time.

"Of course I remember you," she said into the phone. "We had such a delightful time."

"How about repeating it to-night?"

"I'm so sorry." The answer was crisp, definite. "I have an engagement."

"To-morrow night?"

She didn't want to offend him if he knew important people like the Whitmans. Yet she must be ready when Kent called. A sudden inspiration gave a note of sincerity to her voice. "Really, I'm sorry, but I'll be packing. I'm sailing on the Cartagena Thursday."

Gloria's mind was already racing far ahead. Why not sail? Why not surprise Kent Barrett by going on the Christmas

cruise? Three whole weeks! Surely she could bring him around to her way of thinking in that length of time.

Coates' "I'll be seeing you" reached her ears faintly. "Good-bye," she said absently. She was thinking of Kent Barrett. If Kent proved difficult—well, there were situations that could be contrived.

JACK COATES stalked back and forth among the dusty specimens of the curator's office, pausing occasionally to stare through the window with indifferent eyes. He was angry, but he had no intention of showing it.

"You really think this museum idea is feasible, Coates?" Doctor Marsden looked up, but the younger man had a feeling that Marsden's eyes looked through and beyond him.

"I'm so sure of it I'll never ask to head another expedition if this one doesn't work out."

"But the West Indies!" Marsden's eyes were on the brick wall outside the window. There had been a time when he had dreamed of living and working in brilliant sunshine. It was hard to see younger men walk in and take what you had planned for years—and lost.

"Crowded with tourists," Coates said promptly. "Sometimes as many as a thousand passengers in port in one day. A museum down there would soon pay for itself."

"Yes, yes. I've heard your arguments," Marsden said, dryly. "We won't go over that again. Here's your cheque. The schooner will be waiting at Kingston. Perhaps there is enough primitive stuff down there to make a museum worth while. I hope, since you're so keen about it, that there is. But even then the work will have to wait a while after this expedition unless you can interest private capital."

Yes, you'd like that, Coates thought. But his thin, sensitive face did not betray him. "I realise that, of course, sir," he agreed promptly.

Certainly he realised, he thought grimly, as his heels echoed along the marble corridor. Unless he could bring financial support to the museum it would never be built. But if he could only get it on the way, get a share in those profits—nothing more would be needed! Just sit back and collect from the tourists . . .

Did that girl he had met at the Whitmans', Gloria Churchill, have enough? Probably not. Anyway, she was interested in the future—her future—not the past, even of a pirate land. Odd that she was going down there. What a pleasant surprise she would get when she saw him aboard!

Jack Coates was smiling as he pulled his overcoat closer and bent his head against the wind. After all, trouble was months away. Meanwhile, the Cartagena would have many passengers—women passengers.

I WONDER what she will look like in shorts?

The question bobbed unbidden into Star's mind as the woman standing before her leaned over to talk into the window of the purser's office. Ample hips tightly swathed in tweed were in Star's immediate line of vision. Then she glanced away and instantly forgot everything save the one vital fact. She was aboard the Cartagena!

Her trunk even now was being taken to her cabin. Too bad she had not been able to afford a new one. This one was so old-fashioned and shabby. But in a moment now she could forget about trunks. The state-room key would be in her hand, the

whistle would blow, the boat would throb into life, the skyline would slide away . . . She felt the mahogany rail with a furtive, caressing gesture. Her ship! It was easy to understand why a captain would love every inch of it. Star thought she had never seen anything so charming as the little green saloon with its funny round opening that looked right down into the dining-room. The decks were broad, much broader than she had expected. They were twice as wide as the porch back home. She had already been up to the boat deck. It gave her a queer, shivery feeling to stand beside a lifeboat and wonder if she would have to get into it.

"I can't sleep on the port side," the woman at the office was complaining.
"You are Mrs. Jenkins?" The purser's smile was as ready as ever. As she nodded he continued placatingly. "Your cabin is starboard, as you requested, Mrs. Jenkins. The ship is turned around," he added hastily. "Probably that's why you thought—"
"But I know ships! I go on a trip every year." Mrs. Jenkins' voice grew slightly nasal with excitement. "Mr. Jenkins and I have always closed up the house and travelled for a month in the winter time. And we've always insisted on the starboard—"

"Pardon me, please."
A woman in deep mourning pushed past Star and Mrs. Jenkins. The latter turned to protest, but as she saw the black veil her plump face became sympathetic. Star, studying the woman's profile, saw traces of the loveliness it had once known. Now it was flattened out curiously as if the years themselves had straightened the curves of her mouth, pulled at the corners of her eyes, and combed coarse fingers through her dark hair.

"Yes, Miss Cattrell?" The purser's manner reminded Star of those gentle young men who had hovered around the house the morning of Uncle Ezra's funeral. Uncle Ezra wouldn't have liked them. But he would have loved this—the smell of the sea—adventure—a glimpse of his son.

Doctor Kent Barrett! Star's lip curled scornfully as she remembered how impressive the name looked in the list of ship's officers. So he had dropped the John and shortened the Kenneth to Kent, had he? Probably the name "Kent" was more in keeping with his social ambitions. Well, here was one person who would look behind that suave, sophisticated mask he was wearing. She would make him uncomfortable enough.

"I must insist upon a table alone," Miss Cattrell was saying slowly as if she begrudged the necessity for words.

"Captain Porter will regret not having you at his table," the purser returned, still with an air of condescension, "but it will be arranged, of course."

"I wanna aeroplane! I won't go on this ship! I won't go!"

Star saw a little boy dragged over the brass-bound threshold, his face screwed up as if he were about to explode. The man who accompanied him, obviously his father, looked distinguished, but stuffy. Star thought. Certainly he had never tried to manage a child before. His technique was all wrong, and his expression was one of self-conscious agony. It was the first time he had ever been face to face with tantrums, Star judged.

She walked over to the door as if she were going out and with a bright smile glanced down at the youngster.

"I like aeroplanes, too," she said in a casual tone. "But I've never been up in one. Have you?"

Brown eyes looked at her scornfully. "We came in one and—"

Before he could go on, Star said quickly, "Did you?" Her voice throbbed with excitement. "Did you meet Jimmie, the plane boy?"

The child shook his head slowly. "Perhaps you're Jimmie, the plane boy?" "I am not! I'm B. Stuart Underwood, Third."

"How do you do, Stuart. My name is Star Sandringham."

The child's father at Star's nod edged over to the purser's office and talked rapidly in low tones while she launched into a story that involved the fictitious Jimmie, a non-existent plane, and a terrific crash, all within the space of three minutes. Stuart listened unconvinced, but spellbound. When his father came back he was saying to Star:

"That's a whopper. That's no true story."

"Stuart!" His father's shocked reproof was accompanied by an apologetic glance at the charming creature who had rescued him.

"Of course it isn't," Star admitted. "But doesn't it make a lovely story?"

Stuart was unaware he was being led as he pondered this phenomenon—a grown-up who would tell a story and ask you to enjoy it simply as a story.

STAR wandered out on deck. She had lost her place at the purser's window. Anyway, it didn't matter whether she went to her cabin right now—or ever! She wondered if she would want to sleep to-night, or to-morrow night. How could anyone miss a minute of it? How could anyone ask to be alone, like that woman in black?

The crowds pushed her towards the railing, but she didn't mind. It was fun to feel you were part of it, to listen to excited conversation and the music of the band. She hadn't thought of asking anyone to see her off. Ezra's relatives would not have come. She wouldn't have wanted them to. And she knew no one else. Yet it was a little lonely.

She would have liked to ask someone if she had made a wise choice in her clothes. This beige three-piece suit that had cost so much—was it becoming? Would it wear well? Had she been foolish to buy it because the fur was so soft against her throat? Was it too plain? Did her hat look too gay—too extreme?

She had hesitated a long time about that hat. Its very impertinence had seemed to typify this defiant gesture she was making towards life. Just a wisp of brown felt, as smart as her fur collar, with a single perky feather. Finally she had bought it because it was a hat that fairly cried out to be taken along on a glorious trip. It had nestled on her newly-shorn curls as if it promised: "You won't be sorry. Adventure is on the way!"

DOCTOR KENT BARRETT paced restlessly along the boat deck. In fifteen minutes they would shove off on the Christmas cruise—the cruise that was to have been his honeymoon! He tried to laugh, but the queer leaden feeling in his heart refused to be laughed away. Why didn't they start? He glanced at his wrist watch. Only a few more minutes and it would be impossible to telephone Gloria Churchill. In five minutes he would have no chance to tell her he was sorry, to beg her wildly to change her mind and come. His hands clenched as he paused near the railing. His romance with Gloria was over. It

had to be over. Everything would be easy if he could only get away without making a fool of himself. Why didn't they push off?

His heart pounded as the tip of a feather showed above the companionway. It might be Gloria! No, it wasn't. Kent whistled with relief and turned away—and then found himself looking back again at a girl with incredibly blue eyes and an unforgettable look of wonder on her face—like that of a child on Christmas morning.

Covertly he studied her as she stood looking at the pier below, unconsciously on tip-toe as if her eagerness to see everything could not be restrained. Her fawn-colored suit and long coat clung jealously to her slender figure. The ridiculous hat swept upward with the feather and gave him a glimpse of her profile. A finely-chiselled nose, firm chin, a cheek softly curved and warmly tinted. He was thinking: Why, I have never seen anything more beautiful, more radiantly wistful and young.

Just at that moment the whistle above their heads emitted three mighty blasts. She turned. She exclaimed, Kent thought, although he could not hear. Her eyes were such a brilliant blue. They made him think of morning in Cartagena, or the water at dusk when it held the deepened color of the sky.

"Frightened?" His voice, above the whistle, was almost a shout in the sudden stillness.

"No, I'm not afraid."

She looked at him quietly, frankly, as if she wanted to know him. He was grateful. It would be tragic to have this glamorous creature turn into an ordinary simpering coquette.

The whistle shook them closer together. Star's hands went to her ears and she patted them to stop the ringing.

"We slip so quietly in and out," Kent said, grinning. "The noise is less on the lower deck. At least," he added, "you don't feel it tearing you apart."

"Oh, but I love it!" Star answered with unexpected emphasis. "I hope it blows again."

Obliquely the whistle nearly blew them off the deck. Star clung weakly to the railing after it had stopped. He was undoubtedly laughing at her. She straightened at the thought, but he had turned away and was gazing as she had done at the milling crowd of people that lined the pier, waving and shouting towards those on board.

"I must introduce myself," he began. The whistle drowned his words in a noisy vacuum that now had the curious effect of holding them together. He waited for it to stop, but perversely it prolonged its blast. With a gesture Kent indicated his inability to speak. Star nodded, her mouth curled in laughter.

Kent pointed to his uniform, patted the railing, clicked his heels together and bowed deeply. Star accepted the introduction with obvious pleasure. She pointed to herself, gestured towards the horizon and then held out her hand. Kent took it without knowing what he did. His mind was filled with one thought: She's the loveliest person I've ever seen!

"You didn't need to tell me who you were," Star said when the whistle finally stopped. "Your uniform is a dead give-away. But you seem—I mean I expected an older man, somehow, in your position."

"I'll speak to my parents right away," he assured her with mock gravity.

"No. Don't do that. You're all right the way you are—really." She pulled at her hand, but he held it tightly.

"I didn't quite catch the name," he suggested. "Introductions are always so mumbled, don't you think?"

Star laughed joyously. "Star Sandringham," she said slowly. "It's a silly name—perhaps I'd better spell it."

"No, let me try," he interrupted quickly. "S, as in sweet; T, as in tantalising; A, as in angelic; R, as in . . ."

"As in ridiculous," Star suggested, her cheeks deeper in color.

But Kent dropped her hand. His own went up in salute. Captain Porter, passing them, grinned, saying, "I knew you'd make her change her mind." He winked knowingly as he walked to the bridge, his stocky figure seeming to grow in importance.

"Yes, sir," Kent mumbled. Star, watching Kent, saw a curious expression come over his face, but she was too puzzled to think of it at the moment.

"You were so polite. I thought that ships' captains always shouted and stamped around in a rage," she said demurely.

"This one can, too, when he wants to," Kent said with conviction.

"Oh, I don't doubt it, Captain."

Kent turned to her with a shocked expression and glanced guiltily at the figure that had just passed. Then, abruptly, he enjoyed Star's mistake.

"That's very flattering," he grinned. "But I don't think you caught the name, either. I'm the ship's doctor—Kent Barrett. Shall I spell it?"

"Don't bother," Star's face suddenly lost its friendliness. She seemed to retreat from him, although she did not move. "Let me try. K, as in Kenneth; E, as in evasive; N, as in neglectful; T, as in tiresome."

She turned abruptly and hurried down the stairs, leaving Kent staring after her in hurt bewilderment.

STAR stumbled blindly along the narrow corridor. Such a stupid mistake to make! She should have known a doctor's uniform from a captain's. And wasn't it just like Uncle Ezra's good-for-nothing son to pretend that he liked her? In her present mood Star discounted the fact that she had found the ship's doctor very likeable, too. His nervousness was, she now thought, amply accounted for. He must have heard about his father's death. It was probably his conscience that was troubling him. Yet he hadn't been so troubled. Star reminded herself, that he had tried to get in touch with her. In fact, he hadn't betrayed by even so much as the flicker of an eyelash that he recognised her name.

Perhaps he honestly didn't know who she was! She had to acknowledge that she would never have recognised him had it not been for the name. Maybe he didn't remember her, after all. Star stopped in the passageway as that thought struck her. It was one thing to be a penniless girl, and another to be a smart young doctor. He might easily have forgotten the name of the small, shy child he had seen years before. But she'd make him recall it, Star promised herself. She'd talk about every single detail of Uncle Ezra's last illness until John Kenneth Barrett writhed in shame. Kent Barrett, indeed!

She found herself standing in front of a door numbered twenty-seven. She glanced at her keytag and read the same number. As she started to insert the key in the lock the door opened easily and she found herself staring into a small cabin that looked as if a cyclone had struck it.

A great wardrobe trunk stood upended and open in front of the full-length mirror. Again Star regretted her shabby "steamer" of other days. Two suitcases were on the floor; a shoe case stood open on the single chair. One bunk was littered with books,

a huge box of chocolates, a hat, a pair of fur-lined overshoes and an empty flower box. A corsage of orchids hung limply over the edge of the washbowl. A mink coat was lying in a lumpy heap on the other bunk. Star, sure that she was in the wrong cabin, glanced again at the number. It was certainly twenty-seven.

"Shut that door," an angry voice said from under the mink coat. At the same moment Star saw a head of blonde curls and odd slanting eyes of grey-green peering at her. The girl looked like an angry kitten, but her frown disappeared when she saw the intruder.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I thought it was the stewardess. Are you Star Sandringham?"

"Yes," Star shut the door and hesitantly stepped over a suitcase. "You're Gloria Churchill? The purser told me we would be together. But there must be some mistake. I don't see my luggage at all."

"Oh!" Gloria looked slightly embarrassed, but she smiled sweetly. "I'm afraid that's my fault. I had the porter shove your trunk under the bed."

Star leaned over and found that this was true. Her trunk was there, and she decided that there it had better remain. There seemed to be no room for it elsewhere.

"Sorry about your bunk. Just throw those things anywhere," Gloria leaned back on her pillow, drawing the fur coat around her. "I'm freezing to death. I started to unpack and just gave it up as a bad job. I'll wait until we get to a warmer climate."

Star, gingerly clearing her bunk so that she could have a place to sit down, was slightly upset by this information. She had always been meticulously neat about her personal possessions. The thought of trying to move around or get dressed in the middle of this confusion was extremely distasteful to her. She pulled a chocolate out of the fuzzy blanket and threw it in the waste basket.

Gloria studied her with one eye and decided to change her tactics. From the shabby trunk she had judged her room-mate to be a drab, meek person who might be useful when she was dressing. But this tranquil lovely girl with the extraordinary eyes was not the type to take kindly to being patronised. There was an independence in her manner that Gloria knew was not assumed.

She laughed and Star smiled shyly in response. Gloria's estimate would have startled her had she known it. Star had all but forgotten the new clothes she was wearing, the bobbed hair. She did not realise the breathless wonder over the voyage had given her eyes new sparkle and touched her cheeks with a splash of color. She remembered only a quiet little person from Milford who was hungry for friendship.

"I'll help you unpack if you like," she said impulsively. "I—I'd really like to see your things. I've known so few girls of my own age."

Gloria shook her head. "I was only joking," she said casually. "I'll unpack. Everything will be in apple pie order by to-night. But don't let's do it yet. I didn't get home till four o'clock this morning and I'm a wreck." She yawned expressively. "Friends will give going-away parties."

Star sighed. If only she had friends to give going-away parties! If only she could say truthfully that she had been out until four o'clock that morning. But she had no confidences to exchange, so she nodded understandingly and took off her hat and coat. Then she stretched out on the bunk

and wriggled her toes in sheer delight. The boat was moving! Next stop—Haiti!

Gloria, curled up like a kitten under the warm fur coat, was slightly puzzled. Why was this girl so reticent? It never occurred to her that Star had spent her first nervous night in New York behind a door that was locked and barricaded by a chair, that there had been no going-away parties for Star.

"I didn't see you on deck," Gloria went on, determined to find out all she could about this silent beauty. "Did you come aboard the last minute?"

"Oh, no!" Star laughed a little, remembering how she had dashed breathlessly to the pier—an hour ahead of time. "I was up on the boat deck."

Gloria became intensely curious. No one to see her off? Was she running away from someone—or to someone? She glanced over at the quiet form on the other bunk and thought she detected a slightly heightened color in one cheek.

"So!" she said harshly. "The boat deck must have been rather chilly—unless you weren't alone."

"I was with—the ship's doctor—Dr. Kent Barrett," Star admitted.

GLORIA was shocked into silence. So that was why Kent hadn't called up! That was why he hadn't been upset when she wrote she wouldn't marry him! Gloria was furiously angry now—whether with herself or Kent she did not know. She had thought she could gauge to the minute how long a man could be kept dangling and when he would be fed up with vague promises. Before this, when she had changed her mind Kent Barrett had come running, pleading with her to reconsider, to give him another chance. She had counted on prolonging the scene this time until he agreed to establish a land practice. But he had never even called up! And of all the reasons Gloria had thought of for his silence, it had never occurred to her that it might be another girl.

If this was the girl, then probably Kent had been delighted to be released. But he wasn't free yet. If he thought she was just going to let him walk out of her life, he was mistaken. She would clear up this little situation right now.

"Do you know Dr. Barrett well?" she asked sweetly.

"I—I used to know him—years ago. I—I wouldn't have recognised him," Star confessed.

A childhood romance, Gloria thought bitterly. Well, it wouldn't be resumed if she could help it. And she was quite confident that she could help it, so there was no trace of resentment in her tone when she spoke.

"I know him rather well, too," she said with an air of bravado. "You see, perhaps I shouldn't tell you this, but I want you to know, we're engaged. —We—that is, this was going to be our honeymoon—this Christmas cruise."

She had expected Star to be surprised, but she had no idea the girl's reaction would be so unguarded. Star's blue eyes looked enormous as she sat up abruptly and stared at her room-mate. Gloria smiled with satisfaction. She had hung a large "Keep Off" sign on Kent Barrett, and this type of girl would undoubtedly efface herself.

"You—you're going to be married!" Star was unable to hide her dismay.

"We were," Gloria said cautiously. "We had a little tiff—nothing serious—but he doesn't know I'm on the boat yet. I thought it would be a nice surprise for him. Like—like a Christmas present."

"Yes, of course. What a lovely idea!"

Star sank back on her pillow again, considering. It would seem odd to tell someone she had met only a few minutes ago a lot of disagreeable family history. But a nice girl like Gloria ought to be warned that John Kenneth Barret, who now called himself Kent—her lips curled contemptuously at the thought—was far from being the charming, considerate person he appeared to be at first sight. She herself had been fooled before she identified him, into thinking him most attractive. But a man who would go off and desert his father certainly wouldn't make a good husband. Perhaps later she would have a chance to tell Gloria the whole story.

Gloria, however, was undisturbed by Star's reaction. She smiled to herself and prepared to doze for an hour. It had certainly been an inspiration to come on this trip, she reflected contentedly. Just wait until Kent heard she was on board—and that she was Star Sandringham's roommate!

THE door of the cabin opened softly. Both girls looked toward it, but no one was in sight. "Ghosts!" Star said, laughing. There came an immediate contradiction.

"I ain't no ghost," a childish voice denied vehemently. "I'm B. Stuart Underwood, Third."

Star peered down at the boy picking his way around the luggage. His chubby knees could scarcely squeeze between Gloria's huge bags.

"Stuart! Of course you aren't a ghost," Star agreed. "But wouldn't it be fun if there were ghosts on this ship?"

Stuart considered this carefully and finally decided against it. "No," he said eyeing the box of chocolates. "Ghosts are dead people. I'd rather you tell me about live people—or maybe people that could be alive," he amended, recollecting that Star told engaging stories that were admittedly not true.

"Oh, stop that silly chatter," Gloria said crossly. "Go back to your cabin, little boy, and let us alone."

Star recognised the storm signals that appeared at once in Stuart's brown eyes. She tried to avert catastrophe.

"This is Stuart Underwood," she explained. "He and I were discussing aeroplanes in the purser's office a little while ago."

"Don't encourage him," Gloria said sharply. "He'll be a nuisance all through the trip. Why don't people keep their brats home?"

A well-placed kick of Stuart's wide-toed shoe sent the box of chocolates flying in a sticky hall over the entire cabin. Gloria and Star bounded out of their bunks at the same moment.

"You little fiend!" Gloria shrieked, trying to reach him.

"Stuart! You must pick up those candies!" Star tried to keep her voice calm. "No gentleman would do a thing like that."

"Are they yours?" Stuart paused on the threshold of the bathroom.

"It makes no difference whose they are..." "It does, too—make a difference. If they're hers I'm glad I kicked 'em 'cause she's a mean old—nasty old—"

As Gloria's outstretched hands reached toward him, Stuart stepped nimbly into the bathroom and slammed the door. At the same time, Gloria, caught off balance, reached for her trunk. It tipped with her and together they crashed to the floor. Gloria's scream was matched by Stuart's howls of delight, or defiance, on the other side of the door. Star flung two suitcases out of her way and knelt beside her roommate.

"Are you hurt?" she asked anxiously. "Oh, I'm so sorry."

A demoniacal shriek from the bathroom prevented any reply, but there was a sharp rap and the door to the corridor opened abruptly. Barton Underwood gazed with evident astonishment at the overturned trunk and the two girls on the floor. Stuart, suspecting that reinforcement for the girls had arrived, stopped his screams. Instead, he began to chant clearly: "Catty-face can't get me. Catty-face can't get me!"

Gloria raised her eyes slightly to see a pair of heavy English shoes topped by rough tweed. She moaned softly and was instantly lifted up and set gently on Star's bunk. She studied the man with pleased surprise. His keen grey eyes were solicitous and warm. His crisp black hair had a light dusting of grey that was most becoming. He looked as if he was used to command—and used to being obeyed.

"He said at Star had, 'Are you hurt?'"

Gloria caught her underlip between even, white teeth in a way that she knew was effective. Her head still rested against his arm.

"Shall I call the doctor?" Barton Underwood continued, alarmed. Both girls recoiled instantly.

"No—don't do that!" Gloria straightened at once.

"She—she just stumbled," Star hoped she didn't sound too heartless. "Gloria, I believe this is Stuart's father."

"Yes, I am," the man admitted a trifle unhappily.

"Gloria Churchill, Mr. Underwood. And I'm Star Sandringham."

Barton Underwood nodded and said anxiously, "I'm terribly sorry, Miss Sandringham. It's all my fault. You see, I haven't been with the boy since—since his mother died. He's been living with my two sisters. I find it difficult to manage him and I don't want to be too harsh. He had his heart set on having you tell him a story, and finally I agreed that he could come and look for you. I didn't realise he would raise such a commotion." He looked helplessly around the wrecked cabin.

"Stuart's a darling," Star said warmly. "He's lonesome. Probably feels he has to assert himself to get some attention. Of course, I'll tell him a story any time."

The steward peered in anxiously. "Beg pardon, sir, but is anyone hurt?" he asked.

"Shall I call Doctor Barrett?"

"No!" said Gloria and Star together.

"You can straighten up this cabin," Underwood said shortly. "We'll go up on deck."

"Catty-face can't get me! Catty-face can't get me!" chanted Stuart with new fervor. Barton Underwood looked helplessly toward Star.

"You two go ahead," Star said quickly. "I'll talk to Stuart and bring him later. Please," she insisted as Underwood hesitated.

"I don't feel too well," murmured Gloria. She swooped on her milk coat and tucked her arm into Barton Underwood's. Reluctantly he led her from the cabin.

STAR tried to hurry through the narrow passageway, but she thought ruefully that she certainly hadn't acquired her sea legs yet. Both hands were engaged in holding her billowing chiffon skirt away from the sides of the boat; it took all her sense of balance to avoid lurching uncomfortably from one wall to the other. Gloria, in a revealing evening frock of black followed more sedately, but the roll of the boat caught her off guard every now and then.

"Oh, dear, we're so late!" exclaimed Star. "The better to make an impressive entrance, my dear."

But Star would have preferred to watch everyone else enter. It was going to be awkward enough to meet Kent Barrett again without having the whole dining-room looking on. Gloria had insisted that they sit at his table, but he had not been there last night. In fact, they had eaten in almost solitary glory and then watched the movies for an hour with eyes that drooped in spite of themselves. Finally they had gone off, yawning, to their state-room. Kent Barrett had not appeared.

Nor had she seen him to-day. Some of the passengers had been ill, one of the stewards told her when she commented on the deserted decks; others preferred to stay in their cabins the first day out. Gloria had seen Kent, she acknowledged, but she had not seemed to want to talk about their meeting, and Star had not questioned her further.

The dining-room steward came to meet them as they appeared in the big double doorway. Star looked at the laughing chattering group with wondering eyes. In her imagination she had pictured the sparkle of glass and silver, the soft music. But she had not thought of the smart officers' uniforms, of the lovely frocks and gleaming jewels of the women. She had not known that there would be paper hats for everyone, and noise-makers—like New Year's Eve. Most of all, she had not been able to imagine herself a part of it; she could scarcely believe that it was her blue satin sandals stepping onto the polished floor. "Good evening," the steward bowed deeply. "This way, please."

Star was so excited she did not see the instant tribute paid to her graceful figure, her bright joy in everything about her. But Gloria, one step behind, was acutely aware of the admiring glances and whispered comments at the tables as they passed. Barton Underwood glanced up with a smile and Gloria was warmly responsive. She had found him a little dull yesterday afternoon, but after all he might be useful if Kent continued to prove difficult. Kent had been astonished to see her on board, but he had left little doubt in her mind that it was not a pleasant surprise.

THE men were standing as Gloria and Star murmured an apology and slipped into their seats at the dinner-table. Star found herself at Kent's left; Gloria was at his right. A strange man whom Star had not seen before sat next to Gloria. There were two vacant places. She discovered later that they belonged to a Mr. and Mrs. Livingston.

Gloria was looking at the thin, dark-eyed man next to her with open astonishment. "Surprise!" he said, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

"You know Miss Churchill?" Kent inquired sharply.

"Jack and I met at the Whitmans'," Gloria explained.

"Then you have only to meet Miss Sandringham," Kent said smoothly. "This is Mr. Coates, who will be with us as far as Kingston. He is to establish a museum in the West Indies. This is the first field trip. Right?" Coates nodded. "And this is Miss Sandringham, who is making the complete cruise." Star smiled in acknowledgment.

"I hope you're a good sailor," Coates said without much interest. "The Caribbean is rather choppy this time of year. Even last night had me down."

"I'm having such a good time I hardly noticed, and I'm actually hungry to-night," Star said gaily. Coates groaned.

"Kent, what shall I eat?" Gloria asked. "I haven't Star's desire for food at all, but I suppose I should try something."

Kent answered almost rudely, "Eat whatever you like. You don't need a doctor to tell you that." He turned abruptly to Star. "Are you enjoying the trip, Miss Sandringham?"

Star caught her breath; she had scarcely hoped that he would give her a chance to make herself known so soon.

"It's more fun than I ever imagined it could be," she said truthfully. "You see I've lived in a little inland town. It was Milford," she said looking at Doctor Barrett squarely. "Have you ever been there?"

"It seems to me I have," Kent's frowning consideration was perfect, she thought scornfully.

"Wasn't it about ten years ago?" she demanded.

Kent seemed surprised. "By George, I believe it was. How did you know?"

Star smiled with satisfaction. At least she had made him admit that much. Gloria watched her shy little room-mate with growing interest. So—Star remembered Kent, but Kent had forgotten Star! Well, there was no point in worrying about a romance as completely dead as that, she decided, turning with more interest to Coates.

"Uncle Ezra and I often thought of taking this trip together," Star went on, finding her story harder to tell than she had imagined it would be. "But," she sighed, "he wasn't well the last few years."

"Ezra? What a funny, old-fashioned name," Gloria commented.

"I don't think so," Kent Barrett objected. "As a matter of fact, it's been a familiar name in our family for many years."

"That's odd," Star's heart beat faster as she approached the climax of her story, "because Uncle Ezra's name was the same as yours—Barrett."

Kent's control was perfect. "Do you suppose we're related?"

"We couldn't be related in any case," she pointed out. "I wasn't really a niece, you know."

"I'm glad," Kent said simply, and hurried on, "Is your uncle with you?"

"He died just a month ago—calling for his son," Star's blue eyes burned into his and he looked confused.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he stammered. "You must find it lonely without your uncle."

"He was a dear, sweet person," Star said warmly. If Kent intended to act as if he did not know what she meant, she would make him listen. "But he did have an odd trait. He wanted to be thought poor and dependent. It wasn't until after his death that even I knew he was really tremendously wealthy."

She flushed a little as she told the falsehood, but her sense of guilt was immediately overcome by a feeling of triumph as she saw Kent Barrett's face. He looked as if he could scarcely believe his ears as if she had shocked him by mentioning money. Star hoped he was feeling sorry now that he had stayed away from home so long. Her remark might not have been in the best taste, but she had at least told John Kenneth Barrett what she wanted him to believe—that Ezra Barrett's son had lost a fortune by ignoring his father.

"Are you going to travel a bit now?" Jack Coates was leaning forward with sudden interest. "You must be tired of living quietly."

"I am," Star agreed. "I want to live gaily—happily—adventurously."

"That's right," Coates, as he spoke, had a vision of the private capital his museum needed falling into his lap in a most agreeable way. A lovely girl who had just in-

herited a fortune . . . he at his most attentive best . . . tropic nights when even the most conservative must feel the thrill of romance . . . It was a perfect setup. Surely he need look no further for financial assistance.

"If you'll get your wrap," he suggested, "we can go out on deck for a while."

Gloria was amused at Coates' sudden interest in Star. Moreover, she felt rather pleased that her room-mate had made such an impression; she needed to concentrate on Kent. She rose when Star and Coates had left and slipped her arm lightly but definitely through Kent's. She could have laughed aloud at his outraged expression as they walked towards the door.

"Pardon me, Doctor Barrett?" Barton Underwood was standing at the head of the stairs as they came up. He nodded briefly to Gloria.

"This is Mr. Underwood, Kent," she introduced them. "He has a darling little boy, Stuart. You've probably seen him around."

Kent had not only seen him but had heard of him from the room steward. He raised an eyebrow at Gloria, who had never before to his knowledge shown an interest in children.

"It's about Stuart," Barton explained. "He seemed upset when the stewardess put him to bed, and he's feverish now. I imagine it's nothing more than the strange food—perhaps a touch of seasickness. But I'd like you to look him over, if you will."

He led the way, and the little group proceeded to what is known as the "bridal chamber." It cost twice as much as the other staterooms, but Kent thought Underwood didn't care about that, even if he knew it. The name of Barton Underwood was synonymous with wealth and power. Kent went in first and Underwood stood aside to let Gloria pass.

Stuart greeted them with a blood-curdling shriek and reached for the nearest object—a clothesbrush his father had left on the bedside table. Kent pushed Gloria aside and took the weapon away.

"Catty-face! Catty-face!" Stuart screamed in a rage.

"The child's delirious," Gloria said angrily. "Stop that, son," Barton commanded. For answer Stuart kicked off all the bedclothes and squirmed like an eel in the young doctor's grasp.

"Here, old man," Kent admonished. "Keep still a minute and let's see where the trouble is."

Stuart turned a deep red and opened his mouth for another scream. Kent turned to Gloria and nodded towards the door. When she had gone Stuart relaxed. With a child's instinctive knowledge he realised that the man who held him so gently and firmly was not so easily influenced as his father—now mopping his brow in one corner of the room.

"I—I hope it isn't serious," Underwood said apprehensively.

Kent laughed. "Nothing a good sleep won't cure," he said. "But I think Stuart has something on his mind. 'Now, young fellow, what's the trouble?'"

Stuart settled himself comfortably. "Wanna story," he explained.

Barton, rummaging through the bureau drawer for pyjamas, said apologetically, "I think I know what he wants. Miss Sandringham—"

A timid knock interrupted him. Star herself opened the door.

"Gloria said Stuart was ill," she said anxiously. "Is there anything I can do?" She had thrown a purple velvet cape over her shoulders and her eyes seemed almost the same color.

"Story?" the boy asked eagerly.

Star nodded. "But while I'm telling it," she said firmly, "you must let Doctor Barrett put a little glass tube in your mouth. And if he wants you to do anything else like putting out your tongue or staying quiet you must do exactly as he says. Is it a bargain?"

Stuart nodded indifferently, his eyes on Star's face as she settled herself in one of the chairs. Kent envied his opportunity to gaze at her with open adoration—and he envied her her tender thoughtfulness, so different in its effect from the distrust he seemed to inspire. Barton, looking vastly relieved, found the small pyjamas at last and tiptoed from the room.

CHANGING Stuart's pyjamas, and reassured that his first diagnosis was correct, Kent found himself listening with the boy to Star's story that peopled the cabin with the glorious figures of fancy.

Kent fastened the last pyjama button and then slipped his arm around the child, pillowing his head comfortably on one shoulder. Stuart's lids drooped. Star's voice became softer and deeper until finally, as she brought the story to a peaceful ending, it was only a whisper.

There was no protest from her audience, however. Stuart was sound asleep.

For a few minutes they sat on without moving, Star watching this man she thought so despicable. He was holding the child gently, as if he felt the same pity for him that she knew. Carefully, he slipped off the bed and straightened Stuart so that he would sleep more comfortably.

Kent, glancing up, caught Star's eye. "He's asleep, but—" he hesitated, "why don't you kiss him good-night, anyway? I think he'd sleep better for it."

She passed him lightly, like a fragrant breeze, and bent above the sleeping boy. Her lips brushed the child's cheek. Stuart did not waken, but he stirred and smiled.

As she stood with Kent in the passageway outside Star was smiling, too, but a little tremulously.

"He's so little, and he's fighting so hard to be grown-up. I don't believe he's ever really been petted or loved, and children need that far more than a lot of modern nonsense."

Kent nodded. He could not trust himself to speak. He was still trying to calm the disturbing emotions that had overpowered him back there in the cabin. He could have sworn, even though he saw her bending over Stuart, that her warm lips had rested against his own cheek. The impulse to take her in his arms and hold her tightly was so strong that he had been bereft of all reason and logic.

Even now he did not know what to do. The girl did not even like him. Kent told himself grimly. The tenderness that made her lovelier than ever was for Stuart. Soon her sweetness and gentleness would be hidden under the mysterious probing manner she seemed to reserve especially for him.

There was no reason why she should like him, Kent thought humbly, as they made their way forward toward the saloon. He had nothing to offer a gorgeous creature of wealth and charm and beauty. Yet there was no reasoning away this fever that had taken possession of him, because it did not seem founded on what she was, or what she had, or how she looked. It was as if her very presence generated a current he could not understand, and whose power he was only beginning to realize.

"Don't go in there," he exclaimed impulsively. Through the door they could see the bridge tables and hear the laughing comments of the players. "Come outside instead."

For a brief moment he thought she would consent. But then, as he had expected, her manner changed. She shook her head.

"Mr. Coates is waiting for me."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to keep you apart." He had blurted it out before he thought.

She had every reason to resent his tone. But she said only, with a faint surprise, "Thank you, sir. With your permission, then," and left him alone.

"Do they have to make a lifebelt so revoltingly ugly?" demanded Gloria. "For that matter, do they have to have a lifeboat drill? If the ship goes down I'd rather swim than appear in one of these."

Star laughed in spite of herself. Her room-mate did look atrocious in the bulky thing, and she had made it no better by tying the tapes the wrong way.

"They don't even have sizes in the darned things," Gloria continued to wail.

"They give me the same size lifebelt as yours, and you're a good two inches taller."

"Everyone looks just as bad," soothed Star. "And, after all, we only wear them a few minutes while they have the boat drill."

"The picture of what I look like in this will linger on—probably for a lifetime," Gloria said, grimly.

To Star it seemed a pity that Gloria should waste so much time worrying about how she looked. There was so much to see and do. It didn't really matter whether or not one looked perfectly turned out. She herself thrilled each time she put on one of the new outfits she had brought, but once on deck she never thought again of her appearance. "What makes Miss Cattrell so unhappy, do you think?" she asked, to change the subject.

"Oh, I've heard all about that woman," Gloria's eyes sparkled with enjoyment of this tidbit of gossip. "Do you remember that terrible plane accident about a week before we left?"

Star remembered it vividly. It seemed like another life—that cold wintry day she had hurried back to the lonely little house and eaten some bread and cheese for supper. She had opened her newspaper to the photograph of a frightful monster of twisted steel that had crashed on some lonely countryside.

"I had the oddest feeling about that," she said now to Gloria. "It was horrible. I know, yet it was rather beautiful in a way, too. To die—flying!"

"You can have it," Gloria said crisply. "It wasn't very beautiful for Elsie Cattrell. The man she was going to marry was on that plane. He had just got a divorce, and was flying to meet her."

"No wonder she wants to be alone."

"That's silly. No man is worth it," Gloria answered briskly. Then, hastily amended, "unless you're terribly in love with him, of course."

"As you are with Doctor Barrett?"

"As I am with Kent," Gloria said softly. "There goes the whistle. We'd better get this over."

On deck, passengers and sailors were lined up against the railing, some taking photographs, some laughing at their ridiculous attire, others waiting for the whole routine to be over.

When they had located their own lifeboat it was to find the large, fussy Mrs. Jenkins and her small, timid husband with a young couple Gloria had noticed only that morning, sitting passively in deck chairs. Star had commented on their apparent indifference to everyone else. The man had already adopted the casual sports attire he evidently considered proper for a cruise, his prominent

Adam's Apple was now exposed above a wine-colored sweater. The girl dressed with meticulous care in frocks that looked as if she had just removed the price tags. Both had a world-weary air that was at variance with their youth.

Gloria nipped Star's arm and drew her over to the railing. "I forgot to tell you," she whispered hurriedly. "That's the honeymoon couple who're supposed to sit at our table, only they've never been there. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, I think the name is. She's been seasick all the way so far."

Mrs. Livingston did indeed look like anything but a happy bride. She stood limply against the railing, her husband beside her, and gazed at the deck with a fixed stare. But nothing was proof against Mrs. Jenkins' insistent friendliness.

"I know just how you feel," she was assuring the bride now, "it's the same thing I get when I eat oysters. They don't seem to sit right, somehow—"

The bride turned a shade paler, and Star came forward quickly.

"I guess we're all in the same boat," she smiled at Mrs. Jenkins. "Who is the officer with us?"

Mrs. Jenkins bridled and looked at Star with an arch smile. Star returned her look with astonishment. She could not see what had been in the simple question to make Mrs. Jenkins set in such an extraordinary fashion. But the lady from Ohio had evidently found her query a source of amusement.

"Isn't she the one?" she said to Mr. Jenkins, who smiled thinly in response. "As if she didn't know! The minute I set foot on this boat I said to Mr. Jenkins—didn't I, Willy?—those two were meant for each other. Those are exactly the words I used. Anybody with eyes in her head—"

"What in the world are you talking about?" demanded Gloria.

Mrs. Jenkins favored her with a disapproving stare. She drew herself up like a drum major.

"Miss Sandringham asked me what officer was to be in this boat," she retorted. "I was just having a little fun with her because she's pretending not to know. Of course, it's your young man," she added to Star.

"My young man?" Star echoed blankly.

Gloria, quicker than her room-mate, looked murderously at the buxom matron before her. "Do you by any chance mean that Doctor Barrett will be with us?" she asked.

"Yes, Doctor Barrett. Isn't that nice? It's so safe to have a doctor along if we do get shipwrecked, don't you . . ." Mrs. Jenkins had started off gushingly, but she ran down as she caught sight of Star's horrified expression and Gloria's obvious anger.

Blushing painfully Star tried to make the situation clear. "Doctor Barrett is engaged to Gloria. I am sure you must have made a mistake."

STAR glanced up to see Kent approaching. Her heart began to throb in that disconcerting way it had suddenly developed. It's the uniform, she told herself, gazing into the suds of water that ran in ribbons alongside the boat. It makes him look so clean and reliable and fine. And he isn't—he isn't!

Kent's voice broke in on her reverie. "Gloria, I wonder if you'd mind transferring to boat number six—it's just on the other side of the deck. I asked Mr. and Mrs. Livingston to come in this boat because I want to look after her. I know you won't care." Star turned about to say that she would gladly make the change, but Gloria was already moving away.

"Of course, dear," she murmured graciously, although Star didn't think she sounded too pleased. "In this outfit I'd rather not see anyone I know."

"Oh, you won't be alone," Kent said quietly. "A friend of yours, Mr. Coates, is in that boat." Gloria seemed about to say she wouldn't go, but then thought better of it and hurried on.

Mrs. Jenkins moved over closer and whispered: "Say, I'm awfully sorry I made that mistake about you and the doctor."

"Oh, that's all right," Star wished her companion would not refer to it again, especially with Kent looking on.

"But it does seem sort of funny," Mrs. Jenkins persisted, "that a nice-looking man like him would be taken in by a bedizened fly-by-night with her yella hair and painted finger-nails."

"She's really a very nice girl," said Star uncomfortably.

Star could feel Kent's eyes on her. She knew exactly when he had turned from adjusting the bride's lifebelt and stood watching her. It was as if he were compelling her to look up at him. Unwillingly she raised her eyes. The dimple was showing in his cheek although he sternly repressed the smile. He had probably overheard Mrs. Jenkins remark, Star thought, and found herself smiling up at him. It was the last thing in the world she had intended to do.

"You haven't your belt tied tightly enough," he said authoritatively.

"Is mine all right?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"Tied like a sailor," Mrs. Jenkins beamed at his approval.

"We've done this so often," she told them, "that Mr. Jenkins keeps a lifebelt in our attic just so I'll feel at home in a storm."

Kent's lean face was so close to Star's she could see the little pulse throbbing in his temple. What a nice nose he had! Not at all the usual Barrett nose, but thin and highly arched. His fingers fumbled. As she watched, he pulled the loop through too far and undid the whole fastening again.

"Oh—here, let me do that," Mrs. Jenkins' plump fingers worked swiftly at the tapes. "Men are all thumbs about things like this, especially when they're doing it for a pretty girl," she added.

Star grew hot with embarrassment. But Kent, his telltale hands locked behind him, was more at ease. She wore confusion like a tallman, he decided. It was caught in the tossing curls of her hair, veiled by her downcast lashes. He bowed gravely to Mrs. Jenkins.

"Thank you," he said earnestly. "She is beautiful to me, but I thought perhaps I was prejudiced."

Gloria's lifebelt was tossed carelessly onto the bunk, but she was nowhere in sight. Wearily Star took hers off and pushed her hair back from her forehead. The day was so muggy! Like a spring day with the sap slowly rising in the trees and buds on the maples. It was hard to imagine that the house in Milford was buried in snow, its path unbroken, its windows shuttered and forlorn.

Her head ached with the whirl of her thoughts. Why didn't Kent acknowledge he knew her? Why did he pretend this silly interest in her when he was engaged to Gloria? Was each one in the world one sort of person and pretending to be another?

There was a sudden commotion outside—the sound of footsteps pounding along deck—a shrill scream. The boat grumbled and groaned as if a modern dragon had found its way into the engine-room and was clawing at the very vitals of the ship. Star was thrown against the washbasin with a sickening

ing lurch and at almost the same minute heard Mrs. Jenkins crying shrilly:

"Man overboard! My land!"

Star almost collided with the steward as she opened the door and ran out. Without bothering to apologise, he steadied her and dashed on. Star was only a short distance behind him stepping onto the slippery deck.

A crowd had gathered aft, most of them leaning over the rail and talking excitedly. The water was coated with a shifting cloud of steam so that it was impossible to see more than a few feet beyond the boat.

Star stood uncertainly. It seemed foolish to crowd around the rail, surely the sailors should be allowed to have all the room they needed. Then she caught sight of a small figure pressed against the outer wall of the cabin. Star went up and touched the bright head glinting in the sun.

"Stuart!"

He looked up at her. She was startled by the intense excitement in his face. "They's a man overboard."

"Yes, I heard that. But they haven't found him yet."

"Why don't they put down one of the little boats?" Stuart demanded. "D'you think they'd let me get in and look? Do you?"

"Perhaps, darling." She appeared to be watching the crowd as it milled around only a few feet away, but her arm at Stuart's waist was alert to the pounding of his small heart, the tenseness of his muscles. "But I'm so sorry this happened."

"Why're you sorry?" he questioned without much interest.

"Because now maybe we'll miss the pirates," Star answered mournfully. "You know there's a place just outside of Haiti—it used to be called Port Royal and all the pirates lived there. It was such a wicked, wicked city that one day an earthquake shook it until it sank right beneath the waves. But there was one pirate who climbed into the steeple as the waves got higher and higher—a big, bad pirate with gold earrings and a great scar across his cheek."

"He climbed up the steeple and rang the bell. He rang it over and over again. But no one ever saved him and he's down there ringing away yet! That's why I hoped we wouldn't be late. Because if you want to hear the pirate ring the bell, and maybe see him, you've got to be there right on the minute."

"Do the boat people know that?" Stuart asked thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes. But if there's a man overboard they'll be too late. They have to stop and look around. Maybe one hour, or two, or three—"

"No—NO! There ain't no man overboard. Tell them to go on or we'll miss the pirates."

"Stuart! Think of what you're saying. There is a man overboard."

"NO—NO!" Stuart was hopping excitedly up and down on one foot. "I said that. I wanted them to put the little boat down in the water and take me with them. I just said it—and a sailor heard me, and then he started shouting."

Star stood up, her hand firmly around Stuart's. "I think we'd better find the captain right away," she said. "He may be angry, because he wants to see the pirates as much as you do. But you've done something wrong and you must take your punishment like a man."

They made their way to Captain Porter, who looked as if he were boiling so hard inwardly that in a moment the steam would come rushing out. He glared impatiently at Star and turned again to the worried young second mate who stood with a long list in his hand.

"No one missing!" roared the Captain. "What is this, a joke? Is someone trying to be funny?"

"Captain Porter!" Star stood her ground firmly. "Stuart has just told me that he—he repeated the expression 'man overboard.' Someone heard him and thought he meant it—"

"She stopped at the fury that shook the little man until he actually trembled."

With a supreme effort the Captain growled to the second mate, "Full steam ahead."

"Yes, sir." The second mate saluted and dashed away. Impulsively the sailors started raising the boat back to its davits, Stuart watching them with interest.

Star braced herself for the explosion, but none came. Instead, with a disgusted grunt, the Captain wheeled and marched away. She leaned weakly against the railing for a minute, unable to move. One of the sailors picked up the weatherproof cover and started lashing it to the boat.

"If I was you, Miss," he advised, "I'd take the young squirt and go down to your cabin. I don't think the Captain wants to see any one any more to-day."

GLORIA petulantly pushed away her salad.

"Off your feed?" Kent inquired.

"Darling, you know I never eat salad. All I want is another cup of coffee."

Kent attacked his own salad with ferocity. He must speak to Gloria about this habit of scattering impartial "dears" and "darlings" throughout all conversations directed to him. If they were going to be married, it would be different. But that was all over and he didn't like the possessive strings in which Gloria still managed to entangle him. Besides, there was another complication. He stole a guilty look at Star, fragile in white net with a crisp ruffle standing up around her shoulders like the inverted petals of a flower.

Just before dinner Kent had been summoned to the Captain's quarters for a bewildering fifteen minutes of explanations that didn't explain and messages of apology that he was to convey. Through it all the phrase, "That girl you're going to marry," had run like a maddening refrain. Kent had heard, of course, about Stuart's misadventure, but the sequel as explained by the Captain was far from clear.

"Probably scared the girl," Captain Porter chuckled. "But, I didn't scare the kid—he's a hellion, that one. Anyway, tell your girl I'm sorry. She's smart, Kent. Pretty as a picture, too. You have good taste. Don't wonder she turned you down a couple of times. Plenty of spirit in that chin. But no fun if there aren't a few rocks in the channel, eh?"

"Yes, sir." Kent was trying unsuccessfully to link Gloria with Stuart in a situation that was amusing to the Captain and yet required an apology to her.

"You certainly have the table this trip." The Captain was determined to be friendly. "That little blonde is something to look at, too. Well, there's the dinner-bell. We'd better get going."

STAR glanced up and found Kent's eyes fastened on her with an unwillful fascination. To-night, she was determined, he would not embarrass her again.

"Did you say something?"

"I didn't," Kent answered, "but I'm about to. Were you the one who discovered Stuart's bright idea and made him confess?" As Star nodded Kent drew a deep breath.

So. The Captain had concluded that Star was his reluctant dancee. Kent could explain that Gloria was the girl—no, hang it!—she wasn't. He was going to speak to her to-night and definitely end it all. But if he told the Captain that after what the old man had said just before they sailed... No, he couldn't do that either. Captains didn't like to be told they were mistaken about anything. Better let it ride and then—when they got back to New York—explain that the lady was still unwilling.

"I'm to bring you Captain Porter's apologies," Kent went on. "He's afraid he frightened you this afternoon."

Star glanced at the Captain's table. His ruddy face was beaming at her. "The Captain's a lamb," she declared. "No one could blame him for being put out. Stuart was just thoughtless."

"Stuart is just a brat," said Gloria with conviction. Coates came in at that moment and with a murmured apology sank into the seat beside Star.

"Sorry I'm late."

Gloria's eyes narrowed. "Aren't you on the wrong side of the table?"

Coates smiled at Star.

"Am I?"

"If you want to eat."

"I want only a feast for the eyes." Kent's disgusted grunt made Star more eager to keep Coates beside her. "A big smooth for an opening remark," she commented.

"You prefer the cave-man type?"

Star was aware that Kent applied the description to himself. He ground the coffee spoon into his cup as if he wished Coates were beneath it. With great enjoyment Star deliberately let her shoulder touch the dark coat beside her.

"I'm open to conviction," she murmured. But Gloria had taken that opportunity to whisper to Kent. He was nodding, probably he'd missed the little byplay. Star went on quickly:

"I thought you were the rock-throwing type. Gloria tells me you're a geologist."

"Not quite. An archaeologist."

"Your future is in the past?" smiled Star.

"My future is in—your hands!"

His dark eyes kindled as they looked at her... Star felt an almost physical revulsion for his oily black hair and thin eagerness. But she controlled herself well.

"There is a boat deck," Gloria said insolently.

"I'm sure we'll see you up there," Coates retorted.

Kent's sulky silence made Star sure that thrust had gone home. So that was what Gloria had whispered about—what Kent had agreed to—a rendezvous on deck? Star wondered why she wanted to protest. What difference did it make to her?

"It's a date then?" Coates whispered. Star forced herself to say lightly, "I make only one date every night—"

"Break it to-night," Coates demanded.

"—with a gentleman who has already retired." Star went on. She saw Barton Underwood making his way towards their table. "After my young man is asleep—perhaps."

"Miss Sandringham," Barton leaned over her chair. "I'm punishing Stuart by not letting him hear a story to-night."

"Then you would punish me, too," Star objected. "He admitted his mistake like a soldier, Mr. Underwood. That's all anyone can ask. Please don't insist on hurting him any more."

Barton smiled down at the lovely face pleading so gracefully for his child. He had a vision, too, of Stuart—after he had heard the ultimatum—turning towards the wall and burying his head in the pillow, one tiny hand clenched to keep from protesting. Star had said he must take his punishment like a man.

"I don't believe he's asleep yet," Barton announced.

Star rose quickly, her face bright with happiness, and walked towards the door—to the dark cabin where Stuart had decided that even a man might be permitted to sob if he pressed his lips tightly together so that no sound escaped.

"O OOH! It's so windy!" Gloria shivered and ducked into a fairly sheltered corner. Kent followed her there slowly. Grudgingly he put an arm around her as she snuggled up to his coat. "Gloria I've got to talk to you," he said determinedly. "It's about—about that letter . . ."

"Kent, is that the North Star—the big one? Pardon me, darling, but it seems so silly to be prosaic up here, alone."

"It isn't the North Star, and this isn't silly to me."

"Don't be angry," Gloria murmured. "Since I've been on this trip I can almost see why you like this stupid old boat—really I can."

Kent's heart sank. What if she was going to say that she would marry him now, with no conditions?

"Oh, no—you wouldn't like it at all," he said desperately. "You were perfectly right—"

"Then you will take up a land practice? Oh, darling!" Impulsively Gloria threw both arms around his neck.

"Careful—someone's coming!"

Gloria dropped her arms, but she did not move away. In a guilty silence they waited as the footsteps came nearer and nearer. Suddenly Captain Porter stood before them, his sharp eyes seeing Kent's quick salute, Gloria's affected shyness. For a second the Captain paused in surprise, and then went on hurriedly. Kent could almost see him thinking: Engaged to one girl, kissing another. More unpleasant gossip!

STAR stepped cautiously onto the windswept deck. She didn't want to meet Coates just now. She saw a dim form approaching. Saw the quick, sure way he walked, the gleam of his wrist-watch as he passed a lighted window. It was Coates. Of course he could go back. Yet it was such a gorgeous night! Who was it said you could always go three ways? She didn't want to go down or sideways—but she could go up!

Star ran lightly towards the stairs. Her heart was pounding as she reached the top, and paused to catch her breath and listen. Coates walked on quickly—to the ladder—past it. With a sigh of relief Star ran aft.

No one but a stupid, blundering girl, Star thought afterwards bitterly, would have so heedlessly disturbed people. No one else would have been so entirely engrossed in her own thoughts that she would practically walk into a couple before she halted.

Even after she had heard her roommate's passionate, "Kent, you mustn't say that. You mustn't!" Star had stood rooted to the spot while Gloria's arms were flung around Kent's neck—while their lips were pressed together.

And then instead of slipping away Star had said primly: "I beg your pardon!"

No wonder Kent had looked up with such a guilty start. It was enough to make any man angry.

And it was enough to make any girl cry a little, even though she was happy that Gloria had patched up the quarrel with her sweetheart. She had known all along that Kent and Gloria were to be married. No, she wasn't weeping about that. It was only—she wished she had drowned before she had that love scene burned into her memory!

WITH her feet propped against the rail and her eyes looking deep into the turbulent water, Star felt lonelier than she had ever felt before in her life. Ten days to Christmas! If she were home this would be a time of whispered consultations with the children's mothers, of arrangements for the library tree and ornaments, of endless lists of recommended reading for children of varying ages. Christmas week always passed in a whirl of activity.

Star hoped the girl taking her place would not forget to have the tree anchored securely. It had fallen one year. She could never wipe out of her memory the expression on the children's faces as they saw the one bright star on top come crashing down.

She wondered if her own face did not reflect something of what those children must have felt. Her particular Christmas ornament had been this cruise. She wanted it to be perfect, gleaming through the dark months, perhaps years, that would surely follow. Yet already there was a touch of tarnish on the gilt. Instead of the sustained joyousness she had expected, there were moments like last night, when everything turned shabby and dull.

Last night Gloria had not mentioned that painful moment. She had tiptoed into the cabin an hour later and Star pretended to be asleep. This morning, however, Star had managed to stumble through a sort of apology. Gloria stared at her and stretched with yawning good humor.

"Did it embarrass you to see Kent kissing me?" she asked in surprise. "Think nothing of it. The captain caught us five minutes before you appeared. We should have staged our petting scene in Grand Central Palace."

Elise Cattrell, "the woman in black," as Star had come to think of her, fumbled around in her trunk until she found the small box of medicines she always carried with her. Bandage, iodine—her fingers hesitated for a moment and then passed on. They said it burned; she didn't want to look distorted and ugly. A tinier bottle. She took it out and closed the trunk carefully.

The little cabin was in perfect order. Jim had always called her an "old maid" for being so tidy. She smiled wryly as she considered how apt that description had been. Unconsciously her hand went to her hair and she straightened the small silver butterfly that nestled in the smooth waves. No longer black, but at night the grey seemed softer, her skin looked smoother. Her eyes were almost as round and sparkling as they had been five years ago when she had met Jim.

Just about this time—about ten days before Christmas. Chicago almost buried in snow, a picture-card Christmas Eve. Great white flakes falling softly, slowly—light wet kisses as they touched your face. How happy they had been she and Jim, carrying home that silly little tree, decorating it afterward in her apartment. How shyly and boyishly he had produced a small box from his pocket—a silver butterfly. "They always light on the sweetest flowers," he had said.

Jim! Jim!

The face in the mirror contorted pitifully as she fought back the tears. She would not think of that now. All those weary years of waiting; years of giving some diverting answer to that ceaseless question: "Why don't you and Jim get married?"

Why? Why?

What would have happened if she had turned on those idle questioners just once and shouted: "He is married. His wife is insane. Terribly, hopelessly insane! She thinks Jim is their son. He must see her every week and tell her that he wasn't killed in action—that he's back from the war. He must assure her that he's well and strong and happy, call her 'Mother.' He's tearing his heart out—and mine, too. But we can't get married—not yet."

Not yet. Not this year. Perhaps not next year—nor the next. Not yet. And then, Jim's voice saying:

"Darling, I've just got a telegram. I'm flying west to-night. She's very ill—dying—calling for me. They say she's rational. I'll let you know when it's over. I wish I could see you once more before I go."

Then that telegram—two weeks later: "ALL IS OVER MEET ME AT AIRPORT FOUR THURSDAY."

And those black minutes in the November dusk. Standing with the few others who looked at you and at each other fiercely as if they cried, "It's all right—just a delay—a forced landing somewhere."

A forced landing! You said it over and over to yourself until the word of the crash came. Then you repeated: "He isn't hurt—he isn't hurt" until someone put a list on a board.

Even then—even looking at Jim's name you kept repeating: "He isn't dead—he isn't dead!"

Then you went home atill not believing, but remembering the way he smiled; how his and strong he had always been. Afterwards, days or months—it didn't matter which—friends asked you to forget.

"Go on a cruise," they said. "Meet new people."

They meant to be kind, but it was no use. You couldn't forget. You kept hearing Jim's voice: "I wish I could see you once more."

You're going to have your wish, Jim. You're going to see me once more. In this old white evening dress that's wilted now, but still beautiful because you thought it was. I've been happy to-night, Jim. Dressing for you.

Her hands trembling with nervous haste, she filled the water glass and opened the bottle. Three of the little pills spilled on the floor, but she let them go. There were enough. They looked so tiny, so inadequate. Perhaps another, just to be sure. She swallowed them quickly, drank the water. Strange—she had no sensation at all. It was just as well, perhaps. There was time to lie down; to drift off into sleep.

The glass missed its holder and crashed to the floor. Guiltily she looked around. If anyone came—but it was such a small sound. There was a knock on the door. "Miss Cattrell! Miss Cattrell! Are you hurt?"

It sounded like that pretty girl, Star, the one who looked so alive and so happy to be alive. Strange that she should be the last one . . .

"Miss Cattrell!" A man's voice—that slim dark man. "Do you think I'd better get the captain, Star?"

She forced a laugh and holding on to the bunk managed to reach the door and unbolt it. Their figures were blurred, indistinct.

They looked relieved to see her.
"Just a glass—dropped it," she explained.
"So sorry you were disturbed." If they'd only go away quickly.

They were getting fainter and fainter. If she could only smile, shake her head. She must have succeeded. They were turning away. Shut the door carefully. The bunk was there—right there—hang on to it.

Oh, Jim! Jim!
Star stood in the narrow corridor and wondered if her heart would ever stop its mad racing. It was so horrible to think of anyone being anxious to die—eager to leave all the fun and happiness of life. But Kent Barrett wouldn't let anyone die like that.

How blind she had been! Only this morning she had been feeling sorry for herself, worrying because of her own petty troubles. And within reach of her hand there was a woman needing help and understanding. If only she had gone to her. There wouldn't be this need of waiting—waiting.

"Star?" She looked up to see Kent standing on the threshold.

"Yes, Kent."
"She'll be all right." He closed the cabin door and came forward. "She must have just swallowed the stuff when you knocked at the door. Lucky you were near enough to hear the crash."

"Can I do anything—anything? Oh, Kent, perhaps I could have stopped her, spoken to her."

His hand pressed lightly on her shoulder. "Don't worry about it. She'll be all right. I'll stay for a while. She'll sleep, I think, until morning. If her pulse is better after a few hours I'll call the stewardess. Now you run along. Good-night."

Elise Cattrell would be all right. Impossible to doubt that, looking into Kent's eyes, hearing the quiet assurance of his voice. Star smiled at him in return. For a minute the corridor held them close in a comforting hush.

"Good-night!" Star whispered.

LORDY, IT'S HOT!

Gloria flung her light blanket away and stretched until the crumpled silk nightgown was pulled tightly across her rounded body. Then impatiently she turned over and burrowed into the pillow.

Star, struggling up from the depths of sleep, blinked against the glaring light that glanced through the shutters of their cabin and danced on the ceiling. For a minute it was hard to realise that this was not just another summer day. There was scarcely any movement at all. Perhaps the ship was already at the pier. Haiti!

The thought made Star jump up and dive for the windows—she got one down with a clatter that brought a groan of protest from Gloria. Then she raised it again hastily as Coates, approaching along the deck, quickened his pace.

"Sleepy heads," he called tauntingly through the slats.

"Go away," said Gloria peevishly. "Can't a girl get any sleep on this boat?"

"I was talking to Star," Coates said coolly. "I—m dressing," Star faltered.

"May I help?"

"No, thank you?"

Star was annoyed. Coates' insistence on this pseudo intimacy was becoming unpleasantly obvious to Gloria, and to everyone else. Yet there was nothing definite. She could not openly object to anything.

Later, as Star appeared on deck, blinking, the water was covered with gold dots that glistened and flashed with unbelievable brill-

iance. So this was Haiti! On both sides the green mountains stretched up and away—flung like a protective arm around the tiny thatched cottages scattered on the shore. The air was clear, so clear the little clouds threw perfect shadows on the mountain sides as they sailed lazily over.

Star was smiling as Kent, resplendent in a white uniform, stopped beside her. Her breath caught in her throat as she watched him. He looked so—so right—standing against that background of sea and sky and savage hills. As if the brightness of the sky and sun was in his eyes; the adventure and mystery of the land in his heart. It was hard for Star to remember that the way he looked was really a credit to the father he had neglected; that the way he had managed Stuart and saved Miss Cattrell's life were only a part of his duty.

As if he knew what she was thinking, Kent's voice was coldly polite. "If you like, you may see Miss Cattrell for a few minutes. She was asking for you. But don't ask her why she tried to commit suicide."

Star's eyes flashed angrily. "Of course, I won't."

"Don't even let her tell you about it." Kent went on evenly as if she had not interrupted. "And stay only a short time." He turned and walked away and Star found herself hoping fervently that he would trip over a seaman's swishing mop.

But her anger had vanished by the time she found Miss Cattrell's cabin. She tried to ask the white-faced woman on the bunk how she felt to say something about getting well soon. Miss Cattrell's slender hand moved gently on the blanket. Star put her own warm fingers over it and found in the woman's expression a sudden keenness that forged an instant bond between them.

"You're unhappy, too. Do you want to tell me about it?" The voice was only a whisper.

Star shook her head. "I—oh, Miss Cattrell, I don't know what's the matter! It's just—just that—"

There was a faint pressure on her hand. "Please call me Elise. I want to call you Star. Such a pretty name. Perhaps later we can talk."

Only when she was out on deck, startled again at the strange brilliance of this tropic world, did Star realise that she had gone to comfort and instead had been comforted. That she had meant to sympathise, to pity—and had found a friend.

Gloria looked around impatiently for Kent. He was being unexpectedly difficult. Ever since that night on the boat deck when she had kept him from telling her it was all over, he had consistently avoided her.

How lucky it was both the Captain and Star had seen that one-way embrace. Evidently—in Star's eyes at least—it had looked as if Kent were doing the love-making.

Well, it was too late for him to back out now. Whether he liked it or not, Gloria thought grimly, she would manoeuvre enough situations to make it clear that she was engaged to the ship's attractive doctor. Let him try to wriggle out of it if he could.

She smiled wistfully as Barton Underwood drew near. She leaned gracefully against the rail, aware that her pink silk dress and wide-brimmed hat made her look particularly entrancing.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she breathed in response to his comment on the picturesque island before them.

"Fanny to think that in the middle of the ocean, practically, those natives have to carry almost every drop of water they use in the hills. Must be a filthy lot," he commented.

"Yes," Gloria assented indifferently. Really, Underwood was impossible. Almost any other man in the world would have taken the opportunity she had offered, to assure her that she was beautiful, too.

Then up near the prow she caught sight of Kent. Near Star, of course! Gloria had seen, at first unbelievably, Kent's eagerness to be near her room-mate; that tenderness in his every gesture toward Star—a tenderness he had never shown to her. But as she watched she was puzzled. Kent was standing near Star, but he did not look at her as she perched like an impatient bird near the descending ladder. He seemed as unaware of her as if he were a thousand miles away.

Star seemed equally unconscious of him. Perhaps Star did not know what was happening to Kent. Gloria's lip curled sneeringly. Perhaps he did not know himself. But she knew, and if she could prevent it those two would never make the discovery that there was an electric spark between them; a current of thought and feeling so strong that even she, reluctantly, had to admit it was there.

Barton excused himself, and Gloria sauntered toward Star. As she had expected, Kent tried to retreat, but Gloria was too quick for him. Her hand settled lightly on his coat, her fingers twined themselves firmly around a brass button.

"Kent, this is the most beautiful spot in the world! So utterly tranquil. Isn't it glorious, Star?"

Star turned and was apparently aware of Kent for the first time. Her face was alight with joy. She had what Kent called her "Christmas morning" look. He wanted to warn her that nothing could be so perfect as she expected.

"I have to go below," he said firmly.

Gloria pouted. "Mayn't I come, too?" "Sorry, this is routine," Kent could hardly conceal his pleasure as he walked swiftly away. Gloria, furious, joined Star at the rail, looking down at the chattering natives and the reed huts near the shore.

"Horrid little hole, isn't it?" she commented.

"I guess any place would be horrid," Star said gently. "If you're quarrelling with the one you love."

THE

long dusty quay fairly flew under Star's feet. The ship's cars would take them up the purple mountain. It made her heart hammer just to think of ascending the peak that towered over this little hamlet of Port au Prince.

A huge Negro woman dressed in faded calico was walking on the opposite side. Her head was almost lost under a great basket, yet she did not even steady it with her hands. As casually as if she were bareheaded and walking on velvet her alighted feet stepped along until she turned the corner and was lost from sight.

The flash of Gloria's pink dress drew Star towards her. "Did you see that woman, Gloria? The one with the basket on her head?"

"What woman? No, I didn't," Gloria said. "You'd better find another car, I'm saving this seat for Kent. He ought to be along any minute."

"Oh—sorry! Star backed away hastily. She finally reached the last car and found it already held the Livingstons. At Star's hesitant request Mrs. Livingston immediately moved over. The car next to them started up after an explosive report ran smoothly up the street and turned the corner.

"Driver, we're the last car. The others have already started." Star leaned forward

anxiously. She turned in time to see Kent's hand on the door. The next minute his immaculate white uniform was crushed into the seat beside her. The driver started briskly after the procession of cars ahead.

AS if to make up for his coolness that morning Kent explained everything as they went along.

Their car ran through narrow, crooked streets that wound in and out between crude huts thatched with grass. Yet every once in a while they would pass a grand stucco house sunk in rank overgrowth which seemed to pull at its very walls. Lovely houses—Star tried to imagine them as they had been when they were new—white in the bright sunshine, their lawns trimly cut and banked with a riot of color.

Then all at once they were in the Plaza—bare and dusty, with the President's palace rising hard and white on one side. Star did not like it. She was glad when they turned off once more into a little road that wound slowly up the mountain. Women on donkeys, peacefully smoking pipes, drew to one side to watch them pass. They preserved a curious dignity for all their tattered dresses and odd means of transportation. Many other groups passed them on foot—almost every woman carried at least one tin oil-can on her head.

"For water," Kent explained to Star's question. "They need water up in these hills and they use old oil-cans to carry it."

After that, when one of the tattered children ran alongside the car shouting, "Five cent—five cent," in a peculiar singsong, Star threw some coins recklessly into the grass beside the road. Yet she doubted whether the little beggars really understood what they were asking for. They liked the fun of scrambling for the money, but they hardly seemed to think of what the shining pieces would buy.

"It's like an enchanted land," she told Kent happily. "They're poor, but they don't mind. I doubt if they even know it. And, after all, they have the things that count—sunshine and beauty and peaceful days. We need no more, do we?"

Kent was looking off to the hills that dropped in softly rolling terraces to the now distant harbor. He was silent for so long Star wondered if he had heard. Finally he said, without taking his eyes from the scene below, "Some of us don't. I should think if two people felt like that about it they'd own the world."

She was aware suddenly that he was close beside her, that his brass buttons winked at her in the sun. She stared at them, unable to meet his eyes although she knew that was what he was waiting for. And for the first time she was afraid—afraid that this new and startling inner turmoil his voice had the power to raise would be apparent even to them.

The car stopped before a low, open building floored with terracotta tile and flanked with incongruous slot machines. Just outside, a lovely balcony looked upon a terraced garden; below and away stretched the canefields like dainty green patches on a colorful quilt. But there was no time to admire the view. The rest of the passengers were gathered in one excited group in a corner of the balcony.

Even before Star left the car the crowd had parted and stood waiting for them. And she saw with a catch in her throat that it was Gloria they were surrounding. Gloria, limp and still, in a low chair!

It was all so mixed up. Gloria, leaning heavily on Kent's arm, had immediately been whisked down the mountain. There were sympathetic murmurs that the altitude had affected her heart. Star did not

see her room-mate again until she returned after shopping with Barton and Stuart.

Star was carrying an immense sun hat and a basket that she was sure would not fit into their already overcrowded cabin. Stuart was quietly proud of his machete—found only after trips to every shop along the waterfront. Barton was only a shade less exuberant than his small son. He was proudly carrying a tom-tom which he had been assured was once used for voodoo rites. They were tranquil, at peace with themselves and with the world. She could even manage to greet Jack Coates without the instinctive dislike he had gradually aroused in her.

They were still laughing and talking when they reached the ship. Kent watched them as they climbed the ladder and listened with a strained smile to Stuart's excited chatter over his machete. He seemed definitely ill at ease with them. Star thought, although she could not imagine why unless it was because he just didn't like Coates.

And when she went to the cabin she found Gloria was equally distant. She acted like a martyr when Star asked about her heart, and had only a weak smile for the account of the shopping trip.

The next morning as the ship was nearing Jamaica, Star tried to tell her room-mate that she had not been responsible for Kent riding in her car to the mountain.

"No?" Gloria's smile was cynical. "I suppose you haven't anything planned for to-day, either?"

Star resented her tone and the implication. She didn't care for herself, but surely any girl ought to be able to trust the man she loved! She slipped away to the boat-deck trying to recapture the feeling of joy and adventure with which she had started the trip, and caught sight of Elise Cattrell lying in a deck chair in the sun.

Elise smiled, her lovely hands outstretched in greeting. "You always look so fresh and inspiring!" she said admiringly. "I feel better just looking at you."

"That compliment works both ways—I was just feeling mean and ill-tempered, and you've put me right with the word." Star settled on the footrest of Elise's chair.

"Oh, no! It isn't that." Star surprised herself with the vigor of her denial. "There isn't anybody to be in love with, is there?"

Elise looked out to sea. "There's always someone," she said gently. "I didn't know that a few nights ago. I found it out just as I was going, and wanted to come back. There's always someone—someone to help. Is it the doctor?"

"No."

Elise was quiet, watching the water stretch away, watching the land flow softly by them reaching out to touch the boat, to bring it in to itself.

Later when Kent stopped her as she was coming out of the dining saloon she caught herself remembering Elise's question: "Is it the doctor?"

She looked at him curiously, speculatively. This was not just John Kenneth Barrett, the son of her adopted uncle. This was a man in his own right—a young man.

Suddenly she saw that the motive for this trip—her motive—was entirely false. A man had to go out. He had to get away from home. Otherwise he was lost. He became just a shadow, an imitation of the thing a man should be. He had to find his own home, make it entirely his—possess it. He couldn't take his father's home. It would never be his.

She was wrong to think that she could ever make Kent feel that he should have

stayed at home. He was right. A man had to go away. And a girl—well, she stayed home until—until something happened.

Now that he had stopped her Kent seemed at a loss for words. She could wait. She had lost that sense of cold antagonism. Something of her attitude must have been in her smile. He was looking at her as if he couldn't believe it. His words were slow, hesitating: "When are you going ashore?"

"When the ship docks."

"Yes, but I mean—couldn't you—that is, would you like me to—to show you around?"

Gloria's face came before her for a minute. Gloria's voice, "I suppose you haven't anything planned for to-day, either?"

"I think that would be very nice."

As if her words had some strange magic in them, Kent straightened. His voice steadied. He said crisply: "I don't know why you should. You don't like me, do you?"

"Why do you say that?"

He looked at her deeply. She flushed. It was hard to be evasive.

"You know why I say it. Why I say this, too. Let's make a truce. For just one day—to-day. Forget that we met on the boat. Forget everything you know about me. Pretend that we are meeting for the first time as we reach the pier. And we'll see Jamaica together." His eyes searched her face. "Will you do that?"

He was terribly in earnest. Trying to make her set that day apart—a separate entity they could create between them, and have together. She held out her hand. His own was around it crushing the fingers in a clasp that was warm and strong.

"It's a bargain, then?" he was saying. "I can get away about one-thirty."

He ran up the stairs boyishly two at a time, as if he wanted to shout. In the back of his mind was the thought that Gloria would be angry. She would expect him to take her out to the Castleton Gardens. He would have to make some excuse, say he had to stay with the ship. Perhaps, he thought hopefully, she would become so angry she wouldn't speak to him.

STAR saw Gloria, leaning heavily on Barton Underwood, get off the boat. She still wore her martyred expression. It made Star feel guilty just to look at her. Probably Gloria was still feeling ill. Oh, why had she agreed to Kent's plan? She was the one who ought to be walking along the pier. Gloria should be the one standing here on deck waiting for Kent.

She saw Coates quicken his step, saw Gloria turn toward him. She could almost feel her room-mate's satisfaction in walking down the sun-drenched stretch with two attentive men.

"Ready?"

Kent's question was like an invitation to adventure—to strange forbidden joys this little island had once known.

"I'm going to make this real," she whispered to herself. Then aloud to Kent, "Wait until I reach the pier."

He stood watching her as she ran down the ladder. She turned and signalled to him just before she stepped off the boat. Then she disappeared into the shadowy waiting-room. He leaped down the shabby stairs, a nameless fear that she was slipping away sending him bursting through the door. She was going out the other side. He raced after her.

Out of the corner of her eye Star saw him approaching. Elaborately she took out her handkerchief, patted her nose, and dropped it so suddenly he almost stepped on it. He bent down and picked it up. His hat came

off—the sun found unexpected lights in the crisp waves.

"Pardon me, Miss." He bowed deeply, his eyes twinkling. "Your handkerchief, I think?"

"Why so it is! Did I drop it?"

"You practically threw it away."

"Sir!"

"I beg your pardon." His grin was infectious. "I was forgetting. Is it too soon to ask. Haven't we met before?"

"It is a little late," Star said reprovingly. "You're not very good at this, are you?"

"I'm sorry. Shall we start over?"

Star sighed. "No, we'll just skip it."

He had not returned her handkerchief. It was tucked into his breast pocket and the flap securely rebuttoned.

The afternoon was perfect, golden, like a single gem dropped into empty hands. Star and Kent held it carefully, finding laughter in little things. A sudden shower that caught them as they reached the botanical garden, not the big garden where the rest of the passengers had gone, but a small one with a black guide who persisted in following them around. He talked on and on in a blurred Oxford accent, reciting long lists of flower names in Latin and English. They scarcely heard him.

"LOOK—Mrs. Jenkins!"

Kent pointed to a lady turtle swimming in the green water. The turtle looked at them unblinkingly through the thick glass. The resemblance was startling, and Star laughed in spite of herself.

"You're intuiting one of them—I don't know which."

"The rain makes your eyelashes stick together."

"Things you shouldn't say to a girl you're just met."

"Things I never wanted to say to any girl before."

They were shut in a world of green lights with the heavy fragrance of flowers all about them. The rain drummed heavily on the glass roof. Star could see it in a silver sheet outside the door. Then, unbelievably, the sun was shining. The transition was as sudden as if an unseen hand had turned off a spigot.

"Would you like to have tea?" Kent asked.

"I was forgetting. We're on English soil, aren't we? By all means, tea."

He took her to a great white hotel set in rolling green countryside, apart from everything. It was odd to find it, complete and sophisticated, in the midst of the lonely hills. They had tea on a flagged loggia looking out at the deserted tables in the garden. The waiters almost fought for the privilege of bringing thin cups and tiny cakes.

Afterward Star wanted to swim in the pool, but Kent insisted on returning to town. There was another swimming pool, he told her, on the edge of the sea.

"I'm no champion swimmer," Star warned him. "Milford isn't exactly the town to develop a mermaid."

"I'll hold you up," he offered.

"I thought sailors couldn't swim."

"I can do lots of things you wouldn't suspect."

"I'm a suspicious person."

"Did you suspect I was falling in love with you?" he inquired suddenly.

Kent watched her eyes widen, her hands clasp tightly together as if to keep from crying out. She was so beautiful! Each moment of that afternoon he had thought she looked lovelier than the one before, and each moment he found fresh charm in her face. He leaned forward, but she was already on her feet walking toward the door.

They went back to town—back to the Myrtle Bank Hotel.

"Why do they call it the Myrtle Bank?" Star asked.

Instead of answering he took her through the cool lobby, out to where the formal paths ran between grass plots that were almost miraculously green. He made her bend down. It was not grass, but a tiny myrtle vine like millions of clovers covering the ground. The palm trees rustled their branches at them. Ahead stretched the sea, completely blue, at one with the blue sky.

"Got your bathing suit?"

"Yes."

A few minutes later they were in the pool splashing idly around in the sun. His wet arm touched hers as he somersaulted in the water and shot up. She darted away swiftly, and he followed. They touched the rim of the tile together. She drew herself up on it.

"You run away from me, don't you?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"You couldn't try running toward me for a change?"

"No."

He shrugged; the interest and joy died out of his face, leaving it blank and hard. "I'm not marrying Gloria," he announced.

Her heart gave a leap, the silly color flooded her face. She turned away and looked out toward the sea.

"Doesn't it make any difference?" he persisted.

She shook her head miserably.

"Why not?"

"You ought to know why not," she said, angrily. His eyes widened, but he did not acknowledge the thrust any other way.

"Can't blame a guy for trying, can you?"

With a sudden splash he sent her sprawling into the water to come up spluttering and grabbing for his legs. He laughed at her furious concentration in getting even. They were both startled to hear Coates' bored, drawling tones from the edge of the pool:

"Dr. Barrett. If I may trouble you . . ."

They looked up.

Star thought dully: It's all over. We only had a few hours and they're gone now.

"Gloria had another heart attack while shopping," Coates was saying. "We've been waiting over an hour for you. The stewardess can't seem to help."

"I'll be right there," Kent climbed quickly out of the water. Coates held out his hand to Star.

"I'm terribly sorry about Gloria," she exclaimed. "We'll go to her right away."

"No hurry—for us, I mean. I think Gloria just wants her doctor. She's probably hurt to find that he prefers taking care of the passengers who are well."

IT was impossible to go back to the old attitude of disapproval toward Kent. Now that they were on the Caribbean again, the sun warm on the top deck, and everyone loathly at ease, Star could not recapture that righteousness of purpose that had actually been her inspiration for the cruise.

When he came toward her along the deck she smiled at him a little timidly, but with no trace of her former hostile manner.

"How's Gloria?" she asked.

"All right. Never was anything the matter, really. Just a faked, that's all. She wanted some attention."

His thoughts went back bitterly to that scene in the cabin.

Gloria, in a pale pink chiffon negligee, rising in anger as he told her brusquely that she ought to stop this childish play-acting for the benefit of the other passengers.

Gloria's voice harsh and strident as she shouted at him, "You're not going to make

a fool of me, Kent. Perhaps I won't marry you. But no wide-eyed innocent is going to take you away. Otherwise you may be leaving the ship and starting a land practice sooner than you think. I imagine they don't want gossip about their officers in your company do they?"

He felt trapped, beaten, ashamed that he had ever held this cruel, scheming creature in his arms. He knew Captain Porter well enough to realize that a scene staged by Gloria would spell the end of his career. And he was also sure that he wouldn't marry Gloria Churchill now if she were the last woman in the world.

STAR scarcely dared to breathe late that night as she stared at the radiance of the moon and enjoyed the deep silence all about her. The ship moved on gently, hemmed in by the waves and under the tremendous arch of sky overhead. The stars were spilled carelessly over that domed darkness; the moon was silver-white, distastefully bright and clear.

Star had no idea how long she stood there. She knew suddenly another presence. Someone was standing just behind her. Kent, still in uniform, was looking, not at the moon, but at her. The light drained all color from his face, he looked tired.

He moved so that he stood beside her and turned his face, as she did, toward the moon. "Beautiful, isn't it? I've seen it a thousand times and on each occasion it seems just as wonderful."

"I can't get the Christmas Carol out of my mind," Star said dreamily. Softly, so that only he could hear, she hummed:

"Silent night—Holy night—"

All is clear;

All is bright."

Her voice was light as the breeze that bore it away. As she finished she turned to him and his arms went out toward her. She held up her lips to his. It seemed to both of them as natural and inevitable as the moon upon the water or the gentle throbbing of the boat beneath them.

Their lips clung together even after Star had realized that it was wrong. For a brief moment she was passive, held gently but securely in the circle of his arms, experiencing in spite of herself the joy of a moment too precious and perfect to last.

Star was breathing hard when Kent let her go. "Why did you do that?" she demanded.

He did not answer immediately. Then he said: "I did it because I care for you deeply. And because I hoped for a little while that you cared for me." Without another word he turned and walked away.

She shivered and drew the beach robe more tightly about her. The moon had become cold and unfriendly—remote from the distressing problems of a lonely girl far below.

THE Cartagena had slipped noiselessly into the harbor. The ladder was already in place and the passengers were descending, ready for the shore trip to Barranquilla. Star was startled at her emotions during this brief time of waiting. Perhaps it was because she had lain awake such a long time last night after she had returned from the top deck. Now she was paying for that restless night.

"Do you think she's sleep-walker?"

Barton Underwood's voice roused her with a start. He and Elise were standing quite close, laughing at her absorption. Stuart's hand tugged at hers.

"Come on. Nearly everybody's off."

They left the ship, Elise walking slowly with Barton's hand under her arm. The

steel pier was the only modern structure as far as their eyes could see. Indeed, it was almost the only structure of any kind except the open-faced sheds that held a conglomeration of bowls and hats and baskets.

"I'm going to buy out this place," Elise announced joyously. "After all, this is the first real port I've seen."

"Better wait till we're coming back," Barton said cautiously. "It's amazing how bulky these things are. They haven't been corrupted by the fever for packaging down here."

Stuart was unexpectedly quiet. His hot little hand clung tenaciously to Star's, and his round eyes roamed ceaselessly from one thing to another.

"Don't you like this place?" Star asked as they stood on the small bridge waiting for the trolley that would take them to the mainland.

"Yes," Stuart agreed gravely, "but there's too much wind—it hurts my ears."

Star and Barton smiled at each other. But Elise unfastened the white chiffon handkerchief at her throat and knelt before Stuart. "If I tie this over your ears," she explained, "the wind can't get in." He nodded and stood quietly while the handkerchief was knotted, peasant fashion, under his chin. "That better?"

"That's fine!" said Stuart happily, sniffing at one corner to get the full benefit of the delicate scent. "You're nice, too. You smell nice."

HIS tribute was so sincere and unprompted that Elise's eyes were misty as she stood up again. Star mentally promised Stuart an extra-long story for giving Elise what she needed now above everything else—unquestioning friendship.

The Toonerville Trolley rattled along and stopped abruptly in front of them. Hilariously Star and Elise managed the high steps, finding that their skirts needed only this slight elevation to send them billowing upward. The ride seemed all too short. They were sorry when they had to take an ordinary touring car for the ride further into the hills.

They flew past houses painted in what Elise called "ice cream" colors. Lovely, beautifully-kept homes that they knew even before the guide told them had been built by Americans.

When they finally reached Barranquilla it was lunch time. They drove up to a hotel dropped as if by genie in the midst of an otherwise barren land. Star caught herself hurrying towards the dining-room, and deliberately slowed her steps. But she could not help glancing quickly around at the tables as they came in. One glance was enough to tell her—Gloria and Kent were not there. As if their absence had released a hidden spring in her mind Star began for the first time to enjoy the day.

Elise Cattrell was as delighted as a child with the lovely bougainvillea blossoms that were scattered over their table. She gathered up a handful of them and sniffed expectantly, only to put them down in disappointment. "They might be made of paper!"

"Lavender tissue paper," agreed Star. "What a pity they have no scent."

"Women always want everything," Barton said, with such a pained expression Elise and Star laughed at him.

They stayed a long time, wandering through the cool, tiled terrace that was open on one side in tall archways wreathed in poinsettia. But they left early enough to avoid tiring Elise and because Stuart, in spite of his protests was almost asleep. All the way back to the ship he lay in Star's

arms, his short lashes curled up. He had chosen that position himself as they got into the car, and Barton obligingly rode with the driver.

THE ship was moving now, drawing away from the pier so gently it had the effect of a slow-motion picture. Purple mountains melted into a sky of lavender-blue, still, starless. Yellow lights along the shore glowed like round balls of gold, but shed no radiance. Their own ship lights shimmered on the water beyond the railing.

Star, her lavender net dress blowing softly in the breeze, could hardly speak for the lump in her throat. She did not want to talk. She wanted only to remember this moment—all shadows and soft lights, with everyone dancing on deck as the boat glided away from the shore.

"You really like it down here, don't you?" Coates asked curiously as they danced across the deck.

"It's like a dream. I can't believe it's real."

Later when she was dancing with Barton Underwood and Barranquilla was only a deeper darkness in the shadows on the sea she was surprised to have him ask the same question.

"You really love this part of the world, don't you? Would you like to stay?"

"Now that you ask me I don't know," Star answered honestly. "I've found it beautiful to be here. But do you think it's because I know we'll leave within a few hours and be off to a different port?"

"I think it's because you like the people you're with."

"That's true," Star smiled at him. "I find myself looking forward to the bedtime story almost as much as Stuart."

"Is it only Stuart who makes the trip a success for you?"

Star could scarcely repress her astonishment. She said carefully: "Of course not. You and Elise and Gloria and—and everyone."

Barton led her towards the front of the boat and stood leaning against the rail, watching the way the wind blew her hair and tiny shoulder cape out behind her, so that to him she seemed like some goddess of the sea calling to her mermaids.

"I should like to think," he said slowly, "that you found Stuart's father more than likeable. I want you to stay with Stuart and with me—always."

The suddenness of it took away Star's breath.

"It's been a long time since I've thought of asking any woman to be my wife," Barton was saying. "When Stuart's mother died I felt that was all over for me. But then I hadn't met you." The compliment was given with one of his rare smiles. Instantly he was serious again.

"I've been terribly lonely at times. Lately I've tried to overcome the feeling. It seemed, in a way, disloyal. But watching Stuart with you I knew that it would be more disloyal to deprive him of love and tenderness."

"I don't know what to say," she stammered at last. "I—I hadn't thought—"

His hand closed over hers. "Please don't answer now." His voice had a boyish unsteadiness that she found very appealing. "Let me hope for a few days more, anyway. But please remember, my dear, you can make both Stuart and me very happy if you will."

Kent watched Star returning with Underwood to the brightly-lit deck. He had tried all evening to corral his courage to

ask her for a dance. He had watched her talking and laughing with Coates, and had seen her walk away with Stuart's father. He envied the casual way both men managed to put one arm around her, to look down at her and talk.

"Dance?"

He appeared before her suddenly as she looked up. And with a nod to Underwood she floated off in his arms. He glanced down at the crisp dark hair, the oval of her face. "Quite the belle of the ball, aren't you?" His voice sounded hard and unfriendly even to his own ears.

"You're not feeling romantic to-night!" she said mockingly. She smiled over his shoulder at Mrs. Jenkins. Kent felt enraged and at the same time helpless. He made another desperate attempt to straighten out the situation.

"About last night—I'm afraid I—I frightened you." He kicked himself mentally. That was not what he had meant to say at all. The music stopped and Star drew away from him. "I didn't mean to do that," he bawled. "What I meant—"

Star interrupted tartly. "Please don't bother. I haven't even thought about it since."

Kent stared down at her angrily. The exquisite joy of that moment he had held her in his arms had been with him ever since. And she could stand there calmly and tell him she didn't think it worth while to "bother" about!

"If you're afraid I'll tell Gloria," Star continued in the same brittle tone, "let me put your fears at rest."

"Gloria!" He was taken off guard by the mention of Gloria's name. He was only thinking intently of the girl before him. Star's face lighted up with a radiant smile.

"Yes, Gloria, you know, the girl you're engaged to marry. Remember?"

Still smiling, she walked off and left him standing by the rail.

THEY stood watching Cartagena come closer to them—a golden city, floating like a mirage on top of the blue water. Neither Elise nor Barton was saying a word. Star felt that the whole trip would have been worth this moment. Around them the morning was a haze of pastel shades: blue and pink and gold and white. The ship held an early morning hush. Few of the other passengers were up.

The massive wall and high towers of the city seemed like an old painting. It was hard to realize that it was medieval—that the very wall standing there now—wide enough for six horsemen to gallop along abreast—had once defied the bold Sir Francis Drake.

Later, after Barton Underwood had asked her to go ashore with him alone, Star had that same feeling of unreality. Barton had arranged for Stuart and Elise to do the town together. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins had promised to look after the boy, too.

Star and Barton found the sleepy sunny white streets a revelation in Old World charm. They stopped for a minute in the Cathedral and gazed in awe at the mummified saint enclosed in the altar behind glass.

They visited the old monastery where Pedro de Claver had lived. They looked out through long shutters onto the bay and heard of how he watched for slave ships so that he could give some word of kindness or minister to some physical need of those poor lost souls.

They hired a guide and were admitted to the old fortress. They sat for a time on the crumbling steps of the wall and looked

out over the blue water. They went on to a high-ceilinged restaurant, where a Spanish orchestra played in a strange rhythm which seemed perfectly suited to the place.

"It's such a lovely city," Elise Cattrell was saying as she greeted Star and Barton upon their return to the ship. "Stuart and I had a grand time. I was sorry I had to return so early. But I'm sure Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins took him around to all the things we missed."

Barton looked vaguely uneasy. "I wish they'd get back," he murmured, and went away.

Star looked at the pier below and suddenly saw Mrs. Jenkins' ample figure approaching. She was talking excitedly to her husband. Mr. Jenkins was almost lost under an odd assortment of bundles of every size and shape. Evidently his wife had been seized with a shopping mania.

Star caught her breath as she realised that the two were alone.

"My land!" Mrs. Jenkins puffed as she stepped on the ship. "I'm about to fall apart. I'm so tired. I've never seen so many churches and so many forts all in one city—what's the matter, Mr. Underwood?"

"Stuart!" Star managed. "Where is Stuart?"

"Why, he came back with Miss Cattrell," Mr. Jenkins began.

"No—no!" Elise said wildly. "Don't you remember? I told you I was coming back, and asked you to take him through the Palace."

"I thought that's what she said, Willie," Mrs. Jenkins nodded her head vigorously. "But when we got inside he wasn't with us so we decided you hadn't said that after all."

Star signalled to Kent Barrett as he passed them. He came over hesitantly and looked around at the tense group.

"Stuart is lost," Barton said in an unnatural voice. "We'll have to start looking for him at once."

"We'll find him," Kent's quiet assurance helped Barton a little. But Star wondered if Kent was quite as confident as he appeared to be. His mouth was pressed into a thin line. He took out a notebook and turned to Elise. "Miss Cattrell, where did you go? Tell me as exactly as you can remember."

It seemed to take a long time for Elise and Mrs. Jenkins to give a coherent account of their movements. Star was impatient to be off, but she realised that Kent was doing the wise thing. When he had the information he quickly mapped out a plan.

"Miss Cattrell and Mr. Underwood will follow her route. Here it is, written out. I'll speak to the captain and have some of the seamen detailed to cover the water front. Star and I will go over the ground Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins covered. Wait here a minute. Return to the pier in an hour, no matter what. Meanwhile listen for the ship's siren. Three blasts will mean that the boy's found."

It did not seem strange to Star that she and Kent should be paired off in the search. She was scarcely conscious, in fact, of anything that took place in the next half hour. She only knew that every time they looked over the high wall surrounding the city she expected to see a tiny bundle lying inert at the bottom. She breathed a prayer of thankfulness when there was nothing.

She was frantic when they stood in front of the Palace of the Inquisition. Its entrance yawned at them with grim secrecy as if it rejoiced that a more subtle torture than its rooms had ever known was tearing at her soul.

"Stuart! Stuart!"

She stood in the middle of the court and called despairingly. Kent disappeared into the next chamber, his footsteps echoing hollowly.

Star had a sensation that she was being watched. She turned swiftly and saw a pair of dark eyes gleaming at her. Suddenly she saw a little girl. Appearing not to notice her at all, Star circled the courtyard, gazing intently at the flagging as if she had lost some small piece of jewellery. As she approached the darkened stairs she wheeled quickly and darted into the shadows. She came out holding the pitiful ragged child, whose thin hand was like a claw in hers.

"Where's the little boy?" Star demanded. "About so high." She put her hand a few feet from the ground. "Just a little boy. Where is he?"

The child shook her head sullenly, but Star had a conviction that she understood well enough. Star gazed at her in despair, and saw her eyes fastened on a bracelet—a narrow silver chain hung with dangling charms. Without letting her go, Star worked at the clasp until it opened. The child stared fascinated, as she dangled it in front of her. Experimentally she put up her hand to touch it. Star moved it just out of reach.

"Get boy?" For a fleeting second she let the cool silver rest against the child's arm. There was a moment of indecision while the little girl looked from her to the bracelet and back again. Star literally held her breath, wondering if the bribe would work.

Then the child gave an almost infinitesimal nod, and Star knew she had won.

STAR let the little girl go, and stood quietly, hoping. She heard Kent's footsteps, faint at first, come nearer. Still she waited.

"Well, he doesn't seem to be here," Kent sounded weary for the first time.

"Shh—shh!" Star motioned him back. "Stay in the other room just a second."

Astonished, Kent drew back to the other side of the open doorway. The next minute the little girl's bare feet pattered on the stone. Other steps sounded, and Stuart appeared.

But such a Stuart! His face was streaked with dirt and dust. His once white linen suit was bedraggled and torn. But it was Stuart, and he looked beautiful to Star when she knelt in the courtyard and held out her arms to him. The little girl paused wearily under the porch.

"Stuart—oh, darling! Why did you do it?" Star exclaimed. Stuart drew away and surveyed her practically.

"Do what?"

"Run away. We've all been so worried, dear. We've looked everywhere for you."

Star remembered the little girl, and held out the bracelet. A skinny arm stretched out and snatched it away. Then the child vanished as quickly as she had appeared.

Stuart was looking with interest from Star to Kent, who now stood in the doorway. "I wasn't running away," he explained. "I was just playin' with that little girl—her name's Lora. There's a long sort of cave back there with iron and things in it."

"But didn't you know your father and Kent and I—and everyone—would miss you, Stuart?"

"Daddy? He doesn't want me around," Stuart lifted his head defiantly. "He wouldn't mind if I didn't come back."

"You're wrong, young fellow," Kent's expert hands travelled swiftly over the sturdy little frame, and he nodded reassuringly at

Star. "Your father is about ready to call out the army and declare war because you're missing. Hustle now; we've got to get back to the ship."

"And when we do get back, the Captain's going to blow the whistle three times to let everyone know you're safe," Star added.

Stuart beamed with pleasure. "All right. Let's hurry!" he agreed, but the next minute he hung back. "Unless—we could wait for the soldiers?" he asked hopefully.

STAR lay on the top deck, the sun warm on her back to think the thing through. To-morrow she would have to give Barton Underwood his answer. She sighed. Life had seemed so clear and uncomplicated when she came aboard. Just take a cruise, she had told herself. Make "Uncle" Ezra's son realise that he had been a perfect cad—store up a few memories, and then return to the library at Milford.

Star sat up, aware that she had plenty of sun. Her skin was already a golden tan that made her eyes look bluer than ever. Even her hair was tipped with gold when the sun had reached the upturned ends. She made her way to her cabin.

With a gesture of greeting to Gloria, Star stepped into the bathroom for a shower. She had promised Barton she would meet him on deck for tea.

Gloria watched the bathroom door. Her eyes were gleaming with anger. She wanted to tell Star what she thought of her tactics—pretending to be interested in her cabin mate's love affair with Kent—and then encouraging him herself! Gloria did not believe any man would become interested in a girl without definite encouragement. And it never occurred to her that any man would prefer another girl to herself.

"Get a good sunburn?" Gloria had a moment of envy as she looked at the radiant, suntanned girl before her. "I'd like to take a sun bath, too," she said peevishly, "but I just burn."

Star fastened her terry robe and lay down, stretching luxuriously. "I had to be alone for a little while. But I have things straightened out now—with myself, I mean. Really," Star added shyly, "I'd like to talk to you."

Gloria, avid for her confidence, managed a creditable sob. "I—I suppose it's about Kent."

Star blushed. "No—not about Kent," she answered. "Unless you have something to tell me."

But Gloria did not want to do the confiding. She said with sincerity, "There's nothing to tell. Kent has made it clear to the whole ship that he would rather be with anyone else than with his fiancée." A note of bitterness crept in, and she tried to cover it. "Is that what you were thinking about?"

Star shook her head. Perhaps she could make it easier for Gloria by telling her about Barton Underwood. She had an intense desire to talk it over with someone. Surely Gloria would understand.

"I was thinking about someone else entirely," she smiled at her room-mate. "Barton Underwood."

Gloria was astonished at Star's answer. Instantly her mind flashed back to Star's interest in Stuart—to the day she had seen her with Barton and Elise in Cartagena.

"Yes?" Her voice was encouraging.

"You—you see," Star said hesitantly, "he asked me to marry him. I haven't said yet whether I will or not."

Gloria's mind was working swiftly. Alternately she reproached herself for wasting time on Kent, a penniless doctor, and gave Star grudging credit for winning Barton Underwood. Star had been after bigger game—and had captured it.

Gloria asked cautiously, "Of course, you're going to accept?"

"I haven't decided," Star said untruthfully. Gloria was no longer jealous; Star's purpose was accomplished. But she wasn't going to say that she would marry Barton.

"But, Star, I'm sure you'd be happy. He's really terribly wealthy." To Gloria a happy marriage meant plenty of money.

"I suppose so," Star said indifferently. "But don't you care? No, I suppose you don't. When you have a fortune your-

self—" "I haven't, Gloria. I haven't any money, not really. I said that because—well, it doesn't matter now. Anyway, I was just pretending. At the time I really had a good reason for saying what I did."

"If it isn't so, what do you do? How did you come to take this trip? Where did you get the money and the clothes?"

"Oh, it isn't that bad. I—I'm just a small-town librarian," Star explained. "A children's librarian. That's why I found Stuart so interesting. I really like children. And I came on this trip because—well, because my uncle had died. That part of what I said was true. And I had saved a little money."

"You said you knew Kent before," Gloria remembered. "I suppose you made that up, too," she added.

"I knew of him," Star admitted. "And I had met him when we both were quite young. You see, it's rather complicated. Kent's uncle adopted me. Naturally, staying at home I heard about Kent. But I guess he never heard about me. Anyway, he doesn't know who I am, and you won't tell, will you?"

"Of course not," Gloria promised absently. Gloria's mind was already far from Star and her problems. She was wondering how she could turn Barton Underwood's attention to herself.

"I'M getting passes to the Strangers' Club," Coates said briskly. "I thought you might enjoy seeing that. Afterwards we can look in at the various cabarets."

"Am I invited to accompany you?" Star's eyes were dancing as she looked at the slim, foppish man beside her. She found his assumption that they would go ashore together quite amusing, since he hadn't mentioned it to her before she was dressed and ready to go. Coates tried to match her lightness of tone, although he had been increasingly serious of late.

"It's customary in Cristobal for a charming and beautiful lady to have some gentleman with her when she visits the night spots," he announced.

"Indeed!" Star said in mock surprise. "Oh, yes, indeed! I meant to have engraved invitations sent to you asking if I might have the honor of your company."

"It's too bad you didn't."

"Too bad? You mean you aren't going ashore?"

"I didn't say that," Star explained. "I am going ashore to the Strangers' Club, I believe, and the night spots as you call them. But I have already accepted Mr. Underwood's invitation to do the town. As a matter of fact here he comes with Elise."

The two were chattering together like old friends, and Star smiled up at them as they joined her. Elise was dressed in a grey chiffon that was pleated in soft folds to the waist, and then billowed out in great circular petals to the floor. She looked completely happy; her eyes, as they rested on the tall distinguished man beside her, were bright and sparkling. Barton looked pleased, too. Star had a momentary pang

of regret that she would have to spoil his evening.

"This isn't fair," Coates was protesting. "You contract to escort the two smartest-looking women ashore, and I have to barge around alone."

"They do look pretty, don't they?" Barton's eyes rested appreciatively on the two smiling women beside him. "Well, that's life, my boy. You have nothing. I have everything, that's the way it goes."

Star laughed. She had never seen Barton in a more jubilant mood. But Elise said quickly, "It does seem a shame to leave Mr. Coates here alone."

Barton put a hand on an elbow of each and started towards the ladder. The other passengers were already filing down, the women's jewels sparkling and the men's shirt fronts gleaming in the light. Star felt again that thrill she had had the first night aboard. It was so gay, such a glorious adventure, and best of all, she was part of it.

She caught a glimpse of Gloria and Kent already walking down the concrete pier below. Gloria's lavender dress was blowing in the wind—she looked very pretty. For the first time during the trip Gloria seemed to be her old self, smart and poised and attractive. Star wondered what had caused the change, and sighed as she realized it was probably because of their talk yesterday afternoon.

Coates, dogging her footsteps, almost stepped on a fold of her dress. "I'm not going to let you out of my sight," he threatened. "I'll just trail right along and sit at the next table."

"Is that man here again?" Barton asked impatiently. Elise gently disengaged her arm.

"I think we've treated him shamefully," she declared. She stepped back and laid her hand on Coates' arm. "After all, he's a fellow-passenger."

Star found everyone in the same holiday mood. She mentioned it to Barton, wondering if it was because of the Christmas season. But Coates assured her that Cristobal was the playground of the Caribbean and that everyone always "made a night of it" in this port.

"It's the only one where the ship stays overnight, you know," he added. "You can sleep late to-morrow morning unless you're going to drive over to Panama to see the Canal."

Star had already decided she couldn't afford that part of the trip. She had suddenly realized that her glorious three weeks were half over and that in a little while she would be returning to Milford, or looking for another job. Besides, distance had lost enchantment to "Uncle" Ezra's relatives, and she wanted to buy each one of them a little gift before she returned home.

As they drew up before the Strangers' Club, Elise gave a little cry of dismay. "Is this it?"

Barton turned questioning to Coates who nodded and helped Elise from the car. They looked at the frame building—not very different, Star thought, from some of the larger houses in Milford. Elise voiced her thoughts.

"But we've seen such grand hotels in the most unlikely places. It's odd that the one you hear most about should be so unpretentious."

Inside, the place was even more like a private residence. There was carpet instead of the usual tile and a staircase rose steeply in front of them. Coates led them up to a huge room open on all sides to soft sunnery night. An orchestra played provocatively, and the large dance floor

was a shifting sea of color against the background of the men's summer dress suits. It wasn't what they had expected, but it had a charm of its own, Star decided.

They found a table, but Star was not allowed to sit down. Barton liked to dance and the orchestra was good. They laughed together at the difficulty of finding their "land legs" on the dance floor.

"It just doesn't seem right to dance without having the floor heave under you, does it?"

Barton smiled down at her. "Do you know that this is the happiest night I've had in a long time?" he asked. "And you're the most beautiful person on this floor. You look lovely in white. You ought to wear it always—or no," he contradicted himself, "every color you wear seems to be your best when you have it on."

Star blushed and smiled at him. He was so charming and gay to-night. She wondered if any girl had ever been so happy before. But she did not want him to go on hoping. He deserved to know her answer at once. "Barton—I—we've got to talk somewhere."

He glanced down at her suddenly serious face and nodded. "Later. We'll leave Coates and Elise to strike out for themselves."

Kent and Gloria danced past them and called a greeting. Kent seemed to be having a good time, and Gloria was all smiles, especially when she looked at Barton.

"She's a friendly little thing," Barton commented. Star was amazed, but she nodded in agreement. She would never have thought of describing Gloria in just that way. But she gave it only a passing thought. Kent and Gloria had evidently settled their misunderstanding at last.

The misunderstanding, if Star had only known, had been settled by Gloria's statement that she was not going to marry him. Kent, too, had stared at her for a moment as if he could hardly believe his ears. "You don't want to marry me?"

"No, my precious lamb." There was a shade of irritability in Gloria's voice. "Don't act so surprised. It isn't the first time that I've decided against it, but it is the last."

STAR'S head was aching from the smoke and noise of the last cabaret they had visited. But Barton, like a small boy, wanted to see everything and go everywhere. Star had already found a moment after Coates and Elise had left them to tell him that she could not accept his proposal. She found his quiet disappointment more moving than any protest would have been.

"You—you'll find someone else," she finished lamely. "I'm very fond of you, Barton, and I adore Stuart, you know that. But it isn't enough," she finished helplessly.

"You have found someone else?"

Star nodded, not trusting herself to speak. After that they had visited two cabarets, stayed for only a few moments in each, and then had gone on. Barton was evidently determined that he would make this night memorable for both of them, and Star felt that the least she could do would be to act as if nothing had happened.

Nevertheless, she hesitated a moment in the doorway. This place was larger than the others, and built somewhat like an amphitheatre. The tables were placed on tiers that rose one behind the other until the last tables, those nearest the wall, were also nearest the ceiling. For a moment she was cheered by the thought that they could not fit another person into the room. Already it was crowded to suffocation. The waiters were squeezing breathlessly between chairs set only a few inches apart.

But that hope died at once. A couple rose, and the head waiter at Barton's signal held the table for them. By the time they had pushed their way to it Star was almost afraid to sit down. A huge swarthy man in a crumpled white suit was shouting in Spanish, one fat hand with an enormous diamond on the little finger clutched the unpainted chair possessively. Peering over his shoulder was a pretty little Chinese girl, her slanting eyes immobile, her face calm. Star put her hand on Barton's arm.

"Please let them have the table. We don't really care."

"We must take it now," Barton said quickly. "The waiter has held it for us." He put his hand next to the fat, greasy fingers of the man who argued. "I beg your pardon."

The Spanish aggressor looked about ready to blow up; his curly black hair and wide moustache actually bristled. But Barton's manner was unmistakable and the swarthy one, still talking volubly, relaxed his hold. The next minute the table was theirs and the head waiter was trying to make his peace with the outraged patron.

Star looked around expecting to find the whole restaurant staring at the scene. But no one seemed to have noticed. Even those at the tables next to them were indifferent to what was evidently a regular occurrence.

As she looked at the table beyond, however, she saw that the dispute had had at least two interested onlookers. Gloria and Kent were there. They smiled and waved above the heads of the others.

"Shall we ask them to join us?" Star shook her head. "Let's just stay quiet for a few minutes," she begged. "Besides, we seem to be on the right of way."

As the show started Star found it hard to believe that anyone could really care to watch it. A thin, tired-looking girl dressed in red spangles came out on the floor and sang into the microphone. She held onto the iron stanchion as if she were about to collapse. Yet through the amplifiers in the ceiling her voice came in a continuous sullen roar, slightly off key.

No one stopped talking. It was almost a contest between the audience and the performer to see who could make the most noise. The audience won in Star's opinion, but they were generous with their applause. A group of Marines on the other side of the room stamped and shouted for an encore, but the singer withdrew and made way for a rumba dancer.

The audience paid her the tribute of admiring silence. Star found her gyrations anything but graceful; she knew a minute of pity for the girl who must spend her life amusing such a ribald crowd. The dancer's face was stony; her eyes looked over the staring faces as if she did not see them. Only her body, clothed in a grotesque skirt of artificial grass, expressed any emotion.

When she left, the uproar was deafening. She was called back to bow again and again. Finally, to quiet them, she leaped into the microphone. "I'll be back," and ran off.

She was succeeded by a stately person whose hour-glass figure was wrapped about with a beaded frock that ended in strands of broken fringe around her ankles. Star thought she was about to sing, but she never did find out. As the performer approached the microphone and before she had a chance to say a word someone yelled raucously: "Oh, shut up!"

This was greeted with hilarious laughter. The woman glared at the interruption and started to speak again. The Marines, noisier than ever, began stamping their feet.

"We want the rumbal!" one of them shouted.

The phrase was taken up by the others and grew to a chant, accented by the stamp of feet and broken by Spanish expressions. Star looked at Barton. His face was set and he was watching the swarthy man above them. Star looked up to find the man grinning evilly in their direction and shouting something that made his companions shake with laughter.

"Do you think there'll be trouble? Had we better go?"

"We'll sit tight," Barton said, edging his chair closer to hers. "Perhaps this is just a usual demonstration."

He was interrupted by Kent's voice. Kent had come up with Gloria, who was dragging a chair. His manner was casual, but there was watchfulness in his eyes, and he made Gloria sit down while he crouched on one of the low steps. Gloria was white under her make-up. Star realised for the first time that the situation was serious.

The tone of the crowd had subtly changed. In place of the genial shouting and stamping of a minute before, there was an ominous rumble of foreign words mingled with guttural laughs. Everywhere Star looked she seemed to see hot black eyes looking at her greedily. The orchestra struck up and the rumba dancer came out again, still in the same costume. She started to repeat her dance, but the crowd that had shouted for her now completely ignored her.

Suddenly an empty beer bottle whizzed through the air towards the dance floor and crashed at the girl's tapping feet. She stopped and burst into a torrent of hissing syllables; the microphone caught her words and sent them blaring out over the heads of the crowd.

It was impossible for Star to understand, but evidently most of the crowd needed no interpreter. Another bottle flew through the air and crashed against the wall behind the dancer. Someone hit the bass drum—it moaned in agony above the bedlam. One of the Marines shouted, "Hey, rube!"

As if at a signal everyone was on his feet; Star stumbled and would have tripped if Kent had not steadied her. She felt his arm go around her waist and saw Gloria throw her arms around Barton's neck. The next minute the place was in total darkness. Star felt her dress ripping and clutched at it frantically. Kent's arm held her tightly; she could feel him pushing against the hot bodies that hemmed them in. Gloria's voice, suddenly clear against that background of noise, reached her faintly.

"You're so wonderful, Barton," she was saying. Then the commotion drowned her voice.

STAR lay in bed staring at the ceiling. Outside the Sunday calm was unbroken, both on the ship and on land. It was good to be quiet after all the excitement last night. She felt bone tired; there was a big black and blue mark on her arm where someone had struck against her in the milling crowd. She could hear a woman's shriek still echoing in her ears.

She wondered who had had the presence of mind to turn on the floodlight. It had calmed the crowd, and she and Kent had pushed toward a side door. There was no sign of Barton and Gloria, but Kent was sure they had made their escape.

Star yawned and climbed slowly from her bunk. That short drive home had been puzzling. When she had tried to thank Kent he had turned on her almost brusquely. "Why did you go to a place like that?"

"Why?" repeated Star. "Because everyone goes. You and Gloria were there," she pointed out.

"That's different," Kent said stubbornly. He had been silent after that. Star felt a little guilty that she had not told Kent she had refused Barton. But she felt he deserved to be under a misapprehension for a while.

She wondered if she was too late for breakfast. She remembered vaguely that Gloria, seemingly fresh as a daisy, had bounded out of bed early and started to dress. To Star's murmured question she had answered briefly, "Barton and I are flying over to Panama."

They must be there by this time. Soon they would be returning. The ship was due to leave Christobal that afternoon. The thought made Star complete her dressing hurriedly. She wanted to shop, and the quaint little places were so numerous and intriguing she knew she would probably visit them all before she bought even a pair of mules.

The dining-room steward brought her a cup of coffee when she looked into the deserted dining-room on her way ashore. She drank it standing in the passageway outside, and then ran down the ladder. A decrepit horse and carriage waited dejectedly in the road, its driver crowned with a battered straw hat.

Star thought the carriage must be the type once called a Victoria. It was open, with a tan parasol set askew over it like a rusty bonnet. The leather upholstery was torn and worn through in many spots, and the hair stuffing stuck out untidily. Star felt sorry for the poor old horse standing so patiently and forlornly between the shafts. Perhaps if she hired the rig he would have a good meal of oats. She signalled the driver, whose black face broke into a delighted smile.

"Star!" She paused, her foot on the step. Kent was running down the ladder, careless that his haste made it shake dangerously. "Want another passenger?" he called.

"If you like." As they drove away she wondered at his change of attitude. He seemed penitent, more like a small boy who has been reprimanded, than like his usual stern self.

Kent was amusing as he explained the different parts of town. And when they reached the Canal he became deeply interested in telling Star how many nations had tried to complete it, and how the doctors had finally made it possible for the work to be finished.

Star glimpsed a Kent she had never known before. Although he said little about himself she realised how important his work was to him. Casually, he mentioned some of the experiments he was making, and his study of various diseases peculiar to this part of the world.

It made her thoughtful. This was a new Kent, not the stern, unreasonable person she had known. Not even the gay companion who had taken her ashore at Kingston. But a scientist—a man deeply interested in his work, and more conscious of the problems of a nation than she had realised.

Star was glad when at last the horse turned back towards the town. The weary animal seemed delighted, too; he travelled along so much more rapidly that Kent declared they were fairly skimming the ground.

"If it weren't for the bumps," Star said, the words jolting out of her. "We wouldn't have to go so far. As it is, we've gone up and down almost as far as we've rolled forward."

"Perhaps I'd just better make sure you haven't broken anything when we get back to the ship," Kent began.

At that moment, with an ominous crack, the wagon stopped altogether. The horse looked around with the expression of one who knew all along that this would happen. The driver explained in English so heavily accented Star could only get one word out of seven, that this was not an unknown catastrophe. In fact he, like the horse, seemed to find it merely a part of the day's work. Kent climbed out and explained to Star that it was just a broken driving-shaft.

"But how will we get back?"

"It isn't as serious as it sounds," Kent grinned boyishly. "This thing's been broken for years, I suspect. The mending-gear gave way again, that's all. I should say one fairly solid piece of rope would fix it perfectly. As it is, we'll just tie another knot in the old one."

It took a little longer than he had predicted, but Star enjoyed the quiet sunshine and the oddity of seeing Kent without his uniform blouse, holding the shaft while the driver tinkered with the rope. As they started off again she said that she was going to skip lunch; there wasn't much time left for shopping.

THEY had reached the centre of town again. Kent refused to leave Star insisting that she would be cheated if he did not go with her. He was, she had to admit, very helpful. They shopped for painted Chinese mules and kimonos embroidered in snarling dragons. The bundles mounted rapidly and the short street, packed as it was with shops, was tiring enough when it had been completely covered.

Because of the novelty of the places this experience had been amusing at first. But after all it was shopping. She wanted to return to the ship and take a shower.

"So this is what you're doing!" Coates called as they emerged from a doorway.

"You seem to be doing it, too," Star retorted, glancing at the small package he held. "What did you get?"

"You'll find that out Christmas morning. It's for me!" Star was surprised and pleased. She had not thought of Coates taking the time and trouble to buy her a special gift. "Mayn't I have it now?"

Coates shook his head. Kent was scowling. Star was amused at the idea that he resented Coates buying her a gift. The latter stowed his own parcel in a pocket and held out his hands to take some of hers.

"Miss Sandringham and I aren't going back to the ship just yet," Kent said coldly. Star was embarrassed by his tone. He was being deliberately rude, and she saw Coates raise an eyebrow quizzically.

"What's the matter, Barrett? You remind me of that old joke. You know—the patient recovered, but the doctor was sick."

"I'm glad you find your thoughts amusing."

"I don't care what either of you has planned," Star broke in impatiently. "I'm hot and tired. I'm going to get back into that chariot and return to the ship."

Kent immediately walked over to where the carriage still stood in the dusty street. With a thump he dropped the bundles he had carried for her into the seat. Then without another glance he turned and strode away in the opposite direction.

Star felt giddy as she watched him go. She hadn't meant to be rude, but Kent Barrett certainly was a hard person to please, she thought rebelliously. After all, he had

known what she wanted to do when he joined her. He had been entirely too officious in planning the day without consulting her wishes.

"Whew!" Coates let out a whistle. "Our doctor is in a bad humor. I say, I didn't break up anything, did I?"

"Not at all. I intended coming directly back to the ship. But I hadn't been able to convince Kent."

"Well, he's having such a running fight with Gloria I suppose it makes him touchy," Coates said indifferently. "Do you realise that we're in Cristobal?"

"Of course I do."

"Doesn't it mean anything special to you?"

"Yes, Christmas in two days. The big Christmas party—the trip half over."

"Nothing else?"

Star looked at him in surprise. "What else is there?"

"Tuesday we'll be in Kingston again."

"Oh, yes!" Star recalled without enthusiasm that she had promised to visit Coates' schooner when they returned to that port. The time when she would have to keep her promise had seemed far away then. Now it was here. There was no getting out of it. "You'll be leaving the ship, won't you?" she asked politely.

"But you'll be coming with me to the schooner," he reminded her.

Star said feebly, "There's so little time. Do you think I'd better?"

"Why not? It will be something for me to remember for the next three months. I'll be down here at least that long, scarcely speaking to anyone but the gang I've got aboard. It gets mighty lonely."

Star was surprised at his explanation. She hadn't thought of Jack Coates being lonely while he was on an expedition. She had felt that his mind would be wrapped up in his work. But he had made it impossible for her to refuse.

"Of course I'll come," she smiled, "for a little while. And after I leave, if you get tired of my ghost walking around your ship you can just throw it overboard. A spirit is really the ideal travelling companion, isn't it?"

THAT'S a good-looking dress you're wearing," Gloria said.

"Yes, I like it." Star looked down at the tight-fitting bodice and flaring skirt of white linen that was bound by many rows of dark blue braid. A huge sailor collar edged with the same braid hung almost to her waist in the back and gave her a peculiarly childlike air. She knew that Gloria's comment was not inspired by the way she looked, but was rather a subtle question as to where she was going. She hesitated and then decided there was no reason why Gloria shouldn't know.

"I'm going out with Jack Coates."

"That's right. He's getting off the ship here at Kingston, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's going through the Customs now, then he's coming for me. We're going over to his schooner. Would you like to come along?"

Gloria shook her head. She had finally managed to manoeuvre Barton into inviting her to go on the shore trip with him. But she had no intention of telling Star her plans.

As a matter of fact, Gloria knew all about the expedition to the schooner. She had seen Coates the night before and it had amused her to let him continue to think that Star had plenty of money. When she heard his plan for the following day she even had a few suggestions to offer.

She dressed slowly until Star left the cabin, but once the girl had gone out she locked the door and flew about with a

speed and precision. If Gloria's conscience bothered her at all during the preparations, or while she let down the shutter of the cabin and passed a small black bag through the opening to hands that were waiting for it, she paid no attention to it. In Gloria's lexicon there was only one important word and that was "I." And it suited her plans for the moment to help Coates in every way she could.

Star, meanwhile, had started toward the upper deck and then changed her mind. She had forgotten to tell Elise Cattrell of her plans for the day, and she did not want the older woman to be disappointed if she was planning to make the shore trip with her. She wished that she and Elise were going ashore together. Perhaps she could make arrangements to meet Elise afterward at one of the hotels, and they could all have tea together before saying good-bye to Coates.

She quickened her steps with this thought in mind. But before she reached Elise's cabin she heard what seemed to be the sound of a kitten mewling. It was so faint that she thought she must be mistaken; she had seen no cat on board anyway. But there it was again. This time she was curious enough to stop and listen more intently. For a while the usual noises of the ship in port were all that she heard. As she was about to go on the sound came again. This time it seemed more human. Star looked up and realised that she was opposite the Underwood cabin. Could it be Stuart she had heard crying? She knocked and all sound ceased at once.

"Stuart!" she called. "Stuart, I've been looking all over for you. Where are you?"

There was no answer from the cabin, and Star had a sudden fear that the boy had been hurt. Without waiting she turned the handle and the door opened. For a moment she did not see the child at all. But as her eyes became accustomed to the dim light she made out his small figure curled up in the easy chair next to the bed. Star went over and took him in her arms. Stuart turned his face away while she held him close without saying anything more. For a few seconds he managed to control himself, although Star could feel the throbbing of his heart.

Then all at once the storm came. This was a heartbroken little boy whose whole world had been smashed before his very eyes. Star patted the hot little head and rocked him gently back and forth. Stuart's sobs gradually subsided. Star wiped his face with her handkerchief and brushed the bright curls back from his forehead. As she had suspected, Stuart began to resent her intrusion as soon as he gained control of himself.

"I was looking for you," Star explained, "because I thought we might hunt for that pirate that's down there under the water. You know this is where that wicked city sank right into the sea."

Stuart made no response, so after a pause Star tried again.

"I was looking for Miss Cattrell, too. I'm afraid she's going to be rather lonely to-day, and I thought maybe she would want you to go around a little bit with her."

"She's gonna take me to Castleton Gardens," Stuart answered.

Star said enthusiastically, "Oh, that's so nice! But aren't you going somewhere else, too?"

"Where else?"

"To some of the shops?"

"Don't like stores."

"But, Stuart, this is different. You know what day to-day is."

"It's Tuesday."

"No, I mean what holiday is it?"

"No holiday."

"Oh, Stuart, it is! Don't you remember the story I told you last night? It's the day before Christmas—Christmas Eve."

STUART climbed off Star's lap without a word and walked over to the bureau. His lips were trembling again and Star realised that in some inexplicable way she had hit upon the secret of his woe. Hesitating, because she did not want him to continue a stubborn silence, she said: "You know the stores and all the people who go to the stores have to help Santa Claus a little bit."

Stuart turned to her with almost adult resentment. "You tell stories just for the fun of it," he accused.

Star nodded gravely. "Yes, I do most of the time. But the Christmas story is different, Stuart."

His mouth set in a stubborn line and Star realised that this was serious.

"You see, Stuart, some of the stories I tell you are about people who never lived. But the people in those stories are not important."

Stuart's expression was anything but encouraging. Still Star persisted. "The Christmas story is true. There was a kind saint who brought gifts to all the children he knew. He thought that was the best way to honor another Child who was born on Christmas Day. That saint's name was St. Nicholas. Some of us call him Santa Claus."

"That's a lie," Stuart said flatly. "Santa Claus is just make-believe. Dad just said so."

Star drew a deep breath. She had finally discovered the reason for Stuart's unhappiness.

"When I was a little girl," Star began, ignoring Stuart's last comment. "I used to hear that Santa Claus had a great factory at the North Pole, that all the year long the funny little elves helped him make toys. And then on Christmas Day, just about at this time, Santa would climb in his sleigh and start off to visit all the good little boys and girls. I almost caught a glimpse of him once," she added, apparently to herself, "but the snow was so bright it almost blinded me. I know what he looked like, anyway—fat and jolly in a bright red suit trimmed with white fur—"

"That's a whopper," Stuart said triumphantly. "Santa Claus couldn't ride around in a sleigh or have fur on his clothes way down here. It's too hot. I asked Daddy if he took his coat off, and then he told me it was all make-believe."

In spite of himself Stuart's chin trembled a little as he recalled that ghastly moment.

But Star did not seem at all saddened. On the contrary, she laughed very happily and continued to give way to an almost uncontrollable mirth even after Stuart began to look at her in wonder.

"Your poor father," she managed to say at last. "I wondered what he had been so cross about these last few days. So that's it! Somebody told him that Santa Claus was used to cold countries and couldn't come way down south. I almost made the same mistake," she confessed more seriously. "And then I—I suddenly remembered that—er—Santa Claus had a brother who lives down at the South Pole."

"A brother?"

"Yes, a twin brother. I had heard it a long time ago, but naturally I—had forgotten about it," she went on. "You see, Santa Claus takes care of all the children up north and Santa Claus' brother takes care of all the children down south."

Stuart's interest was now wholeheartedly

here. "Don't he wear a red suit?" he asked.

"He wears a—red bathing-suit," Star explained hastily.

"He must look funny."

"Not to the little southern children. They would think our Santa Claus looked funny, and this Santa Claus from the South Pole doesn't wear any fur either. His red cap is trimmed with a big ball of white cotton."

"He doesn't use a sleigh?"

"Of course not! How could he use a sleigh where there is no snow?"

Star laughed, though she was wondering how she could manage to make the story come true. She looked down into Stuart's face, his shining eyes, and brushed a damp curl from his forehead. It had to come true. It just had to.

"Then what does he ride in?"

"Oh, he rides in a sailing-ship. Not a big ship like this one, but a dinky ship that glides over the water in the night and stops at every port just as we do."

"What for?"

"To leave the presents, of course."

"And Daddy doesn't know?"

Stuart chuckled with Star at this secret they shared between them.

Star glanced down at her wrist-watch; she was already over half an hour late for her appointment with Coates. But that seemed unimportant compared with the gleam in Stuart's eyes and the childish pleasure he had found in her story. When you're older, Star thought, hastily combing his curls into a semblance of order, you'll realise that Santa Claus does exist—in our own hearts. But until you can realise that, it's needless cruelty to take away your belief in the kindly saint.

She helped Stuart wipe the tear stains from his face, and together they went in search of Elise, who was waiting patiently in a deck-chair near the ladder. Star could see Coates pacing nervously up and down on the pier. His slight figure appeared rigid with anger even at that distance.

Star gave up her plan to meet Elise afterwards. Coates might have arranged something else. When she and Kent were in Cribicheal on Sunday afternoon she had learned how unwise it was to plan ahead. How angry Kent had been! He hadn't tried to see her alone again. Perhaps he was sinking.

She spoke but a moment to Elise, nodded towards Coates, and ran to the ladder. Evidently he had been watching; he was at the foot of the ladder as she stepped ashore.

"I was afraid you weren't coming! What happened?"

"It was careless of me," Star confessed, "but I was talking to Stuart and forgot how late it was. Do forgive me."

"Of course," Coates smiled and took her arm, leading her towards the army of sailing-ships packed into the harbor. His smile was warm and companionable, the beats they were approaching looked light and adventurous. It should be a gay, memorable afternoon!

Star did not know what made her turn and look back at the Cartagena as if she were leaving the comfort and security of home.

"So this is your schooner?"

"This is the Merry Maid," Coates responded. "Her well-worn deck is honored by your charming presence, my dear."

Star shivered as he put out his hand and helped her over the railing. The small schooner had looked trim, she thought, from the pier. But once aboard it was difficult to understand what had made it seem so interesting. The paint was cracked and

peeling. "Well-worn" was the nicest adjective that could have been applied to the uneven, splintery deck and the grey, patched canvas attached to the towering masts.

Her eyes came back to the crew. There seemed to be so many men for so small a boat, and they were watching her with interest. Star glanced away uneasily. She was reminded that this was the Pirate Main. Had the men been appropriately dressed it would have been easy to imagine that the days of those sea vultures were still a reality and not part of a dim past.

But the dirty slacks and white undershirts that were the uniform of the crew were not in any way romantic. And somehow Star had never thought of pirates as unshaven. Pirates had long hair—yes, and gold earrings in their ears. She thought she had even heard of a bearded pirate or two. But never these dirty, bristling faces that were common to the men aboard the Merry Maid.

"Baldy!"

The man Coates addressed stepped forward and made a gesture of salute. It was mocking, almost derisive, Star thought. He appeared older than the others, but his hair, or lack of it, was concealed by a shabby cap worn well over one eye.

"This is my chief mate," Coates announced, and Star was surprised to hear a faint undercurrent of pride in his voice. "Get ready to sail, Baldy," he commanded briskly.

"We're going to show Miss Sandringham how a sailing-ship operates. She has never been on one before. I'm sure she will enjoy the experience for a couple of hours."

The man nodded in a surly fashion and muttered some directions to the crew. Coates took Star's arm possessively.

"COME, I want to show you my cabin," said Coates. Star hung back. "It's—it's nice of you to show me around. But please don't bother to sail anywhere. I—I can see everything right here."

The crew had already started to unfasten the sails and weigh the anchor. The speed and precision with which they accomplished this was surprising, but not reassuring. Either they were excellent sailors or they had known exactly what was going to happen.

Coates laughed. Star felt uncomfortable as his eyes glinted at her in amusement. "Afraid I'll kidnap you?" he asked.

"No, only you're going to so much trouble."

"I would take a lot of trouble for you," Coates said in a low voice. His hand on her arm urged her forward. "Come on, the cabin won't bite you."

Star tried to stop the unreasoning impulse that swept through her as they started down the dark narrow companionway. The walls on both sides felt—she hesitated at the word even in her thoughts, but it was apt—they felt slimy! She tried to steady her voice, to sound gay and amused.

How silly she was! At least Jack Coates was all right and she was staying on the schooner only a short while. With that thought in mind she stepped into the small room at the foot of the stairs.

"This is the mess hall for the officers," Coates explained with a smile. "That is, for the men and myself."

Star looked around at the greasy walls and the scarred table, at the broken and disreputable chairs that were huddled together along the walls. Even Coates, thin and excitable, looked far from being at home here. A line from an old song popped unbidden into her mind: "Pity the poor sailors . . ."

She smiled and Coates looked offended. "Of course, I don't know much about sailing. Still, I'm the Captain here; I give the orders." His voice was almost threatening. As Star looked at him sharply he moved away and opened a small door in the opposite wall. "This is my cabin."

Star followed him gingerly and stopped on the threshold. Even with her eyes accustomed to the darkness it was hard to see the dim interior.

"Come in and sit down," he invited hospitably. "I'll get a light." He swore softly as his toe hit against some bulky object on the floor. "I'd like to show you on the map where we're going to look for our specimens. I forgot to have the skylight fixed," he added apologetically.

As the lamp flared Star thought that it would have been just as well to leave the cabin dimly lit. In the glare the place looked even more gloomy, and indescribably shabby. She saw for the first time that there were ragged curtains pushed back from the portholes.

"It must have been a beautiful ship—once," she managed finally.

The movement of the boat, slight as it was, threw her against the table. She withdrew her hand hastily from its surface—it was greasy, too!

"This is still a good boat," Coates said loyally. "Here, you'd better sit down." He cleared the one chair by the simple expedient of pushing a conglomeration of books and maps on to the floor. He settled himself on a chest against the side of the boat as Star sat uneasily on the edge of the seat he had drawn up to the table.

"The Merry Maid needs only a little paint and the old girl would look like a debutante. Do you know this boat was built 53 years ago?"

Her eyes kindled at the thought, and for a moment even Star could imagine it clean and new, and with shining sails as it slid down the ways.

"It was used for fishing off the Newfoundland Banks," Coates explained, and Star instantly identified the sickish odor that pervaded the place. "After that she was sold to some rum-runners. Then she had a hard life. She was caught by the coastguard and the owner shot—right in this room. I'll show you the design made by the machine-gun when we get back on deck."

"A man was killed here?" Star stammered.

Coates nodded, and the distaste Star had felt for the boat deepened so she could scarcely pretend an enthusiasm in her host's further reminiscences.

"She was laid up for a time before the museum bought her. That bunch of fossils wouldn't spend a penny on paint. I could take part of the expedition money, but after all—"

His hand was laid briefly on hers. Star jumped to her feet and then tried to cover her startled movement with a laugh. "What—what's that hole?" she asked with forced interest. She peered at the dark oval set into the wall, and half-closed with a shutter-like panel. Coates picked up the lamp and flashed it inside.

"That's the bunk." He raised the light so that she could look at the boards which closed it in above. "See, there's a compass set in the ceiling and a rack for charts there on the side. Now do you believe I'm a real captain?"

Star backed away hastily. His face had come uncomfortably close to hers. She

stumbled over something on the floor, and glanced down at it, first indifferently, and then with growing interest. "That looks like my small suitcase!"

"I've got a little one, too. I stumbled over it coming in. Well, shall we go on deck now? The sea's getting heavier. We must be sailing right along now."

"Yes, let's go up," Star hoped her voice didn't betray her anxiety. Coates might have a small case like hers, they were common enough. But it was incredible that his would have a scar on the side just as hers had—a peculiar long scratch that she had made when she was taking it out of the store-room at the library just a few weeks ago.

There was no time to wonder how the bag had found its present resting place. All her thoughts must be centred on how she could get the bag—and herself—off the boat.

GLORIA's shore trip with Barton Underwood had been anything but a success and when she returned to the Cartagena Barton was not with her. She paid off the driver and walked quickly toward the ship. She was so furious she wanted to stand like a child and scream and stamp her feet. It took all her will-power to control herself and walk, her high heels tapping angrily over to the ship's ladder.

Of all the miserable afternoons she had endured Barton's dull chatter about what he wanted to buy for his sisters; she had even accompanied him on hot, uninteresting excursions into small shops the guide had suggested. She had looked with growing weariness at doekin and English wools and had sniffed obligingly at bottles of perfume.

And then to find, when Gloria and Underwood walked into the Myrtle Bank Hotel, that Elise Cattrell accompanied by the impossible Stuart, was already there! Barton had not seemed surprised, she thought now, although she had been so enraged at the moment she hadn't really noticed. Perhaps they had planned the meeting. Anyway, she had found it impossible to stop his tiresome monologue about what they had done and seen. He had scarcely looked at her again, nor did Elise appear to notice Gloria's apparent lack of enthusiasm at the reunion. Only Stuart, by occasional quick scowls, had seemed aware that she was with them.

And that embarrassing moment in the hotel dining-room! Gloria stamped up the ladder as she recalled the rankling scene. In an attempt to draw Barton's interest she had broken into his eager questions about Castleton Gardens.

"You know, Barton, to-night they are going to have that silly Christmas party. Why don't you sit at our table? Mr. Coates left the ship to-day and there'll be room for you. Then when it gets too boring we can slip away—"

She stopped, aware that Elise was looking at her as if she had said something too shocking for comment. Stuart glared balefully from his side of the table and Barton looked faintly uncomfortable.

"That's very kind of you," he said finally.

"But I have already invited Miss Cattrell to dine at my table to-night. Stuart is going to take a little nap and join us at the party later. I'm afraid there won't be more room at the table during dinner, but after it's over—Barton cleared his throat—"why don't you come over to us?"

It was then that she had walked out on them. And she had been perfectly right. As she gained the top of the ladder and paused for breath Gloria snorted. Join them! Play second fiddle to another woman! Be tolerated just because she had discovered that he was finding Elise's loneliness more intriguing than hers. No, thank you!

Gloria turned toward her cabin, almost ready to cry. Her loveliest gown, the green mandarin tunic with its stiffened shoulders and skirt that made her look oriental and at the same time bewilderingly lovely, would now be wasted. Unless—Gloria's steps slowed and she hastily composed herself as she saw Kent approaching, his eyes worriedly scanning the shore. Just as she was leaving Elise and Barton she had half suggested that Kent expected to be with her that evening. It had been hard to explain because she had already told Barton of her broken engagement. Now if she could make her assertion true—

"What's the matter?" she inquired of Kent. "Worried about to-night's party?"

"No." His tone was not encouraging, but Gloria was determined that he should not escape her.

"Stop at the cabin for me before dinner, why don't you?" she persisted. "We're practically the sole survivors, you know."

Kent's eyes swung around to hers. They dilated peculiarly as he stared. "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, didn't you know Mr. Coates has left us?"

"That? Yes," Kent assented indifferently.

Gloria provoked, said sharply, "Then you know that Star is gone, too?"

Kent's hand grasped her shoulder roughly. "With him?"

"You're hurting me." She shrugged her shoulder free. "Yes, she said she was just going to look at the schooner, but one of her bags is gone, and several of her dresses."

"If you're lying—" Kent's face was contorted as if he had been physically hurt, and he looked at her so savagely Gloria found herself involuntarily taking a step backward. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"After all, it isn't any of my business, or yours. If Star has decided to elope with Jack Coates—"

But Kent was not listening. He took the stairs in long jumps and the next instant she heard shouted orders and running feet on the upper deck. The ship's launch with Kent in it was lowered into the water.

STAR stepped onto the deck of the schooner, gasping as the full force of the wind struck her. The boat was bounding through the water with rabbit-like leaps. A spray of foam showered upward as the prow struck each wave, which then slid over the deck in thinning green sheets. The boat was listing heavily as the wind drove it onward and whistled shrilly through the ropes. Star clung weakly to the side of the cabin and was even grateful for Coates' steadying arm.

"Come back in the wheelhouse," he shouted in her ear.

Star nodded, unable to speak, and stumbled with him toward the small glass-enclosed cabin. Once inside its shelter she managed to draw her breath. Baldy, without glancing at her, handed the wheel to Coates and went out. Star looked at the narrow shore line rising in little bumps that might be mountains.

Her heart sank, but she forced herself to speak as naturally as she could. "I

didn't realise that you had to be an acrobat as well as a sailor on a boat like this. It's terribly rough."

"Rough?" Coates laughed, his eyes on the green sea before them. "This is nothing. Wait until we get going around the point there."

"We're going further? But we've come quite a distance. Hadn't we better turn back?" Coates' eyelids flickered, otherwise he gave no sign that he had heard. "Please, you must turn back!" she cried anxiously. "Everyone is expected to help prepare for the Christmas party." She was thinking of Stuart and the fantastic Santa Claus she had described. She had to get back!

"We're not going back," Coates smiled as he said it and Star thought he was joking until he announced suddenly, "That is your bag downstairs. Gloria packed it for me." "But—you—you can't do this! They'll want to know what happened. They'll look for me!"

"You think Dr. Barrett will look for you?" Coates asked scornfully. "You think he'll interrupt what he believes to be an elopement? No, my dear. Anyway, he won't know until later."

Star stared miserably out over the water. It no longer seemed frightening. It was almost friendly compared to this strange man at her side. What had led him to do such a thing? And why had she been so foolish as to come aboard alone? Kent had been right. He had tried to warn her and she had not listened. Tears stung her eyes.

"YOU said you liked this part of the world," Coates was saying. "Well, here's your chance to see it. And you mentioned something about helping me with the expedition."

Star recalled that sunny day—her first day in Halli. How far away it seemed now!

"It isn't such a bad life. And when we get the museum established—the money you inherited will be a great help for that—"

"The money?" Suddenly Star saw a ray of hope. "You don't mean to say you believed me? But it isn't true."

Coates looked at her briefly with a cynical smile and then turned away. Star continued eagerly: "I said that only for Kent's benefit. I—I haven't a cent. You must believe me!"

But her captor continued to look out a half smile still playing about his lips. Star wedged herself close to the glass panel on the side so that he had to look at her. Her breath came with difficulty as if she had been running, but she forced herself to talk slowly, almost calmly.

"I'm just a librarian in a small town. I—I know all about children's books, that's why I knew so many stories to tell Stuart. I—I even tutor during the summer. That gave me enough money to come on this cruise. Why won't you believe me? If I had anything—anything at all—you could have it if you would only turn back."

Coates was still smiling, as if she had not spoken.

"Well," said Star hopelessly, "there's no way of convincing you, I suppose. It's hard for a man to change his mind once it's made up. When I told Gloria she knew right away I was telling the truth."

"You told Gloria?"

Something in his tone gave Star courage, although he spoke quietly.

"Yes," she said eagerly. "Days ago. I didn't really want to fool anyone. I—I had a personal reason for wanting Kent Barrett to believe I had money. You and Gloria

just happened to be there. And—and I didn't know it would make so much difference."

COATES was grimly considering the situation. Star might lie to him about her finances, but she would not lie to Gloria. And that smart young woman had been altogether too ready to help him with his plan. No wonder she had been willing to pack Star's suitcase! It was Gloria's idea of a good joke.

Star was staring now, as he was, at the white lane on each side of the boat. She did not know that Coates had been at all impressed by her revelation. There was nothing beyond this dismal moment when she stood beside a man she hated. There was no time even in the past, it seemed, that she had been free of this stuffy wheel-house or the surge of the floor beneath her feet.

She watched a lug bobbing up and down far behind them. It would top the crest of a wave and then disappear for a second. She saw it once—twice. Then she leaned forward and looked more closely. This was an odd bit of driftwood. Instead of getting smaller it appeared to grow larger, although it was hard to tell, really.

Star glanced at Coates. He, too, seemed to be watching, his eyes narrowed. When she glanced back again her heart gave an exultant throb. It was not a log, after all. There was only the faint suggestion of an outline, but she was sure it was a small boat—a boat that was shooting through the water towards them as if driven by super-human force.

Suddenly Baldy appeared at the door. Whether Coates had some way of summoning him or not, Star did not know. He stood on the threshold looking questioningly at his Captain. When Coates spoke Star was surprised to find that his tone had not changed.

"Pull her about," Baldy looked for an instant as if he were going to question the order. "Miss Sandringham wishes to return to the cruise ship for the Christmas party." Was there a faint note of amusement in Coates' voice? "And I rather think she'll make the rest of the trip in the Cartagena's launch."

STUART lay in his bunk and watched the waves lap against the porthole. They would slap at the glass like a friendly hand and then disappear. It was fun for a few minutes, but then he tired of the game. He wasn't a bit sleepy. Grown-ups had funny ideas, especially Dad. He thought Stuart ought to have a nap this afternoon because he was going to stay up a little later to-night.

But to-night was different, and sleeping was out of the question. It was Christmas Eve. Santa Claus was on his way. A strange Santa Claus dressed in a red bathing suit and a red cap with a white cotton ball.

He sat up and listened. He had never before actually disobeyed Dad, but this wasn't real disobedience. If Dad were here so he could ask him, he might concede that Stuart didn't have to stay in bed. But since Dad wasn't here, it had to be settled at once.

He was sure the ship had never been so quiet before. Occasionally, even at night, he heard footsteps along the corridor outside, the slam of a door or a voice calling to someone. But to-day there was nothing. Only silence.

Stuart had no way of knowing that in the dining saloon all the passengers were

laughing and talking as they decorated the huge tree that had just been put into place.

But Stuart, listening now at the crack of the cabin door, heard no sound. He looked up and down the narrow shining hall, enclosed on both sides by tightly shut doors. There was no one about. Stuart's eyes shone at this adventure. Resolutely he tugged the door open and stepped outside.

Star had been convincing—while she was there. Somehow, watching her, it was easy to believe. She was so sure of what she told him. Stuart was positive that she believed Santa Claus had a brother. But perhaps Star had been fooled.

But Star had added that Santa Claus must have already brought some of the gifts to the ship. He needed help, she had mentioned, in distributing them. If that was so, then those presents would be somewhere about the ship right now! If Stuart could find some of them, then he could bring them to the saloon to-night. He could help Santa Claus even more than the sailors.

His heart was beating loudly as his slippered feet swished along the floor. He tried the first door next to his. It opened readily and he glanced inside. He didn't know whose cabin it was, but a delicate fragrance suddenly identified the owner. This must be Miss Gattrell's cabin. A corner of tissue paper caught his eye. He reached down and pulled. A small package came out. It was wrapped up just like a Christmas present with shiny silver ribbon and a big bow. It was only a matter of seconds before the package was unwrapped, and a long silver case lay revealed in its box. There was a little oval in the centre of the case with letters on it just like the letters on Dad's big trunk.

It was a Christmas present all right! Stuart clutched the box tightly and peeked up the tissue paper and ribbon. Star had been right. Santa Claus' brother had already been there and hidden the gifts in unexpected places.

His eyes fell on Ellie's knitting bag hung on a hook at the foot of her bunk. Of course—Santa Claus always carried a pack! It was the only way to get a large number of gifts to one particular spot. By standing on a chair Stuart managed to unhook the bag and get down on the floor again.

It was a simple matter to pull the knitting out of the bag and throw it with the needles in a dark corner under the bunk. Then the present was dumped unceremoniously into the bottom. Stuart noted it was a fairly large bag. He could collect at least one gift from each cabin and take them all back with him. And wouldn't Santa Claus' brother be surprised!

STAR heard the carols faintly at first, above the put-put-put of the launch. As they drew nearer to the ship the words were clear: "Let nothing you dismay."

Tears rolled down her cheeks. It was so good to hear cheerful voices again, to see the smooth white side of the ship, clean and shining, towering above them. She asked nothing more than this: to step up on deck and to stay there, watched over and guarded from the unknown dangers of the sea.

She had scarcely spoken to Kent. He had reached the schooner soon after it was headed back towards Kingston. Nor had Coates said any more, either in apology or in defence of his behaviour. His interest in her seemed to have vanished into thin air with his knowledge that she was not an heiress. For the first time in her life Star was grateful that she worked for her living.

The library at Milford had become a very haven of comfort in her thoughts. More than once in the last two hours she had wished fervently that she was back, sheltered by its familiar walls, the books looking down upon her with friendly faces.

Kent had said simply: "You'd better come back with me. We're sailing in half an hour."

Coates had instantly lowered the rope ladder. Star wondered how she had ever managed to get down without falling into the water that heaved and reached towards her as the rope bumped against the side of the schooner. Her knuckles were skinned. She saw that, but she felt no pain. She could only move automatically, sit where Kent told her to, watch him moving quickly and efficiently in the small boat. He had called up to Coates: "Miss Sandringham's travelling-case?"

So he knew about that, too! Star felt that her misery was complete. Naturally Kent thought she had been running away with Coates. How could she explain that she hadn't packed that bag, hadn't even known it was there? It would sound silly. Better just sit quietly until they returned to the ship. At least Kent must know that she repented ever setting foot aboard the Merry Maid.

She had managed to keep control of herself all during the long trip back. Kent was busy driving the boat through the water, intent on reaching the ship as quickly as possible. He might almost have forgotten she was there, so unconscious did he seem of her presence. She made no effort to attract his attention. She wanted only to reach her cabin before she gave way to the sobs that were tearing at her throat.

But she had not thought of the singing. Without warning the sound came across the water, so reassuring and sweet that she could not restrain her tears. Still Kent did not speak. He drew alongside the pier and helped her out.

"Till bring the bag." His voice was matter-of-fact, as if they had just been for a short sail, as if the very world hadn't shattered at her feet. The carolers were singing:

"Oh, tidings of comfort and joy—
Comfort and joy!"

Star sped up the ladder and past the curious seaman who stood on deck. She barely had time to reach her cabin before the singers disbanded. Hardly had time to realise that the nightmare was over and that Christmas Eve had brought her a real gift of security, even though it had removed Kent from her farther than ever.

IN the dining-salon, on the small platform, Elise's hands lay idle on the piano, fingering the keys of the last chord she had played. Below, the passengers were beginning to chatter; outside, the ship's whistle signalled their departure from the port.

Barton's hand reached over and touched hers lightly, almost with reverence. "Such lovely hands."

Elise raised her eyes slowly to his. She smiled tremulously as Barton bent his head and kissed her fingers one by one. She laid her cheek against his dark hair. The old year would soon die. But sometimes death did not bring pain alone. Sometimes it brought a new life—a new love.

"Come in!"

Captain Porter hastily buttoned his jacket. He was in an irascible mood. The ship had been delayed while Doctor Barrett chased after that fool girl who had planned

her own shore excursion, and they would have to make up the time of this run. Captain Porter was a man of precision; there was nothing more annoying to him than to have his schedule upset, whether by a recalcitrant mule who refused to quiet down after he had been lifted to the deck, or by an equally stubborn passenger who wouldn't return to the ship on time.

"Come in!" he shouted again. Captain Porter marched over to the door and threw it open, his tongue framing the words he always had ready as a disciplinary measure. But as he saw who was standing there he choked hastily and backed into his room.

"Er—ah—come in, please," he said as cordially as he could manage. "Mrs. Jenkins, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

Mrs. Jenkins returned his stare with a belligerence that matched his own. For the moment Captain Porter forgot that he was master of the Cartagena and Mrs. Jenkins only a passenger. She was far more master of the situation than he. He almost apologised for occupying the cabin.

"I've come to report a theft," his visitor announced briskly. "I want you to stop the ship and have everyone searched."

Captain Porter sighed in exasperation, but he managed to control his words. "What is it you've lost, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"A pair of silk pyjamas—white silk, they were—embroidered in green and gold. Lounging pyjamas, you know."

"Ah—yes, I know. Have you looked through your cabin thoroughly?"

"Certainly I have. I'm not in the habit of making statements, Captain Porter, unless I am positive of the facts. These pyjamas were stolen."

"When did you miss them?"

"When we returned to the cabin after decorating the Christmas tree. We stood around and sang carols for a while and the thief had a very good opportunity to go through everything. The ship must be searched."

Captain Porter glanced at his clock. It was the dinner hour. Yet it was hard to tell Mrs. Jenkins that even if she lost the Koh-i-noor diamond he would not stop the ship for a second. In fact he wanted to get to the bridge and tell them to put on more speed.

"We'll conduct a search, of course," he said soothingly. "But I feel sure that if you look—" his voice trailed off as Mrs. Jenkins fixed him with a piercing glance. "You—ah—you realise that we ask all passengers to lock their cabins while we are in port just to prevent such petty losses."

He had said the wrong thing again. Mrs. Jenkins fairly bristled. "Petty? Those pyjamas cost five dollars! And—and besides the money—" to the Captain's alarm, Mrs. Jenkins' face suddenly crumpled and her eyes became misty—"It's the—the idea that now—now I e—can't give them—"

"They were a gift? Captain Porter helplessly clicked his tongue against his teeth. "But—couldn't you explain to the person for whom you intended them?"

"They were for Mr. Jenkins," his visitor said with a quaver in her voice. "He—he's never had silk pyjamas. I—I wanted to surprise him."

Captain Porter coughed and turned away. The thought of Mr. Jenkins clad in white silk embroidered in green and gold was almost too much for his dignity. "I'm sure," he began as soon as he could speak, "that there is some explanation."

He was interrupted by another knock at the door. Mrs. Jenkins turned and Captain Porter went thankfully to see who the new caller was. Anything was better than facing Mrs. Jenkins alone.

Gloria stood in the doorway, still in the yellow dress she had worn that afternoon. She looked tired and plain. She ignored Mrs. Jenkins and spoke directly to the captain. "I've had a beastly headache all evening," she said to him accusingly as if he had been the cause of it, "and while I was up on the top deck trying to rest someone entered my cabin and removed a silver bracelet I bought at Cristobal. I want it returned immediately, please, or I shall hold you personally accountable."

"But, my dear lady—"

"On Christmas Eve, too," Mrs. Jenkins put in. "It must be some heathen who'd steal on a night like this. Captain Porter, I demand that you return to Jamaica and notify the proper authorities."

"Mrs. Jenkins has lost a pair of silk pyjamas," the captain explained to Gloria. She was uninterested. "Of course I realise that it is annoying," he said placatingly to both of them, "but I assure you the ship will be thoroughly searched. Doubtless it is someone's idea of a prank."

The playful aspect of it had escaped both Gloria and Mrs. Jenkins and they did not hesitate to say so, each in her own way and at the same time. The captain grew redder and redder as the character of his ship and his management of it became an antiphonal chant between the two visitors. He was relieved to hear another knock at his door.

As Bert Wilkinson, second assistant helper in the galley, afterwards related: "Pink as a shrimp, 'e was, and them two ladies goin' for 'im 'ammer and tongs, so to speak. I was only to ask 'im did 'e want the paper 'ats in place or brought in after dinner. But I takes one look at what's goin' on and says quick as a wink: 'Y're wanted on the bridge, Captain Porter, briak-like, y' see? Blimey, y' should a seen 'im light out of that place, and to-day I finds an extra five spot in me 'and. 'E's a 'ard man in some ways, the cap'n is, but 'e knows when a man does 'im a good turn, 'e does."

The conversation in the dining salon was on much the same topic. Those who had missed nothing were forced to recall that their cabins had been locked. Most of the articles missing had been little things bought in port that very afternoon, or in Cristobal over the week-end. They had been intended for the grab bag that was to be a featured part of the evening's entertainment.

"I'm afraid Santa Claus won't have anything for you," Elise was explaining to Barton Underwood. "I had a little gift all wrapped up and ready for the grab bag, but it disappeared this afternoon when we were trimming the tree."

"I'm going to ask you for the most precious gift in the world later to-night," he answered, his voice very low.

Elise blushed as she said lightly, "It's the season for giving. But you know," she added hastily, afraid that for once in his conventional life Barton was about to forget that they were in a brilliantly lighted room, "whoever it was took my knitting too. Isn't that odd? A half-finished sweater is of so little use to anyone."

Kent, seated beside Star, found it hard to keep up the conversation at his table. He doubted if they had even seen the gorgeous tree that glistened and glowed in the centre of the room. The poinsettias that flamed on every table and the green wreaths that transformed the walls into a verdant Christmas garden had been ignored, too. Star, exquisite in the white frock that made her look angelic, was very quiet. Gloria had not appeared. Star explained that she did not want any dinner.

Kent's eye was caught by Elise and Barton a few tables away. There was no doubt of Barton's manner toward the lady at his side. Kent reflected bitterly that he knew exactly how Barton felt. But Star had told him of Underwood's proposal to her! He glanced at Star to find that her eyes were resting as his had been on Elise and Barton.

Embarrassed he muttered, "Miss Cattrell looks much better than she did when she came aboard."

"She's happy," Star said softly. "I'm so glad she has found someone to love."

"You—mean—you and Underwood?" Star looked puzzled for a minute, and then she smiled for the first time that night. "Oh, I think Barton was really attracted to Elise from the start," she explained. "He had seen me with Stuart though, and he imagined that he was in love with me."

"Why didn't you tell me? That day at Cristobal, the day I tried to get you to come to lunch with me, I wanted to talk to you."

"Yes!"

"I wanted to tell you first that Gloria has released me from our engagement."

Star looked demure. "You said something to the same effect in Kingston," she reminded him. Kent turned a deeper red as he remembered his bald statement that he would not marry Gloria.

"You must think I'm the world's prize heel," he muttered. "But I didn't break the engagement. Gloria did that herself. Anyway, that wasn't what I wanted to talk to you about. I wanted to tell you—"

Star's eyes were seeking an escape. She had an idea of what Kent wanted to tell her and her own feelings in the matter were too muddled to let him continue. She must let him know just why she had taken this cruise and what she knew about him before he said any more. Perhaps when she told him he would never feel the same toward her again. Trust and respect were certainly necessary if two people were to pledge themselves to a future together.

Yet in a way she did trust Kent, although her heart and her mind dictated that trust. Fortunately she was saved from answering. Captain Porter had risen and was tapping on his water glass to attract the attention of the diners. When they were all quiet he said, carefully avoiding Mrs. Jenkins' eye:

"There has been a series of annoying incidents this afternoon, which we are attempting to straighten out with all possible speed. However, we are not going to let that delay our Christmas programme. In just a moment Santa Claus will appear and I am sure we all want to give him a hearty welcome. If you will, all arrange your chairs on one side of the table so that you can have a clear view of the tree, we'll get going."

There was laughter and a general scrapping of chairs as the passengers seated with their backs to the tree pushed around to the other side so they could all watch the door. Kent managed to capture Star's hand and hold it tightly in his as they waited for Captain Porter to continue.

"Mr. Underwood has already left and will return with the youngest member of our company, who has been having a little nap. I want to explain that as Santa Claus takes each gift from the grab bag he will call out the name that is written on it. That person will come up, identify himself and thank Santa Claus personally for the gift—for the benefit of our youngest passenger. When the person receiving the gift is a girl, our Santa Claus asks that the thanks be given as a kiss."

There was general laughter and applause that grew in volume as Santa Claus himself came to the door. Star had had a hasty interview with the two-hundred pound seaman who was taking the part and his costume was as letter perfect as they could manage to make it. There had been some difficulty in locating enough red bathing suits to make the one that now stretched tightly over his sun-browned form. He himself had contributed a pair of boots which were ornamented with a roll of cotton batting. A red beret had been loaned by one of the passengers and a big ball of cotton stuck on it. The whiskers that had been bought for him in one of the ports were securely stuck in place and transformed him into a surprisingly realistic replica of the legendary Saint Nick.

He posed in the doorway and threw his arms wide. "Merry Christmas, everybody!" he boomed.

"Merry Christmas, Santa Claus!" they shouted back.

He started for his place beside the tree, but as he did so the laughter and chattering suddenly died down. Barton Underwood was coming through the door, smiling and tight-lipped. With one hand he dragged Stuart, whose expression was even more ferocious. In the other hand he held Elise's knitting bag strained to the bursting point with packages, and spilling over at the top with tissue paper and ribbon. Star gasped and tugged her hand away from Kent's. "Let me go," she whispered fiercely. "Barton mustn't say it!"

BEFORE Star could reach the centre of the room, Barton was already addressing Captain Porter.

"I hope you and the passengers will accept my humblest apologies," he began, but Star swooped across the room and gathered Stuart into her arms. Barton turned, astonished. He had no chance to say more; Star was leading the child closer to the nonplussed Santa Claus.

"Santa, I want you to meet one of the best little boys in the world," she said. "This is Stuart Underwood, who probably spent all the afternoon helping you. He knew you wouldn't have time to collect all the gifts you had left around the ship, so I think he went around and gathered them for you."

"Well, well, well!" Santa Claus laughed as heartily as the jolly old saint was supposed to do. "So this is Stuart! I've heard about you, young man, and I want to shake your hand. Where are these gifts you collected?"

Stuart, slightly overawed by so much Santa Claus, said in a very small voice: "Dad's got them. He said I shouldn't have taken them."

Santa Claus turned on Barton Underwood with a fine display of indignation. "Be- grudge me a little help, do you? If there is a gift there for you, sir, I feel that you owe my first assistant an apology before you receive it."

Barton, looking slightly bewildered, handed over the knitting-bag and its contents and retired to his seat amid the friendly boos and catcalls of the passengers.

Santa Claus lifted Stuart to his shoulder where he sat, his eyes shining, drinking in the splendor of the Christmas tree that towered high above him. Santa Claus reached into Elise's knitting-bag and found himself confronted with another problem. Some of the gifts had been unwrapped when Stuart found them, others he had opened to see what was inside.

"I'm a little mixed up here," Santa admitted genially to the passengers, "so I am going to ask you to help me out. Miss Star will hold up each of the gifts and if my assistant cannot remember where he found it I am sure someone in the room will know the person for whom it was intended."

Star reached into the bag and brought out a crumpled pair of white silk pyjama trousers. There was a shocked exclamation from the other side of the room and something very much like a snort from the Captain's table.

"Those are the pyjamas," began Mrs. Jenkins. There was a warning whisper from the woman next to her, "Those pyjamas are for Mr. Jenkins," she amended quietly.

"Mr. Jenkins!" shouted Santa Claus. "Is Mr. Jenkins in the room?"

Mr. Jenkins, when he pushed forward, looked as if he would have liked to conceal his identity, but he managed to get to the tree and claim his gift. One by one the other presents were held up and identified by someone in the gathering. Stuart burst into delighted chuckles whenever Santa Claus claimed a kiss from a feminine passenger.

The collection in the knitting-bag was almost exhausted when Star handed Santa Claus the photograph of a white-haired gentleman. Across one corner was written in a strong, firm hand: "Merry Christmas, Son—Dad."

Santa Claus held up the photograph, and for a moment no one seemed to recognise it. Then unexpectedly Kent rose and came forward. "This must be meant for me, Santa," he said gravely.

"Bless my soul! Of course it's for you, Doctor Barrett. Your father himself gave it to me for you, with his best wishes for a Merry Christmas."

Stuart evidently saw nothing amiss in this little byplay, but Star was staring at Kent as if she had never seen him before. She had in fact just realised that he could not be John Kenneth Barrett, whose father had died only a month before. This Doctor Barrett's father was alive! She did not dare look at Kent.

Resolutely she continued to help Santa Claus, who had now turned his attention to the grab-bag. Even when a gift for herself, which turned out to be a beautiful topaz ring, was found, she did not look towards the table to which Kent had returned. She left the ring in its box and managed to join the others in the Christmas carols that presently rang out. Mrs. Jenkins never faltered on either the words or the music as she led the assembly in the familiar, beloved old hymns.

Later they joined hands and danced merrily around the tree while Santa Claus held Stuart aloft once more and announced his intention of taking his assistant back to the South Pole with him. He did actually march off with Stuart, bidding them all a gay farewell, but Star knew that before they had gone far Stuart's eyelids would droop and the end of the journey would be lost in dreams.

"Merry Christmas!"

Gloria turned and looked at her cabin-mate with wondering eyes. "How can you wish me a merry Christmas?" she asked bitterly. "You know what I tried to do to you."

Star smiled. "On Christmas Day I can't feel unhappy. And I don't want to make anyone else unhappy, either. It's such a beautiful season. I've always loved Christmas. We used to make a lot of it at home. I'm only sorry you weren't downstairs last night. We sang Christmas carols and danced around the tree."

Gloria turned her face to the wall. "I don't want to see any of them again."

But Star was determined that this glorious Christmas Day should not be marred for anyone. She talked to Gloria about other Christmas parties she had attended, and led her room-mate to talk of Christmas celebrations she had seen in other parts of the world.

By the time they were dressed Star had persuaded Gloria that none of the other passengers was aware of what had happened the day before. That, indeed, Gloria would be more conspicuous by her absence than by being present at the rest of the festivities. Gloria agreed to go to breakfast with her, but at the door she laid her hand hesitantly on Star's arm.

"I didn't know there was a girl like you anywhere," she said shyly. "I hope we can always be friends."

"Of course," Star assented eagerly. "I've wanted so much to know someone I could talk to and have fun with—as I can with you."

All the passengers seemed to have caught the Christmas spirit and the hours flew by. Although the tropical sun burned fiercely above them as the purple mountains of Haiti welcomed them once more, Star, who had never before known a Christmas without snow, was exhilarated by the truly Christmas atmosphere that pervaded the ship.

She passed Elise and Barton talking earnestly together as they leaned against the rail. There was no need to ask why they were so happy, but Barton insisted that she stop with them while he told her all about it.

"I feel that I really owe my new happiness to you," he said to Star.

Elise added warmly: "I'm sure that I do! It frightens me every time that I think that you might not have been on this Christmas cruise."

Star kissed Elise and congratulated Barton and left them with a warm glow around the emptiness in her heart.

STAR shook herself mentally. When Kent knew very likely he would never want to see her again. She would have to watch that tender eagerness die out of his eyes. She would have to see him turn and leave her, and make no move to hold him back.

Surely no man could go on loving a girl after he had listened to a confession such as she had made. Star argued with herself. But she had the topaz ring. She had not dared to wear it. Such a lovely ring! She had slept with it under her pillow last night and this morning she had looked at it for a long time before putting it in a safe corner in her trunk. The sender's name had not been on the gift, but even before she had glanced inside the narrow band she knew that the inscription would read "To Star from Kent."

She saw Kent several times that day, but she took care to be talking to Mrs. Jenkins or playing with Stuart so that he had no opportunity to do more than wish her a merry Christmas. His expression as he said it was so stern that she wondered if he knew already what she had to tell him. She almost wished he did. But in

her heart she knew that she would not escape that easily.

Finally the dinner gong sounded. If she could just get through this day! Perhaps to-morrow she would feel more like acknowledging the truth. Meanwhile it seemed a shame to spoil Christmas. She was delighted when Gloria decided that she would come to dinner and, as she had expected, her cabin mate's presence kept Kent from saying anything more intimate than: "Don't you like your ring?"

"It's beautiful!" Star said sincerely.

"But you're not wearing it."

"—I can't yet," Star avoided his questioning look.

He did not ask why, but he left before dinner was over, explaining that he had to look after some of the passengers who were not well. Gloria turned curiously to Star after he had gone.

"What's the matter between you two?"

"Nothing—really," said Star evasively.

"I didn't mean to pry," Gloria added, "but if it will help you any to know that Kent is madly in love with you, let me be the first to tell you."

Star blushed deeply. "I know. And I love him. But I haven't any right to his love, not after what I've done." Star would say no more and Gloria knew that it was useless to press her.

Meanwhile, Kent had gone straight to the Underwood cabin and knocked on the door. Stuart called in surprise: "Star?"

Kent opened the door. "No, Stuart. Star is still at dinner. I just wanted to talk to you for a minute before she comes in."

"I'm not sick," Stuart was definite.

"I'm glad to hear that," Kent answered gravely. "But I didn't expect you were. I want to ask you to do a favor for me, if you will."

"What?" asked Stuart practically.

"You see—" Kent found that the child's eyes were embarrassingly observing—"Santa Claus left a message with me for Star."

"What message?"

"I can't tell you that; it's a secret. And I couldn't tell Star either," he added hurriedly, "because there were too many people around at dinner. But if you'll ask her to come to the top deck about ten o'clock, I'll be there and I can tell her then what the message is."

Stuart considered this request sombrely while Kent's heart almost stopped beating as he awaited the verdict. At last the boy nodded his head in agreement.

"I'll tell her to come to the top deck at ten o'clock. But I won't say it till she tells me a story."

Kent hugged him hard and said that would be all right. He went out quickly, leaving Stuart more than ever convinced that grown-ups were hard to understand. The doctor's hands had been all trembly when they touched his shoulders.

Star went slowly up the companionway. In her hand she clutched the little box which contained the topaz ring. Stuart had told her of Santa Claus' message just before she kissed him good-night and she had promised him that she would be on the top deck to receive it.

The outline of Kent's broad shoulders blotted out the moon as she looked towards the bow of the ship. Almost at the same instant he saw her and came rapidly along the deck.

"Star!"

She trembled at the new note in his voice and for a second she could not speak at all. Then: "You wanted to see me?" she said in a very small voice.

"I never wanted anything so much. I had to talk to you, and you seem to avoid me. Star—" desperately—"you don't love me,

but there's something—I have to talk to you," he finished lamely.

Star took a deep breath. "Now!" she said to herself. "Don't say anything more." Her words came in a rush. "I have to tell you something that will make you hate me. Kent, do you know why I came on this cruise?"

"It's enough for me that you did come."

"No." She could not look at him now. Half turned away and speaking straight into the darkness she began her sorry little story. "Have you ever heard of a John Kenneth Barrett?"

Kent seemed surprised. "John Kenneth Barrett? He's a doctor, isn't he? Someone once mentioned the similarity of our names. I remember now. He's in the service, too. On the West Coast, I believe."

"I thought you were he."

"But—but why?"

"I CAME on this trip for revenge," Star told him miserably. "John Kenneth Barrett neglected his father—walked off and left me to take care of him while he was ill and dying"—Kent did not interrupt while she told him how she had planned to humiliate her unknown foster cousin. "It seemed right when I started," she added in her own defence. "Humiliate him? What he should have had is a good sock in the nose!" Kent cried warmly.

"No," Star shook her head. "I had no right to act as I did. And I—I hurt you. I'm sorry for that."

"Star!" Kent took a step towards her and then, as if recollecting himself, stopped suddenly. Star noticed his action and flushed in the darkness.

"That's the kind of a girl I am," she said, "but I'm not the kind who would go off with Jack Coates. I mean, he only asked me to visit—"

"I've known Jack Coates' kind before," Kent said grimly. "No matter how it looked, I knew that you wouldn't have left like that if he'd told you the truth."

They were both silent while they looked out over the water. Star reflected that it hadn't been so hard as she expected. And Kent didn't seem to hate her. But he did act reserved, withdrawn, as if he were thinking over what she had said. Suddenly she remembered the box she held.

"Well, I guess that's all then," she said with a sigh. "Except to return this to you."

Kent looked down at the little box as she held it out, and took it slowly. He turned it around in his hand before he said: "It isn't much. I know. I just wanted to—to wish you a merry Christmas. And I thought you might like it. But of course you have all the jewels you want."

He grasped her hands and pressed the ring back into them. "Anyway—keep it. You can look at it sometimes and remind yourself that a poor ship's doctor once dared to hope you might wear it."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Star said, bewildered. "I haven't any jewels. And you certainly can't be as poor as I am. I don't know if I'll even have a job when I get back."

Kent released her hands only to grasp her shoulders more firmly. "Then your uncle didn't leave you all his money? Oh, darling! Why didn't you say so right away! I've been afraid to tell you how much I love you—how much I want you!"

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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